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JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,
President-General of The American Irish Historical Society.

THE JOURNAL

OF THE

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EDITED BY

EDWARD HAMILTON DALY

Secretary-General

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The American Irish Historical Society.

INTRODUCTION.

This volume contains reports of the several addresses delivered at the Society's annual banquet held in New York City in January, 1913, and biographical papers, copies of records and historical essays which furnish a circle of instruction. Some of these studies touch the heart as the human side of history is uncovered.

The Society has addressed a request to each of its members to collect information relative to the part taken by men of Irish descent in the affairs of his neighborhood.

The founding of the Wisconsin Chapter, through the efforts of Charles M. Scanlan, Esq., of Milwaukee, is an important step in our history. The State Chapters are the efficient agents for recording contemporary events and undertaking historical research.

Let us all gather facts and keep them accessible until, in their mass, we gain ground upon which history shall base its judgment of the Irishman upon this continent.

EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary-General.

New York, June 10th, 1913.

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

President-General,

PATRICK F. MCGOWAN.*
JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,†
No. 159 West 95th Street, New York City.

Vice-President-General,

RICHARD C. O'CONNOR,
1835 Scott Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Secretary-General,

EDWARD H. DALY,
No. 52 Wall Street, New York City.

Treasurer-General,

JOHN J. LENEHAN,
No. 71 Nassau Street, New York City.

Librarian and Archivist,

THOMAS B. LAWLER,
No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Historiographer,

JAMES F. BRENNAN,
Peterborough, N. H.

Official Photographer,

ANNA FRANCES LEVINS,
No. 5 East 35th Street, New York City.

* Died April 6, 1913.
† Appointed April 16, 1913, in place of Patrick F. McGowan, deceased.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The foregoing and

JOHN D. CRIMMINS, No. 624 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FRANCIS J. QUINLAN, M.D., LL.D., No. 66 West 52d Street, New York City.

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THOMAS Z. LEE, LL.D., 49 Westminster Street, Providence, R.I.

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California,	Robert P. Troy.
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Delaware,	John J. Cassidy.
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Tennessee,	Joshua Brown.
Texas,	Richard H. Wood.
Utah,	Joseph Geoghegan.

Virginia,	Rt. Rev. D. J. O'Connell, S.T.D.*
Washington,	William Pigott.
West Virginia,	John F. Healy.
Wisconsin	Charles M. Scanlan.†
Wyoming,	Thomas J. Cantillon.

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Italy,	Thomas J. O'Brien, Rome.
Canada,	W. I. Boland, Toronto.
Dist. of Columbia,	Patrick J. Haltigan.
Ireland,	Michael F. Cox, P.C., M.D., Dublin.
Germany,	T. St. John Gaffney, Dresden.
Australia,	Joseph Winter, Melbourne.
Philippine Islands,	George P. Ahern, Manila.

FOUNDATION COMMITTEE.

John D. Crimmins,	N. Y. City.
Francis J. Quinlan,	N. Y. City.
Samuel Adams,	N. Y. City.
Stephen Farrelly,	N. Y. City.
Joseph I. C. Clarke,	N. Y. City.
Thomas Z. Lee,	Providence, R. I.
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick,	Boston, Mass.
James Thompson,	Louisville, Ky.
David M. Flynn,	Princeton, N. J.

* Appointed June 9th, 1913.
† Appointed April 16th, 1913.

THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

CONSTITUTION.[1]

ARTICLE I.

Name and Object.

Section 1. *Name.* The name of this society shall be "The American Irish Historical Society."

Sect. 2. *Object.* The object of the society is to make better known the Irish chapter in American History.

ARTICLE II.

Membership.

Section 1. *Qualifications.* Any person of good moral character who is interested in the special work of this society shall be deemed eligible for membership. No tests, other than those of character and devotion to the society's interests, shall be applied.

Sect. 2. *Classes.* There shall be three classes of members, as follows, viz:

(*a*) Life members.
(*b*) Annual members.
(*c*) Honorary members.

Sect. 3. *Applications.* Applications for membership shall be in writing signed by the applicant and two members of the society. All applications for membership shall be delivered to the Secretary-General, and by him submitted to the Executive Council at its next meeting.

Sect. 4. *Election.* Life and annual members shall be elected by the Executive Council. A three-fourths vote of that body present at a regular or special meeting shall be necessary to elect.

Honorary members may be elected by the society at an annual or special meeting. A three-fourths vote of those present at such meeting shall be necessary to elect; and no person shall be elected an honorary member unless the name of such person be first proposed by the Executive Council.

Sect. 5. *Dues.* Life members shall pay fifty dollars at the time of their election. The dues of annual members shall be five dollars, payable in advance on the first day of January each year. Honorary members shall pay no dues

[1]Adopted at the thirteenth annual meeting, Jan. 21, 1911, of the Society, to take the place of the preamble, constitution and by-laws in force up to that date.

ARTICLE III.

Officers.

Section 1. The officers of the society shall be (1) a President-General; (2) a Vice-President-General; (3) a Vice-President for each state and territory of the United States, the District of Columbia, the Dominion of Canada and Ireland; (4) a Secretary-General; (5) a Treasurer-General; (6) a Librarian and Archivist, and (7) an Historiographer.

Sect. 2. The officers and members of the Executive Council shall be elected at the annual meeting of the society and shall hold office one year or until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE IV.

The Executive Council.

Section 1. The Executive Council of this society shall consist of the President-General, Vice-President-General, Secretary-General, Treasurer-General, Librarian and Archivist, Historiographer and twenty-one other members.

Sect. 2. The Executive Council shall manage the affairs of the society. All appropriations of the funds of the society must be made by the Executive Council, unless ordered by the Society by a two-thirds vote at a regular meeting or at a special meeting of which due notice shall have been given. The Executive Council shall have power to fill vacancies in office until the next annual meeting. It shall have power to enact by-laws establishing committees and making additional rules for the management of the affairs of the society; provided, however, that no such by-laws shall conflict with the provisions of this constitution, and further provided that such by-laws may be amended or repealed by the society at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

Sect. 3. Six members of the Executive Council, at least two of whom must be general officers of the society, shall be necessary to constitute a quorum for the transaction of any business.

ARTICLE V.

Powers and Duties of Officers.

Section 1. *The President-General* shall preside over all meetings of the society and of the Executive Council; see that the constitution is observed and that the by-laws are enforced; exercise supervision over the affairs of the society to the end that its interests may be promoted and its work properly done; and perform all the usual duties of a presiding officer. In the absence of the President-General or at his request, the Vice-President-General shall preside and perform the duties of President. In the absence of the President-General and the Vice-President-General, a Chairman pro tem. shall be chosen by and from the Executive Council.

SECT. 2. *The Vice-President-General* shall perform the duties of President-General during the absence or at the request of that officer.

SECT. 3. Each state or territorial Vice-President shall, by virtue of his office, be the President of his respective state chapter of this society where such state chapter shall have been duly organized in accordance with the provisions of this constitution. He shall preside at all meetings of such chapter and shall exercise therein the usual functions of a presiding officer.

SECT. 4. *The Secretary-General* shall keep a record of all the proceedings of the society and of the Executive Council; he shall have charge of the seal and records; he shall issue and sign, in conjunction with the President-General, all charters granted to subsidiary chapters, and shall with him certify to all acts of the society. He shall upon orders from the President-General or Executive Council, give due notice of the time and place of meetings of the society and of the Executive Council; he shall give notice to the several officers of all resolutions, orders and proceedings of the body affecting them or pertaining to their respective offices; and he shall perform such other duties as may be assigned to him by the Executive Council.

SECT. 5. *The Treasurer-General* shall collect and receive all dues, funds and securities of the society and deposit the same to the credit of the American Irish Historical Society in such banking institution or institutions as may be designated by the Executive Council. All checks, drafts and orders drawn on the funds of the society shall be signed by the Treasurer-General and countersigned by the President-General or the Secretary-General. He shall give such bond as the Executive Council shall require. He must keep a full and accurate account of all receipts and disbursements, and make a full report thereof to the society at each annual meeting, and to the Executive Council whenever requested. The books and accounts of the Treasurer-General shall at all times be kept open to the officers of the society and members of the Executive Council, and on the expiration of his term of office, all such books and accounts shall be delivered to his successors in office or to the Executive Council.

SECT. 6. *The Librarian and Archivist* shall be the custodian of all published books, pamphlets, files of newspapers and similar property of the society. He shall have charge of all documents, manuscripts and other productions not assigned by this constitution to other officers of the society, and shall keep the same in a place or places easy of access and safe from loss by fire or other causes.

SECT. 7. *The Historiographer* shall write such histories or historical articles as the Executive Council may from time to time require; assist in the preparation of the annual journal and other historical works of the society; and perform the other duties usually pertaining to his office.

ARTICLE VI.

MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. The annual meeting of the society shall be held in the month of January, each year, the particular day and place to be fixed by the society

in general meeting or by the Executive Council in case the society fails to do so. At least twenty days' notice of the annual meeting shall be given by mail to all members of the society.

SECT. 2. Special meetings of the society may be called at any time by the Executive Council. At least ten days' notice of the time, place and objects of special meetings shall be given by mail to all members of the society.

SECT. 3. At all meetings of the society, the presence of thirty-five members shall be necessary to constitute a quorum for the transaction of any business.

SECT. 4. The Executive Council shall hold a meeting previous to each annual meeting and at such other times and places as may be designated by the President-General.

ARTICLE VII.

STATE CHAPTERS.

Ten or more members of this society in good standing may, on obtaining a charter from the Executive Council, organize a subsidiary chapter in any state or territory of the United States, the District of Columbia, the Dominion of Canada, or Ireland. The State Vice-President of this society for the particular state or district shall, by virtue of his office, be the President of such state chapter; he shall preside at the meetings of such chapter and shall exercise therein the usual functions of a presiding officer. The members of each state chapter of this society may elect from their own number a Vice-Chairman, a Secretary, a Treasurer and such other officers as may be necessary to manage the affairs of such chapter. Membership in such subsidiary chapters shall be limited to persons who are members of this society in good standing.

ARTICLE VIII.

AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the society by a two-thirds vote of the active members present, provided no such amendment shall be made except upon recommendation of the Executive Council or on the written request of at least fifteen active members of the society, and further provided, that at least ten days' notice, in writing, of any proposed amendment be given to all active members of the society.

GENERAL INFORMATION REGARDING THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Society was organized on January 20, 1897, in Boston, Mass., and now has members in nearly all the states, the District of Columbia, the Philippine Islands and five foreign countries.

The object of the organization is to make better known the Irish chapter in American history.

There are three classes of members—Honorary, Life and Annual. The life membership fee is $50 (paid once). The fee for annual members is $5, paid yearly. In the case of new annual members, the initiation fee, $5, also pays the membership dues for the first year.

The government comprises a President-General, a Vice-President-General, a Secretary-General, a Treasurer-General, a Librarian and Archivist, a Historiographer and an Executive Council. There are also State Vice-Presidents.

The Society has already issued twelve bound volumes and a number of other publications. These have been distributed to our members and to the public libraries, historical organizations and universities named in the list published in this volume. Each member of the Society is entitled, free of charge, to a copy of every publication issued from the time of his admission. These publications are of great interest and value, and are more than an equivalent for the membership fee.

The Society draws no lines of creed or politics. Being an American organization in spirit and principle, it welcomes to its ranks Americans of whatever race or descent, and of whatever creed, who take an interest in the object for which the Society is organized. Membership application blanks will be furnished, on request, by the Secretary-General at his office, 52 Wall Street, New York City. Blank applications are found at the end of this volume.

The Society is a corporation duly organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island and is authorized to take, hold and convey real and personal estate to the amount of $100,000.

Gifts or bequests of money for the uses of the Society are solicited. We depend entirely on our membership fees and dues, and if we had a suitable fund on hand its income would be most advantageously used for historical research, printing and issuing historical works and papers and adding to our library. The following is a form of bequest good in any state or territory:

"I give and bequeath to The American Irish Historical Society ..... dollars."

If desired, a donor or testator may direct the application of principal or interest of his gift or bequest.

Every member is entitled to receive one copy of the current volume of the Society's Journal, and extra copies may be had at the rate of $2 each.

FORMER OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Presidents-General.

Rear-Admiral Richard W. Meade, U. S. N., 1897.
Edward A. Moseley, Washington, D. C., 1897–1898.
Thomas J. Gargan, Boston, Mass., 1899–1900.
John D. Crimmins, New York City, 1901–1902.
William McAdoo, New York City, 1903–1904.
John D. Crimmins, New York City, 1905.
Rear-Admiral John McGowan, U. S. N. (retired), Washington D. C., 1906–1907.
Francis J. Quinlan, M.D., LL.D., New York City, 1908–1910.
Thomas Zanslaur Lee, LL.B., LL.D., Providence, R. I., 1911–1912.
Patrick F. McGowan, New York City, 1913.

Vice-Presidents-General.

John D. Crimmins, New York City, 1899–1900.
James E. Sullivan, M.D., Providence, R. I., 1904.
Joseph T. Lawless, Norfolk, Va., 1905.
Franklin M. Danaher, Albany, N. Y., 1906–1908.
Patrick T. Barry, Chicago, Ill., 1909.
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Boston, Mass., 1910.
Joseph I. C. Clarke, New York City, 1911–1912.

Secretaries-General.

Thomas Hamilton Murray, Pawtucket, R. I., 1897–1908.
Thomas Zanslaur Lee, Providence, R. I., 1909–1910.
Patrick F. McGowan, New York City, N. Y., 1911–1912.

Treasurers-General.

John C. Linehan, Concord, N. H., 1897–1905.
Michael F. Dooley, Providence, R. I., 1906–1910.

MINUTES OF THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING AND BANQUET OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY HELD AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1913.

The following circular was issued by the Society to its members:

NEW YORK, October 31, 1912.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Society will be held in New York City on Saturday, January 11th, 1913, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street.

The meeting for the transaction of business will begin at ten o'clock a. m. in the Waldorf Apartment of the Hotel, where the session for the hearing and discussion of historical papers will be held in the afternoon.

At half past six o'clock p. m. the reception by the Society to its officers and invited guests will be held in the Astor Gallery of the Hotel.

The banquet will occur in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel at seven o'clock.

The list of speakers selected from a wide field promises to make this fifteenth reunion of the Society one of the greatest interest.

The following members are a committee in charge of the dinner: Stephen Farrelly, *Chairman;* Patrick F. McGowan, David M. Flynn, Anna Frances Levins, William J. Kinsley, Edward M. Tierney, Edward H. Daly.

The committee desires to perfect all arrangements to insure the comfort of those present, and therefore asks that places in the banquet room be secured now. Subscriptions forwarded at once to Edward H. Daly, Secretary-Treasurer of the Dinner Committee, 52 Wall Street, New York City, will receive immediate attention.

Tickets for the dinner, $5.00. Members may invite guests—ladies and gentlemen. Parties of four or more may be seated together by stating such desire when making application for tickets.

STEPHEN FARRELLY, *Chairman.*

EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary-Treasurer Dinner Committee.

Members from several states attended the annual meeting which, in the absence of President-General Lee, was called to order by Vice-President Clarke.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: In the absence of President Lee, it becomes my duty as Vice-President-General to preside at this

JAMES THOMPSON, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Kentucky.

JOHN F. HEALY, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for West Virginia.

R. A. QUIN, M. D.,
Vice-President of the Society for Mississippi.

JAMES McHUGH, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Florida.

Reproductions by Anna Frances Levins

meeting, and I cordially invite your patience for any shortcomings that I may exhibit in the carrying on of this office.

The first business is the calling of the roll. The motion is made that the calling of the roll be dispensed with.

A MEMBER: I second the motion.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: Those in favor say "aye;" contrary-minded, "no." The motion is carried. The next business is the reading of the minutes of the last meeting.

MR. DALY: I move that the reading of the minutes be dispensed with.

MR. MCGOWAN: I move that the minutes of the last meeting as published in our last volume be approved.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: It has been moved and seconded that the minutes of the last meeting, as published in the manual, be approved. All in favor say "aye;" contrary-minded, "no." It is so ordered. The next business is the reading of the report of the Secretary-General. I wish to say in introducing this gentleman, that we have had a very ardent and hardworking Secretary who has carried on almost single-handed, his very important work with a devotion particularly notable; and I therefore commend him to your kindest attention.

MR. DALY: I am much obliged to the Chairman for his very kind remarks, and I preface this report by saying that the execution of this office has been a source of pleasure and stimulation. The receipt of letters and inquiries from all over the United States, with requests for information, sometimes on matters hardly germane to the Society's objects, at least tends to show that we are known throughout the country and looked upon as an authority upon matters pertaining to the history of Irishmen in America.

Mr. Daly then read his report as Secretary-General as follows:

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL.

I beg to submit the following report of business transacted by the Secretary-General's office during the year 1912:

1. Publication of annual Journal.

The XIth volume of the Journal of the Society was published by the Society and delivered to the members and to about two hundred libraries and institutions, domestic and foreign, during the past summer.

2. Excursion to Elmira in connection with dedication of Newton Battlefield Monument, August 29th, 1912.

Circulars announcing this Field Day of the Society were issued to the members, and much correspondence had in regard to arrangements for the participation by this Society in the dedication ceremonies.

3. One Hundredth Anniversary of the Foundation of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass., October 10th, 1912.

Circulars were issued to our members communicating the invitation of the American Antiquarian Society to our Society to participate in its anniversary celebration and to send a representative of this Society, and correspondence had in connection therewith.

4. Dedication of the Rochambeau Monument at Southington, Conn., June 30th, 1912.

The Secretary was advised of the dedication of this monument, the gift of Captain Laurence O'Brien of this Society, under the auspices of this Society.

5. Gifts to the Society.

The Secretary acknowledged with thanks the gift to the Society of a photograph of Dr. Thomas Emmet and other photographs by Miss Anna Frances Levins, and the receipt of interesting newspaper clippings from Hon. Patrick F. McGowan, Mr. Thomas S. Lonergan, Captain Laurence O'Brien, Mr. Dennis

H. Tierney, President-General Lee, Mr. William J. Doyle, and others; and of manuscript articles from Mr. Michael J. O'Brien.

6. Meetings of the Executive Council.

The Executive Council held five meetings during the year 1912, of which minutes were kept by the Secretary-General.

7. Membership.

Our total membership is now 1124,—3 honorary, 102 life, of which 6 were elected this year, and 1019 annual. 134 new members were elected during the year 1912, and there were 21 resignations and 12 deaths during the same period, making the net gain for the year 101.

8. Storage of the property of the Society.

The Secretary-General has placed the property of the Society, consisting of back volumes of the Journal, pamphlets and correspondence files, in storage with the Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Company of this City.

9. Office Equipment.

The Society has purchased an additional filing cabinet of oak to contain its growing current records.

10. Correspondence.

A daily correspondence has been maintained comprising reports received from the Treasurer-General on the subjects of election of members, payment of dues, and resignations; also in relation to the appointment and work of committees, the carrying out of the resolutions of the Executive Council, and requests for publications of the Society and for information, from members and non-members. In all matters connected with his office the Secretary acknowledges the aid of Miss Gertrude L. Cooney who has supervision of the Society's records.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary-General.

NEW YORK, January 11th, 1913.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: You have heard the report of the Secretary.

MR. MCGOWAN: I move that it be received, accepted and made a matter of record.

A MEMBER: I second the motion.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: All in favor of Mr. McGowan's motion say "aye"; contrary-minded, "no." The "ayes" have it. It is so ordered. The next business is the report of the Treasurer-General. It becomes my pleasing duty to add to the encomiums I felt compelled to pay to Mr. Daly, at least as warm a one to Mr. Lenehan. We are very fortunate, gentlemen, in the possession of those two officers. No Society like ours can flourish unless the active officers, the Secretary and Treasurer, are men who work with singleness of purpose and who coöperate wholly; and I know that in the hands of Mr. Lenehan the Treasurer-ship has been a live and active member of the Executive household; and I ask your kind attention for Mr. Lenehan's report.

MR. LENEHAN: The permanent fund amounts to $2,000 and is now on deposit to the credit of the Society in the Emigrants' Industrial Savings Bank. It was formerly invested in two real estate mortgage bonds. Those were paid off during the year and I deposited that amount to the credit of the Society in the Savings Bank. The general fund consisted at the beginning of last year, of $1,469.88; the receipts for the year were $5,-167.86. The total receipts, adding the cash we had, were $6,637.74. The disbursements were $6,014.58, leaving a balance in bank of $623.16. Of the $6,000 included in the disbursements, $2,988.06 was invested in the purchase of three New York City bonds at four per cent; so that really our disbursements for the business of the Society amounted to about $3,000 and the investment about $3,000; and our assets at the present time are $2,000 on deposit in the Emigrants' Savings Bank, and three New York City four per cent. bonds.

Mr. Lenehan then read his report as Treasurer-General as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER-GENERAL OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

New York, January 2, 1913.

Permanent Fund.

1913.		
Jan. 2.	Amount on deposit with the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, New York City	$2,000.00

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

General Fund.

Balance on hand January 8, 1912	$1,469.88	
Receipts for the year	5,167.86	
Total		$6,637.74
Disbursements		6,014.58
Balance in bank January 2, 1913		$623.16
The $2,000 which were invested in two real estate mortgage bonds were paid off during the year and the proceeds deposited in the Emigrants' Industrial Savings Bank		$2,000.00
We purchased during 1912 three New York City four per cent Bonds for		2,988.06
Cash on deposit in Title Guarantee & Trust Co., January 2, 1913		623.16
Total Assets		$5,611.22

Summary of Receipts and Disbursements from Jan. 8, 1912, to Jan. 2, 1913.

Balance on hand January 8, 1912		$1,469.88

RECEIPTS.

Membership fees from old members	$4,040.96	
Annual fees from 89 new members	450.00	
Life membership fees from 9 new members	450.00	
For 5 journals	10.35	
For Interest on Bank Balance	29.99	
For Interest on Investments	178.88	
Balance unexpended subscription Hudson Fulton Celebration	7.68	
Receipts for the Year		5,167.86
Total Credits		$6,637.74

DISBURSEMENTS.

Printing Journal and Shipping Charges	$1,198.35
Expenses Annual Meeting	138.03
Engrossing Life Membership Certificates	4.20
Treasurer's Bond	15.00
Expenses Treasurer-General's Office	152.18
Expenses Secretary-General's Office	700.44
Expenses Executive Council	67.70
Expenses Field Day	90.60
Deficiency Annual Banquet	525.08
Investment in Bonds	2,988.06
Expenses Sullivan Monument Dedication	50.00
Rental of Safe	5.00
Storage	22.58
Expenses American Antiquarian Celebration	13.80
Expenses California Chapter	31.25
Exchange on Checks	12.31
Disbursements for the Year	$6,014.58
Jan. 2, 1913.	
Balance in Title Guarantee & Trust Co., New York	623.16
Total Debits	$6,637.74

JNO. J. LENEHAN,
Treasurer-General.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1913.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1913.

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY—ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER-GENERAL.

Balance on hand at last report, January 8, 1912 ..... $1,469.88

RECEIPTS.

Membership fees		$4,940.96
For 5 Journals	$10.35	
Balance unexpended subscription Hudson-Fulton Celebration	7.68	
Interest from Bank balance	29.99	
Interest from bonds	178.88	226.90
Receipts for the year		5,167.86
Total Credits		$6,637.74

DISBURSEMENTS.

1912.			
Jan.	15.	J. B. Regan, expenses Executive Council meeting....	$17.75
Jan.	29.	L. F. Deutzman, addressing bills and envelopes.....	7.20
Feb.	1.	P. F. McGowan, expenses, Secretary-General's office	69.42
Feb.	1.	John J. Lenehan, postage, Treasurer-General's office..	20.00
Feb.	5.	P. F. McBreen & Sons, printing.....	17.50
Feb.	9.	Trow Directory Co., printing.....	7.00
Feb.	10.	L. W. Lawrence, printing, Secretary-General's office..	12.35
Feb.	14.	Harvey Fisk & Sons, to purchase one New York City four per cent bond and interest.....	1,006.56
Feb.	21.	Harvey Fisk & Sons, to purchase one New York City four per cent bond and interest.....	1,014.94
Feb.	23.	John J. Lenehan, postage, Treasurer-General's office..	10.00
Feb.	26.	U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co., premium, Treasurer-General's bond.....	15.00
Feb.	28.	P. F. McGowan, chairman, deficiency in connection with Annual Banquet.....	525.08
March	6.	G. L. Cooney, clerical and stenographic services, Annual Meeting and Banquet.....	81.68
March	6.	P. F. McGowan, rent and postage, Secretary-General's office.....	50.63
March	6.	U. S. Safe Deposit Company, rental of safe.....	5.00
March	16.	Ransom-Parker Co., supplies, Secretary-General's office.....	1.20
March	21.	Rumford Printing Co., expressage on books.....	2.99
April	2.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	60.11
April	8.	P. F. McGowan, expenses, Secretary-General's office	50.22
April	8.	Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Co., expenses, Executive Council meeting.....	13.15
April	8.	Rumford Printing Co., expressage on books.....	7.98
April	22.	De Felice Studio, engrossing Life Membership certificates.....	1.20
April	23.	Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Co., storage on papers, etc.....	9.00
April	23.	De Felice Studio, engrossing.....	1.20
May	4.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office.	56.74
May	7.	P. F. McGowan, expenses, April office rent.....	50.00
May	18.	John J. Lenehan, Treasurer-General's office, disbursements and expenses.....	29.60
June	4.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	41.82
July	8.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	46.95
July	9.	Delmonico's expenses, Executive Council meeting....	15.30
July	10.	Rumford Printing Co., expressage on books.....	41.13
July	12.	L. W. Lawrence, printing, Secretary-General's office..	7.50
August	2.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	39.46

August	2.	De Felice Studio, engrossing Life Membership certificates	$1.80
August	2.	P. F. McBreen's Sons, printing, Treasurer-General's office	11.50
August	5.	S. J. Mitchell, printing, Treasurer-General's office	3.25
August	12.	Proprietor Hotel Rathbun, Elmira, N. Y., Society's expenses in connection with Sullivan Monument dedication	50.00
August	14.	John J. Lenehan, postage and expenses, Treasurer-General's office	40.16
Sept.	6.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	39.37
Sept.	6.	Gerry & Murray, addressing and postage, Field Day, Sullivan Memorial	90.60
Sept.	20.	Rumford Printing Co., printing, binding, expressage 1600 copies Journal Vol. XI	1,117.48
Oct.	3.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	40.52
Oct.	4.	Gerry & Murray, printing and addressing, American Antiquarian celebration	13.80
Oct.	16.	Library Bureau, cabinet, Secretary-General's office	35.75
Oct.	16.	Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Co., expenses, Executive Council meeting	11.25
Nov.	2.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	46.84
Nov.	4.	John J. Lenehan, expenses, Treasurer-General's office	30.47
Nov.	9.	Rumford Printing Co., expressage on books	1.91
Nov.	14.	Harvey Fisk & Sons, to purchase one New York City four per cent bond and interest	966.56
Nov.	18.	Rumford Printing Co., expressage	2.36
Nov.	18.	Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Co., expenses Executive Council meeting	10.25
Nov.	20.	Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Co., storage	13.58
Dec.	3.	Edward H. Daly, expenses, Secretary-General's office	44.06
Dec.	7.	Gerry & Murray, printing, addressing, postage, in connection with Fifth Annual Banquet	56.35
Dec.	7.	L. W. Lawrence, printing, Secretary-General's office	7.50
		Exchange on checks	12.31
		Expenses, California Chapter	31.25
		Disbursements for the year	$6,014.58
1913.			
Jan.	2.	Balance in Title Guarantee and Trust Co	623.16
		Total Debits	$6,637.74

THOS. M. MULRY,
JOHN D. CRIMMINS, } *Auditing Committee.*

I might say that three years ago the assets of the Society were $1,700 all told, and that they are now nearly $6,000, and all debts paid; we didn't owe a dollar at the beginning of the year, and had almost $6,000, with about $1,000 in arrears in dues. I rented a safe deposit box and put in there the three bonds belonging to the Society, and the pass book in the Emigrants' Bank.

At the last meeting of the Executive Council a Committee of Audit, consisting of Mr. Crimmins and Mr. Mulry, was appointed to audit my account. I didn't finish my report until last Thursday. The Committee has not had time to audit it yet, but undoubtedly will on Monday or Tuesday.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: What is your pleasure, gentlemen, with this most encouraging report?

MR. MCGOWAN: I move that we accept it subject to the approval of the auditing committee.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: You have heard the motion which has been seconded. Those in favor say "aye"; those contrary-minded say "no." The "ayes" have it.

The next business is the report of the Dinner Committee.

MR. MCGOWAN: I don't think that Mr. Farrelly is here and in his absence I may state that the Dinner Committee has done very good work. They have received a large number—I guess the largest number—of applications for dinner tickets. About 275 have applied for tickets for the dinner this evening, which is somewhat in excess of the applications of any other year.

We are going to have as the speakers this evening, Senator Langfitt of Pennsylvania,—the Senator is one of the most fluent speakers of the legislative body of which he is a member. His subject will be, as I understand it, "The Irish Lawyer, Bench and Bar." We are to have the Reverend Dr. Griffis of Ithaca, New York, a historian of note. I am not quite sure that he is not connected with the Cornell institution. Next we have Father Chidwick who was on the *Maine* when it was blown up in the harbor of Havana; and he delivered in the Cathedral—when we had the Naval Exposition here—a splendid patriotic address. He is a patriot from his head to his heels; and I was so delighted with the address at the time, Mr. Crimmins, Mr. Daly and myself thought it would be well if we could get him to deliver

it at our banquet. I asked him and he complied, and will be one of the speakers. A number of the people here have heard Father Chidwick, and he is a very eloquent speaker. Then we have Professor Remy of Columbia College to speak on Celtic literature. He is a warm friend of Professors Mayer and Kramer who have spent a very long time—I do not know that it did not extend into years,—in Ireland looking up the manuscripts and finding out something about our ancient Celtic literature, and Professor Remy is familiar with the works of both gentlemen. Strange to say, they know more about our Irish literature than some of our Irish scholars. The Professor will deliver an address of twenty minutes or a half hour on that subject this evening, and, coming from such an eminent authority, it is fair to assume that it will be most interesting. Dr. Coyle was to speak—his subject was to be "The Scotch Irish," and particularly that part of the late Ambassador Reid's address at Edinburgh, Scotland, and at Belfast in Ireland, where he termed the Irish people "Ulster Scots," whatever that may mean. I haven't been able to satisfy myself that there is any such thing as an Ulster Scot. I know my own father lived for twenty years in the Province of Ulster and he certainly would protest against being called a Scot. And Mr. Thompson is a member who has two brothers, both Presbyterian ministers in Belfast, and they too protest against having any such adjective as "Ulster Scots" attached to them. They say they are Irish all the way through. Dr. Coyle was to have answered the late Ambassador Reid's speech. A paper will be printed later in the publication of the Society giving our views. Mr. Reid went so far as to call Robert Fulton and some others who stand well out in history Ulster Scots. Those familiar with the life of Robert Fulton know that he refused to sell the first submarine vessel ever invented, by any person, to the English Government, notwithstanding that they offered a very large sum for it, and that he did sell it to the French Government, who, it is true, made very little use of it. He refused to be called anything but Irish.

This in a nutshell is the programme of this evening, and I am sure that not only the members, but the guests also will be pleased.

Mr. O'Connell: Might I suggest, in answer to the Chairman's report, that the definition of Ulster Scot may possibly ac-

count for the demonstration now made in Ireland against those who would oppose Home Rule, and that it probably explains entirely the effort now made there. For some people who are not Irish at all are attempting to stop Home Rule in Ireland.

MR. TIERNEY: Mr. Chairman.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: Mr. Tierney.

MR. TIERNEY: Captain O'Brien and myself were appointed upon a Committee to request General Kerwin to deliver an address at this meeting; but you are aware of course that our friend General Kerwin passed away last July, and we will miss him here tonight. I was one of the Committee, but Captain O'Brien will go into details still further. He was a close friend of General Kerwin; but I rise to give the information that we did what we could and got his consent before his death. He intended to come here and give an address this evening. Had he lived, I presume he would.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: I am sure that the entire Society will unite in paying a tribute of respect to the memory of General Kerwin. He was a noble Irishman, a fine hearted gentleman, well informed upon our history and everything belonging to us, and we will miss him this evening, but we may hope that we will have his spirit with us.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN: I would like to add that there is an act or achievement of General Kerwin's that is not published, and in the story of him that has been published in a New York paper here, there is nothing mentioned about it, and I wish to state to those present what that is.

When General Sherman marched from Savannah through the Carolinas, he was cut off from all communication with the outside world. General Kerwin and General Terry formed a plan for communicating with Sherman. The former struck out where he thought he could find General Sherman, and he did find him at the last battle of the War, the Battle of Bentonville, which was going on at the time he reported to Sherman. General Kerwin was one of the grandest characters of our race.

MR. DALY: May I ask if that account was ever published?

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN: He was preparing it at the time he died. We know of it. It was on record in Washington. He was preparing it and his health failed him.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: Of course in putting that down there is one point which would throw that story out in much bolder relief, and that is this fact: That when Sherman cut loose from all sources of news and plunged into the heart of the Confederacy, he had an army of 60,000, making it one of the greatest feats in history—that of an entirely independent, large organization of an army passing through the enemy's country without a trace of communication with the outside world. Picture a great body of 60,000 men plunged into the enemy's country, marching, and no word of its fate or fortunes coming back to the country watching for it. It makes General Kerwin's feat stand out more, when you recollect that fact.

The next business is the matter of applications for membership, and elections.

MR. DALY: The following applications for membership have been received:

John J. Kennedy, 2925 Briggs Ave., New York City, proposed by Thomas S. Lonergan.

Jeremiah P. O'Riordan, Charleston, Boston, Mass., proposed by Hon. Joseph F. O'Connell.

James J. Burke, 12 West 92d St., New York City, proposed by Samuel Adams.

Rev. John J. Sweeney, St. Augustin's Church, Ocean City, N. J., porposed by Hon. P. F. McGowan.

John Burke, Manhattan Club, New York City, proposed by Hon. P. F. McGowan.

William G. Massarene, 516 West 110th St., New York City, proposed by Hon. Edmund J. Healy.

Richard F. Murphy, 220 East 87th St., New York City, proposed by T. R. Rourke.

MR. MCGOWAN: May I add to the list, Mr. President, Dr. James J. Walsh? I saw him last night and he will become a member of our Society. And Mr. Thomas F. Healy of 60th St. and Broadway.

MR. DALY: I take pleasure in seconding the nomination of Dr. Walsh.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: It is a most desirable thing to have Dr. Walsh as a member. He told me that constitutionally he was not what they called "a joiner." I am very glad to hear

that he makes an exception in our case. As for Mr. Healy,—while we get aliment for the mind from Dr. Walsh, we may get it for the body from Mr. Healy. (Laughter.)

DR. CASSIDY: I would like to add the name of Rev. Edward J. Brennan of Waterbury, Conn., ex-chaplain of the United States Navy. I had the pleasure of being in his company last evening and he told me to present his name, and I take the liberty of so doing. There's another gentleman who I think would not go back on any nomination I may make here. I think he would gladly accept, but I have not his permission to present his name. I am sure that he will become a member of this Society on my presenting his name, and that is the Rev J. Talbot Smith, connected with the diocese of New York; but he belongs practically to my town. I have known him since his childhood, and the probabilities are that you may know him.

MR. DALY: I take pleasure in seconding Father Smith's nomination. I believe he is in Tarrytown or Dobb's Ferry.

MR. MCGOWAN: That's it—Dobb's Ferry.

DR. CASSIDY: I feel confident that he will accept.

MR. MCGOWAN: Dr. Smith is a gentleman of high attainment.

MR. O'CONNELL: I wish to propose Senator-elect William Hughes of New Jersey. Mr. Hughes intended to be here tonight as my guest, but he hasn't been able to come. I might say that the part Mr. Hughes played in the nomination and election of Mr. Wilson may be an interesting chapter of American history when it is written out. He was born in Ireland and has the esteem of every man who ever met him in public or private life in New Jersey and the national sphere in Washington.

I also propose the name of Patrick J. O'Daly of Boston. Mr. O'Daly is a Gaelic scholar who has given his life to deep thought. His time is spent chiefly at the Boston Public Library whenever possible, and he has delved into the history of our race as I fear few men have done.

A MEMBER: I second the nominations.

MR. O'BRIEN: It is owing to my friend Mr. Magrath that I am here. I thank him for being here. It was a delight for me to be here and to listen to the interesting talk at the informal gathering before this meeting. And in order to make my interest

a little practical, I made an attempt yesterday before coming down here, to get some new members and I have three names here which I propose:

The Rev. Francis J. Toolan, Pastor Sacred Heart Church, Albany, N. Y.

The Rev. V. G. O'Brien, D.D., St. Peter's Rectory, Troy, N. Y.

Martin F. Lynch, Counsel of the L. I. R. R., Long Island City.

MR. MAGRATH: I propose Hon. John J. White of Holyoke, Mass.

MR. TIERNEY: I second those nominations.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: What is your pleasure, gentlemen, with those nominations? All in favor of the election of those gentlemen—I suppose we may put them all under one motion—say "aye"; contrary-minded, "no." Their election is ordered.

MR. O'BRIEN: It may be interesting for me just to state that one of those I named is my pastor, and the other is my son. I think there will be two others in by the next meeting.

SECRETARY-GENERAL DALY: I have the following resignations, which have been received, to present:

Dr. John P. Reilly, 215 Elizabeth Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Andrew J. Connick, Jr., 244 Fifth Ave., New York City.

R. E. Danvers, 428–30 East 18th St., New York City.

Jerome F. Donovan, 27 Cedar St., New York City.

Hon. James H. Higgins, 203 Banigan Bldg., Providence, R. I.

MR. MCGOWAN: I would like the name of Mr. Higgins held up for the present. He is an ex-Governor of Rhode Island, and a very fine gentleman. He is a very warm friend of mine. I am surprised at his sending his resignation. I'd like his resignation to be held up.

A MEMBER: I move that Mr. Higgins' resignation—

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: No motion is necessary. We shall leave that out and put the others in.

MR. TIERNEY: Mr. Chairman, gentlemen: In order to help out our ex-Secretary, I move that he be appointed a Committee of One to interview—verbally or otherwise,—the gentleman, that is the ex-Governor, and say it is the wish of our Society that he remain, if possible.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: All in favor of accepting the resignations with the exception named,—

DR. CASSIDY: Personally I know Mr. Higgins, and I feel confident that Mr. McGowan can change his views. I am surprised that he has resigned. I am very well acquainted with him, know him personally.

MR. TIERNEY: I add the Doctor to be appointed on the Committee.

Motion seconded.

DR. CASSIDY: No, I refuse; I don't see him, don't expect to see him.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: All in favor of the resolution of Mr. Tierney, say "aye"; contrary-minded, "no." Mr. McGowan is appointed a Committee, with the assistance of Dr. Cassidy. I appoint Mr. McGowan counsel to the Committee.

(Resignations, with the exception of that of Mr. Higgins, accepted.)

Is the Nominating Committee present? The only further business would be the report of the Nominating Committee and the reading of papers; and it's your pleasure to be suited, in carrying the business forward now or deferring it until the afternoon. What is the prospect of our having a larger attendance for the afternoon?

MR. TIERNEY: I think we might as well finish it up now.

(The Secretary-General states that this report, as received by him from the Nominating Committee, contained the name of Mr. Samuel Adams as a member of the Executive Council, and Mr. Adams stated that he desired to withdraw from all offices on account of his health, assuring the Secretary that it was with reluctance, but that he was obliged to do so; and the Secretary accordingly informed him that at his desire the Nominating Committee would be requested to fill the vacancy. The Secretary was advised by the Chairman of the Nominating Committee that they would report the name of Mr. Samuel Adams, notwithstanding his request to withdraw—so his name should be added.)

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: There is very good reason for our Society honoring Mr. Adams in this particular way although he may not, on account of his health, be able to serve much with the Executive Council; still, I think,—and the Council and a num-

ber of other gentlemen agree with me,—that Mr. Adams should be at least titularly a member of the Council. He has introduced more members than any other man in this Council; his record approaches the mark of 100, whom he has brought into the Society.

I presume that you are reading this list, but I think the Secretary should read it aloud so that we shall get the full benefit of it.

(Report of Nominating Committee read by the Secretary-General.)

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: You have heard the result of the Nominating Committee's action, and what is your pleasure?

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN: I am not at all thankful to Mr. Tierney from Waterbury, Conn., for putting my name on that list. When I parted from him in Waterbury I understood that he was to continue on there. He is the only man fit for that place, in Connecticut.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: I don't think you can make any objection that will stand at this meeting. What is your pleasure gentlemen with the Nominating Committee's report? Do you accept it in bulk?

MR. TIERNEY: I move that we accept it as reported.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: You have heard the motion, and all in favor will signify it by saying "aye"; contrary-minded, "no." There are no "noes." The vote is unanimous and it is so ordered. The Secretary suggests, and I think it a good idea, that the ballot should be cast.

SECRETARY-GENERAL DALY: As we are incorporated, I think the Secretary should be ordered to cast a ballot.

A MEMBER: I move that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot.

VICE-PRESIDENT CLARKE: All in favor say "aye." It gives me the greatest pleasure to notify you that that motion is carried. The Secretary-General announces that he has cast the ballot as directed.

[The names of the officers so elected are printed on pages 13-16 of this volume.]

From this moment onward will begin an administration for which I am free to predict the greatest success. (Applause.) In putting the rod of power in the hands of Mr. McGowan, we are going to follow a leader that will be aggressive, untiring, able and intelligent

all the way through. It is not often that I feel impelled to say this about a man, because we are all in the field, striving to do honor to our race, but I feel, and have felt for a long time, that no man in this community,—this large community of 4,000,000 souls, of which 1,000,000 are Irish,—no man in recent years conferred more honor upon our race in this City than Mr. McGowan. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I appoint Mr. Lenehan and Mr. Magrath as a committee to conduct Mr. McGowan to the Chair. (Applause.) I surrender the seat of honor to you (addressing Mr. McGowan) and invite you to take your proper place, sir, at the head of this Society. (Applause.)

MR. MCGOWAN: Gentlemen of the Society: I am very grateful for the honor conferred upon me. I am very thankful to Mr. Clarke for his very kind remarks, and I shall certainly do all in my power to advance the interests of the organization. The Society is very near and dear to my heart and has been since I first became a member, a great many years ago.

In electing Mr. Daly I am sure that you have given me an able assistant, and in electing Mr. Lenehan to look after the finances, I feel that we are bound to succeed in 1913.

I thank you again for the honor, and I shall expect not only the officers to do their duty—no fault can be found with them for their work in the past—but if possible I shall expect and urge every member of the Society to do something for the cause during the coming year.

Again I thank you for the honor. (Applause.)

TREASURER-GENERAL LENEHAN: I think it was determined at the last meeting of the Council to move the election of the Hon. Woodrow Wilson as an honorary member of the Society. I move that—the Executive Council having approved of the action in advance,—I move that the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, now an annual member of the Society, be elected an honorary member.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: Is the motion seconded?

MR. O'CONNELL: I second the motion.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN: I request our member from Philadelphia, Mr. Fahy, to tell us what he knows about Woodrow Wilson.

MR. FAHY: Mr. President, Gentlemen: I have the honor of being the President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Phila-

delphia. It was organized in 1771 on the 17th day of March. In 1814, James Wilson, the grandfather of Woodrow Wilson, the President-elect, was elected a member of our Society. James Wilson was then the publisher of a Democratic newspaper known as the *Aurora*. William Duane was also connected with this paper. Mr. Wilson's grandfather left Philadelphia about 1822 or 1824 and went to Steubenville, Ohio, where he settled permanently, and began the publication of a newspaper in that town. Woodrow Wilson's father, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, was born in that town, and subsequently became a Presbyterian minister. He settled in Staunton, Va., where he had charge of a Presbyterian Church. Woodrow Wilson was born in that town, and lived there the greater part of his life. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, as I said, was born in Steubenville. The President-elect's grandfather was born in the North of Ireland, and came to Pennsylvania about 1810 with a rush of emigrants coming to the United States after the Revolution.

In Ireland, laws against the Catholics were very severe; we know what they were. There was also a law against the nonconformists; this also was a very severe one. You remember that the British Government, in order to centralize ecclesiastical power in their own Church, made it a criminal offense for any one to perform a marriage ceremony unless he was the rector of some Episcopal Church, or a Catholic priest. In many cases, ministers of the Protestant Churches who married their own people were hailed before the ecclesiastical courts, convicted and sent to jail, and the children of such marriages declared bastards; and Presbyterians and other Protestant ministers were sent to jail charged with offenses against chastity for living with their own wives, because they had been married by their own ministers. The result was that the Presbyterians left the country in great numbers, the majority of them coming to Pennsylvania, where they could enjoy both civil and religious liberty, under the government of Pennsylvania. This caused them to be bitter enemies of England. This law was not repealed until some time during the reign of Queen Victoria, when an Act of Parliament was passed, legalizing all marriages of that kind, and making lawful issue of the children.

From December 1728, to December 1729, there landed in

Philadelphia, mostly from the North of Ireland, 5,665 Irish emigrants, and 265 English and Welsh, 43 Scotch, and 265 Germans; so it is no wonder that it was said the Irish soldiers of Pennsylvania outnumbered all others in the Pennsylvania Line. In the Revolutionary War two-thirds of the Pennsylvania soldiers were men of Irish blood; and we have a tradition in Philadelphia that there was not a man of Irish blood old enough to shoulder a musket, who did not join the Pennsylvania Line to fight throughout the war. General Wayne, in his report to Congress, said that at one period of the war, not less than two-thirds of all men then in arms were men of Irish blood.

You probably know that the men of English blood at that time, or the largest proportion of them, were Quakers; and the Quakers, with very few exceptions, were all Tories. I have a little incident to mention in connection with this: My wife is a lineal descendant of James Pugh, a Welsh Quaker, who settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1682. These Welsh Quakers bought from Penn about 40,000 acres of land which was located in what is now Philadelphia, Montgomery, Chester, and Delaware Counties; and this James Pugh purchased for himself 1300 acres of this land, and settling on what is called French Creek, built a saw and grist mill. My wife began to trace her ancestry back, some time ago, with a view of getting into the Daughters of the American Revolution. A third cousin of hers, Joseph Pugh, was living in Beaver County at the time; he was a man well up in his nineties, and he was appealed to by her to learn what he knew of their ancestry. He wrote a short note to her saying, "Mary, thee must know that thy ancestors during the Revolutionary War were Quakers, and they were not fighting men." When she read this to me, I said "Mary, I understand it; your ancestors were all Tories"; so she was not able to get into the Daughters of the American Revolution.

My wife was the principal of a public school when we were married, and among her acquaintances was a Miss Johnson, a subordinate teacher, and she began to trace her ancestry back, and found that they also were Quakers; she got back as far as the Revolutionary War, and stopped there, because she saw that her great-grandfather was hanged as a Tory by the patriots of

Philadelphia, for furnishing supplies to the British army when they were in possession of Philadelphia; she went no farther.

It is hard to find among the Quakers, or among the men of English blood, very many Revolutionary patriots. The Irish and Germans were the patriotic people that filled the armies. We had but one in our Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, during the Revolutionary War, who was not a patriot. He was an Irishman by the name of Batt, a retired Captain of the British army, and at that time engaged in the wine business. He was a pensioner, and was in sympathy with the English Government and he expressed himself very freely on that topic. When the Society learned of it, a meeting was held and it was concluded that as every other man was a patriot, Batt was not fit to be a member, and after a thorough investigation, it was reported unanimously: "As it is intimated that Thomas Batt is a Tory, he should be expelled", and he was accordingly expelled from the Society. He accompanied the British troops in June 1778 when they retreated from Philadelphia and later went to Toronto with the Tories, which was the beginning of the settlement of Toronto. Many of these Toronto settlers were Tories who subsequently left New York for that congenial British place; for it is a well-known fact that the Tories of New York and Philadelphia and other parts of the Colonies, left the United States for more congenial climes after independence was established.

General Wayne was the son of a Wicklow Irishman; his grandfather, who also bore the name of Anthony, came to Pennsylvania and settled about 1722, and brought his wife and four children with him. He had been a soldier under William III., and was present at the Battle of Boyne, and after James II. fled to France, Wayne's grandfather settled in Ireland. He very soon discovered that an Englishman who settled in Ireland received no more favors from British officers than if he were a native born Irishman. Becoming very much disgusted with the treatment he received, he emigrated to Pennsylvania with his small family, where he remained until his death. The father of Wayne at this time, having been born in Ireland, sympathized, with all other patriotic Irishmen, with the Colonies in all their efforts for good and wholesome laws for the betterment of the Colonies.

General Anthony Wayne was born in 1745; he grew up feeling very bitter against the British Government, and when the first sounds of war rang through Chester County, Wayne was one of the very first to volunteer his services to the patriotic cause. He probably did more to organize the Pennsylvania Line than any other man. He was idolized by his soldiers. His capture of Stony Point was probably the greatest achievement of the kind during the Revolutionary War. Frederick the Great of Prussia said it was a remarkable victory that so small a body of men could capture a fortress so well armed and equipped; and General Charles Lee, who had been an officer in the British service before our Revolutionary War, remarked that it was one of the greatest achievements noted in warfare.

Wayne subsequently distinguished himself in the war against the Indians. After the defeat of the troops in the two previous expeditions, Washington sent for Wayne, complimented him on his previous achievements, and said that he desired him to take charge of an expedition against the Indians in the Western territory, and authorized him to organize the forces. Wayne organized a force of 2500 men, put them under perfect discipline, marched to the Western territory, and at the Battle of Fallen Timbers thoroughly defeated the Indians, and forced them to sue for peace. This was the beginning of the settlements that were subsequently made in Ohio.

During the Revolutionary War fourteen generals of that remarkable struggle were members, or subsequently became members, of our Society. Every member of Congress from the City of Philadelphia is now a member of our Society with one exception, and he will be elected a member at the next meeting in March.

There was a Methodist minister in Philadelphia named Morgan, who delivered a lecture on the Irish as he knew them in Ireland, he having been on a visit there a year before his lecture. After he got through, and while receiving the compliments of many of those who had listened with great pleasure to what he said, a man that I recognized from his brogue as being from the very extreme North of Ireland, approached him and said, "Doctor Morgan, I listened very patiently and earnestly to your lecture, and I enjoyed it very much, but I did not hear you say one word

about the priest-ridden Catholics of Ireland." Doctor Morgan replied: "My dear man, I did not find a single case of that kind in all Ireland; everybody there, in the parts of Ireland that I visited, seemed perfectly satisfied, regardless of his religious faith."

Gentlemen: In conclusion I will say that our Society now has over eight hundred members; it is about equally divided between Catholics and Protestants, and the officers are also equally divided between the Ancient and the Reformed Churches, and it is the one place where Irishmen of all religious denominations may meet and exchange friendly greetings without a word to indicate what the faith of one's neighbor is.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: You have heard the motion that Hon. Woodrow Wilson be elected an honorary member of this Society. Those in favor of the motion, please rise. Those opposed—the vote is unanimously carried. Is there any other?

SECRETARY-GENERAL DALY: I move that we adjourn and take recess until say a quarter after two, before the presentation of the historical papers.

A MEMBER: I second the motion.

MR. O'CONNELL: I have got a few observations that I should like to make. I think they ought to be a matter of record for the purpose of inspiring some action at later times, and not with any intention of asking for immediate action. These are facts that were culled in desultory reading and may possibly be well known, but they are generally overlooked, and sometimes the Gaelic race is not understood here. I believe if it were understood, the American people would cultivate not only the Gaelic people here, but the Gaelic ideals of the past. I think the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" myth has had so much wide circulation, the people of this country are not inclined to look with favor upon any other race as having contributed to the sum total of civilization as we have it to-day; but the contrary is the fact, and the race that has produced most of the ideals that are regarded by our people as most worthy have come from the Gael.

(Mr. O'Connell then read the paper "A Plea for the Study of Irish History," which appears at page 126 of this volume.)

MR. O'CONNELL: It seems to me that something ought to

THE HON. WOODROW WILSON,
President of the United States. Elected Member of the Society 1911.
Elected Fourth Honorary Member January 1913.

be done by the Catholic colleges or universities of this country to stimulate on their part a study of the ancient Gaelic language. It is the sons of the Gael that established these schools in this country, and they should not be neglected and despised; and, I am sorry to say that some of our educators have—in ignorance of the historical situation—have come to despise that which ought to be the most cherished thing they have to give to those to whom education is given. I hope that the officers of this Society will take up with the heads of the Catholic colleges, which are sustained and founded by Irish money, the subject of the study of the Irish language and the history of the Irish people. (Applause).

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: The object of course is very very good, but it is entirely outside the scope of this Society. The Society is a non-sectarian and non-political organization. The remarks in the paper are certainly exceedingly interesting, but I think the work of the officers is cut out in finding out, if you please, what has been done by the Gael for this country, and in uncovering the records of the past and bringing into prominence the deeds of some of the men whose names have been mentioned by the gentleman from Philadelphia, here to-day, and others; and I think that, if we do that, we shall have all we can possibly do for the present. Again, I, for one, would hesitate to attempt to tell the president of a Catholic college what he should do or should not—or any of them in fact—because as a rule they are priests and they would resent this Society—if I may use a colloquial expression, "butting in" to their affairs. I can understand that this matter might be well taken up by Irish societies whose object is to preserve the Irish language, whose object it is to uncover the history of Ireland in the past, but I do believe that it is entirely outside of the scope of this Society and that for which it was organized.

MR. O'CONNELL: I don't want you to misunderstand me. I simply have said that which I have said, for the purpose of seeing if this organization couldn't do something by interesting the colleges and universities of this land. As portrayed and enunciated by yourself, the position of our people as told by the schools and histories and colleges of this country is not truthful, and it seems to me that one of the best means that we could

take to further the influence of this organization would be by bringing it out through the schools and colleges.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: The Chair had quite a time in correcting statements made by school books some time ago, but they referred entirely to the history of the Civil War,—

A MEMBER: Barnes's History?

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: Barnes's History. They attempted to garble and disregard the part that our soldiers took in the Civil War. That was perfectly proper for this organization to take up.

MR. CLARKE: I don't wish to detain the meeting at all, but I can say that I listened with great pleasure to the gentleman's address, and I would say—as perhaps he knows—that there already exists in this Country and in Ireland an organization known as the Gaelic League. It is the object of that League to deal with just such subjects as Mr. O'Connell has laid before us. Many of the statements that Mr. O'Connell has made are live matters with the Gaelic League. I think he will agree with me that that is the body that should definitely take hold of this project. I agree in every particular with Mr. O'Connell's remarks, that these matters of ancient Gaelic history should be corrected, and wherever a misconception exists, that we should—to put it in an Irish manner—whenever we see a head we ought to hit it—the head of an enemy. In this particular case the enemy is the misrepresentations that have followed the Irish race in America as everywhere else after they left Ireland. It is one of the sad things in our history that it was necessary for England to justify its treatment of Ireland by wronging the Irish in the minds of others; and I simply rose to say that before the Gaelic League is really the proper place to push this matter; and, with the suggestion that I shall be very happy to tell Mr. O'Connell anything I can about the Gaelic League, I second the motion before the house.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: It has been moved and seconded that we now take a recess until 2.30. Those in favor say "aye"; those opposed say "no." We are adjourned.

Afternoon Session.

Meeting called to order by President-General McGowan.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: The Secretary wishes to make an announcement regarding the California Chapter and their dinner this evening. It is usual to send them a telegram and we usually receive one from them. I suppose that this evening will be no exception.

SECRETARY-GENERAL DALY: I am in receipt of a copy of a printed circular announcing the fourth annual meeting and dinner of the California Chapter, to be held at the Bellevue Hotel, corner Geary and Taylor Streets, on Saturday evening January 11th, at seven o'clock, in which they say that the Executive Committee of The American Irish Historical Society has paid a high compliment to the California Chapter by offering it the national vice-presidency of this Society for the coming year, and the Society has sent in the name of one of its most active members—Mr. R. C. O'Connor—as its choice for that position.

MR. TIERNEY: I move Mr. President that this Society send a telegram of congratulation in time to be received at the Fourth Annual Banquet of the California Chapter.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: Those in favor say "aye," those opposed say "no." The "ayes" have it and the motion is agreed to. Mr. Daly will be instructed to send the telegram.

SECRETARY-GENERAL DALY: Mr. President, the programme arranged for this afternoon by the Dinner Committee in charge of the day session in addition to the dinner, comprises a paper by Mr. Thomas S. Lonergan and a paper by Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Lonergan are present; and we were also to have the pleasure of a paper from Father McCoy of Worcester, Mass., on the subject of the celebration last October, of the anniversary of the founding of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, at which Father McCoy was the representative of this Society; but I am advised through Judge Lee that Father McCoy's paper is not ready for presentation now, but will be prepared and sent on to be published in the Journal; so that the session of this afternoon will be devoted to hearing a paper from Mr. Lonergan and one from Mr. Clarke.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: The Chair desires to announce that Mr. Clarke has stated that he wouldn't be able to bring his paper to-day. He wishes to get the paper that was presented at Elmira by the Chair, as one of the Committee on that occasion, and embody that in the paper which he will present later to be published in our annual volume.

The audience is so small that Mr. Lonergan may not feel like reading his paper, and perhaps would wish to have it published.

MR. LONERGAN: No matter how small an audience may be or how large it is, it has no terrors for me—whether it consists of ten or 5,000. I won't take up much of your time though. I think the subject is one of general interest to the members of this Society and to the Irish in general. It is immaterial of course whether we have a large gathering or not, but it is most material that the members should read the contents of our Journal which comes out once a year—but I have my suspicions that all of them don't. The title of the paper is "General Thomas Francis Meagher."

Applause followed the reading of Mr. Lonergan's paper which is printed at page 111 of this volume.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: The Chair recognizes Mr. Donovan.

MR. DONOVAN: Mr. President, I have a new member to propose; that member is James Donovan, my father. He came to this country in 1855 and settled in the northern part of New York State, in the wilderness, and there developed the country and grew to be a man respected in his own county, as perhaps no other man is to-day. He has heard about this Society and I spent my Christmas with him, and he expressed a desire to become a member of The American Irish Historical Society. I take great pleasure in moving his election in this Society.

SECRETARY-GENERAL DALY: I second Mr. Donovan's nomination.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: It has been moved and seconded that Mr. Donovan become a member of this Society. Those in favor say "aye"; those opposed say "no." The "ayes" have it, and Mr. Donovan is elected.

MR. TIERNEY: I want to inquire whether it is necessary to make a motion to have that paper published.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: When an invitation is extended to read a paper, that carries with it a consent to its publication unless it is objected to by the Society, and I take it for granted that there is no objection.

MR. TIERNEY: I really feel like congratulating the gentleman who read that paper. Of course it is at once seen to be a paper that we will all appreciate, and shows great research, and I know that the Irish people generally will be well pleased with it. Of course a number of us old ones, who knew and saw Meagher, we think more perhaps of him than some of the younger ones, because they were not mixed up in it so much, and do not appreciate his efforts in Ireland. It was a great pleasure for me to hear that paper read to-day, and personally and collectively I thank the brother for reading it.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN: 'Tisn't that I want to boast or brag about it, but I was confined in prison, for the same cause that Thomas Francis Meagher was incarcerated for. One evening I was put into a cell where Smith O'Brien was; and on the back of the door was an inscription written by some mark or other that Smith O'Brien wrote. And on that corridor where they were confined, I served several months. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: I trust that the applause is not for the service in the prison, but because of the courage.

MR. O'CONNELL: There is one thing in the very excellent paper by Mr. Lonergan that calls forth this remark from me. He referred to the 28th Regiment of Massachusetts as being an integral part of the Irish Brigade. It was known then as "The Foggaballa," which means "Clear the Road." I submit to posterity that no regiment ever went into battle with loftier purposes than the regiment that had for its battle cry "Clear the Road," spoken in the clarion voices of those men in their native Irish language. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: The Chair states that in the absence of the Chairman of the Dinner Committee this morning he took the liberty to report for Mr. Farrelly.

Is there anything else to come before the meeting? If not, a motion to adjourn is in order, so that we may have plenty of time to dress for the banquet this evening.

On motion duly made and seconded the meeting then adjourned.

ANNUAL BANQUET.

Members of the Society and their guests to the number of more than two hundred and fifty in all, dined in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, grace being said by Rev. Father Chidwick.

Seated at the head table were:

Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, D.D., of New York.
Dr. John G. Coyle of New York.
Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis of Ithaca, N. Y.
Hon. Joseph A. Langfitt of Pittsburg, Pa.
Hon. Patrick F. McGowan of New York.
Hon. John Purroy Mitchel of New York.
Professor Arthur F. J. Remy of New York.

Members and guests present residing in New York City were:

Adams, Samuel
Anderson, Miss Irene
Archer, Lucien M.
Archer, Mrs. Lucien M.
Bender, Louis
Bensell, Chester
Bensell, Mrs. Maud
Blake, William M.
Blake, Mrs. William M.
Boyle, John J.
Boyle, Mrs. John J.
Burke, Rev. John J.
Butler, John R.
Butler, William
Byrne, Gerald
Byrne, Mrs. Gerald
Carey, Denis
Carey, Mrs. Denis
Cassidy, Frank J.
Cavanaugh, F. J.
Clarke, Harry E.
Clarke, Harry J.
Clarke, J. I. C.
Clarke, Mrs. J. I. C.
Clarke, William Joseph
Clune, James G.
Cockran, F. G.
Cockran, Mrs. F. G.
Cohalan, Denis O'L.
Cohalan, Mrs. Denis O'L.
Cokeley, William A.
Conry, Hon. Michael F.
Cooney, Miss Gertrude L.
Crimmins, Hon. John D.
Cunningham, Miss E. J.
Cunningham, George
Cunningham, Robert J.
Cunningham, Mrs. Robert J.
Curtis, Miss Helena
Daly, Edward H.
Daly, Hon. Joseph F.
Demarest, Dr. P. E.
Demarest, Mrs. P. E.
Dixon, Richard
Dolan, Thomas R.
Dolan, Thomas S.
Dolan, Mrs. Thomas S.
Donovan, Richard J.
Dufficy, Peter J.
Driscoll, James G.
Driscoll, Mrs. James G.
Driscoll, M. J.
Duval, Louis
Duval, Mrs. Louis

Dwyer, John
Ellison, Hon. William B.
Falahee, John J.
Farrell, E. D.
Farrelly, Stephen
FitzGerald, Hon. James Regan
Fitzgibbon, John
Fitzgibbon, Mrs. John
Fitzpatrick, Jay
Goodwin, Mrs. J.
Gurry, Thomas F.
Gurry, Mrs. Thomas F.
Halloran, John H.
Halloran, Mrs. John H.
Hannigan, Miss Josephine
Hartt, Mrs. Anna
Hartt, Henry
Healy, David
Healy, Hon. Edmund J.
Henry, Capt. Dominick
Herbert, Victor
Hoey, Hon. James J.
Hynes, Patrick J.
Joyce, Harry L.
Joyce, Mrs. Harry L.
Kinsley, William J.
Kinsley, Mrs. William J.
Kerwin, Mrs. Michael
Lee, Hon. Laurence P.
Lee, Mrs. Laurence P.
Lenehan, Miss Elizabeth
Lenehan, John J.
Levins, Miss Anna Frances
Levins, Miss Julia
Lonergan, Thomas S.
Lyons, Richard J.
McCall, Hon. Edward E.
McDonough, J. B.
McDonough, Mrs. J. B.
McGuire, Edward J.
McKenna, Miss Catharine
McKenna, James A.
McKenna, Mrs. James A.
McLaughlin, Alonzo G.
McLaughlin, John
McLaughlin, Mrs. John
McLaughlin, Joseph F.
McNaboe, James F.
McSweeney, William
Madden, Miss Marie R.
Madden, Theodore A.
Madden, Mrs. Theodore A.
May, William D.
Meany, H. C.
Meany, Mrs. H. C.
Miles, Miss Flossie
Miles, Miss Helen
Miles, John
Miles, Mrs. Margaret
Miles, Miss Marion B.
Miles, Tod
Murphy, Hon. John J.
Mullen, Hugh
Mullen, Mrs. Hugh
Mulqueen, Hon. Joseph F.
Mulqueen, Michael J.
Mulry, Thomas M.
Mulry, Mrs. Thomas M.
Nagle, John T., M.D.
O'Brien, John P.
O'Brien, Michael C., M.D.
O'Brien, Mrs. Michael C.
O'Callaghan, F. E.
O'Callaghan, Mrs. F. E.
O'Connell, Daniel
O'Connell, Mrs. Daniel
O'Connell, Miss E.
O'Connell, John
O'Connell, Mrs. John
O'Connell, J. J.
O'Connell, Mrs. J. J.
O'Connell, Miss M.
O'Connell, Miss Margaret
O'Connor, William
O'Reilly, Vincent F.
O'Shaughnessy, Major E. J.
O'Shea, James
Oswald, Charles F.
Oswald, Mrs. Charles F.
Pulleyn, John
Purcell, Miss Mary
Quinlan, Dr. Francis J.
Quinlan, Mrs. Francis J.
Quinn, John

Redmond, Miss Anna
Redmond, James
Redmond, Joseph
Reid, Miss Nelly
Reilly, Thomas J.
Rigney, Joseph
Roof, Dr. Stephen W.
Roof, Mrs. Stephen W.
Ryan, James T.
Ryan, M. J.
Ryan, Mrs. M. J.
Sewering, Mrs. Kate
Shipman, Hon. Andrew J.
Shipman, Mrs. Andrew J.
Smith, J. Milton
Smith, Thomas F.
Somers, Miss Mary
Somers, Thomas F.
Somers, Mrs. Thomas F.
Spellissy, Denis A.
Stapleton, Edward J.
Stapleton, Mrs. Edward J.
Stapleton, Miss Gertrude
Sullivan, John J.
Tierney, Edward M.
Treacy, Richard S.
Van Horn, Isaac
Van Horn, Mrs. Isaac
Wells, Judson G.
White, John B.

Those present from other places were:

Barry, William F., Elizabeth, N. J.
Barter, William F., Boston, Mass.
Barter, Mrs. William F., Boston, Mass.
Burke, Eugene S., Morristown, N. J.
Burke, Mrs. Eugene S., Morristown, N. J.
Burns, Miss Katherine E., Torrington, Conn.
Burns, William A., Torrington, Conn.
Carney, Michael, Lawrence, Mass.
Cartan, A. J., Matawan, N. J.
Cartan, Mrs. A. J., Matawan, N. J.
Cassidy, John H., Waterbury, Conn.
Cassidy, General Patrick, M.D., Norwich, Conn.
Clune, Frank R., Carbondale, Penn.
Collins, Major-Gen. Dennis F., Elizabeth, N. J.
Collins, Mrs. Dennis F., Elizabeth, N. J.
Daly, John J., Westfield, N. J.
Daly, Mrs. John J., Westfield, N. J.
Devlin, P. J., Matawan, N. J.
Devlin, Mrs. P. J., Matawan, N. J.
Dooner, Edward J., Philadelphia, Pa.
Dowd, Miss Helen F., Torrington, Conn.
Fahy, Thomas A., Philadelphia, Penn.
Fahy, Mrs. Thomas A., Philadelphia, Penn.
Fitzpatrick, Hon. Thomas B., Boston, Mass.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Thomas B., Boston, Mass.
Flynn, Colonel David M., Princeton, N. J.
Gleeson, William A., Torrington, Conn.
Grant, John, Boston, Mass.
Grant, Mrs. John, Boston, Mass.
Higgins, James J., Elizabeth, N. J.
Hoff, Joseph S., Princeton, N. J.
Hoff, Mrs. Joseph S., Princeton, N. J.
Hogan, John J., Lowell, Mass.
Hogan, Mrs. John J., Lowell, Mass.
Hughes, Patrick L., Winthrop, Mass.
Hughes, Mrs. Patrick L., Winthrop, Mass.
Jessurun, A. E.
Kehoe, Michael P., Baltimore, Md.
Kelly, Mrs. Caroline C., Fall River, Mass.
Kelly, Joseph T., New Haven, Conn.
Kelly, Michael F., Fall River, Mass.
Kenah, John F., Elizabeth, N. J.
Kennedy, Daniel T., Elmira, N. Y.
Kennedy, M. E., Elmira, N. Y.

Leary, Jeremiah D., Elizabeth, N. J.
Lenihan, Hon. John T., Wilkes-Barre, Penn.
Lenihan, Mrs. John T., Wilkes-Barre, Penn.
Lynch, James F., Baltimore, Md.
McCloud, William E., Elizabeth, N. J.
McCooey, Rev. J. E., Manchester, N. H.
Magrath, Patrick F., Binghamton, N. Y.
Magrath, Mrs. Patrick F., Binghamton, N. Y.
Mahoney, Miss Anna M., Keyport, N. J.
Mahoney, D. E., Keyport, N. J
Minturn, Hon. James F., Hoboken, N. J.
O'Brien, Hon. John F., Plattsburg, N. Y.
O'Brien, Mrs. John F., Plattsburg, N. Y.
O'Brien, Captain Laurence, New Haven, Conn.
O'Brien, Thomas S., Albany, N. Y.
O'Malley, Dr. A. P., Wilkes-Barre, Penn.
O'Malley, Mrs. A. P., Wilkes-Barre, Penn.
Potts, Richard T., Elizabeth, N. J.
Ryan, Hon. P. J., Elizabeth, N. J.
Seeber, George, Elizabeth, N. J.
Shahan, Rt. Rev. Thomas J., D.D., Washington, D. C.
Sullivan, Dr. M. F., Lowell, Mass.
Sullivan, R. G., Manchester, N. H.
Sullivan, Mrs. R. G., Manchester, N. H.
Synnott, Dr. Martin J., Montclair, N. J.
Tierney, Dennis H., Waterbury, Conn.
Walsh, J. M., Westfield, N. J.
Walsh, Mrs. J. M., Westfield, N. J.
White, Hon. John J., Holyoke, Mass.
Wise, James F., Dorchester, Mass.
Wise, Mrs. James F., Dorchester, Mass.

The following letters of regret were received by the Dinner Committee:

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, November 15, 1912.

My dear Mr. Daly:

The President very greatly appreciates the cordial and attractive invitation which you extend to him on behalf of the American Irish Historical Society, and asks me to thank you warmly. He regrets that his engagements are such as to make it impossible for him to undertake any additional out of town engagements for January.

With renewed thanks in his behalf for your courtesy, I am,

Sincerely yours,

CARMI A. THOMPSON,
Secretary to the President.

MR. EDWARD H. DALY,
52 Wall Street,
New York City.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
One Fifteen Broadway, NEW YORK, November 14, 1912.

EDWARD H. DALY, Esq.,
Secretary, American Irish Historical Society,
52 Wall Street, New York City.

My dear Mr. Daly:

Many thanks for your cordial invitation to attend the Fifteenth Annual Banquet of the American Irish Historical Society at the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday evening, January 11, 1913. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you on this occasion, but it will be impossible owing to important official duties at Albany.

Give my best wishes to all assembled, and assure them that I take a deep interest in the welfare of your Society, and in the future, as in the past, anything that I can do to promote it will always be cheerfully done.

With best wishes, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

WM. SULZER.

CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.

November 15th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Daly,

I regret to say that another engagement prevents me.

Very truly yours,

W. J. GAYNOR,
Mayor.

EDWARD H. DALY, Esq.,
Secretary-General,
American Irish Historical Society,
52 Wall St., New York City.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 3, 1913.

EDWARD H. DALY, ESQ.,
Secretary-General,
American Irish Historical Society,
52 Wall St., New York City.

My dear Sir:

I am greatly obliged for your kind note asking me to be present at and partake of the Banquet to be given by the American Irish Historical Society at the Waldorf-Astoria on the evening of January the 11th next.

I regret to say that my engagements here are of such a character as to prevent me from accepting.

Will you do me the favor to express my thanks to the Society and to accept them for yourself, together with the assurances of my high regard and best wishes.

Faithfully yours,

E. D. WHITE.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
CITY OF NEW YORK.

January 8, 1913.

MR. EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary-General,
American Irish Historical Society,
52 Wall St., New York City.

Dear Sir:

At the time I accepted your invitation to attend the banquet of the American Irish Historical Society I had lost sight of the fact that I had promised to go to another place upon that night. This, therefore, will prevent my accepting your invitation for the 11th instant.

Very truly yours,

WM. A. PRENDERGAST, B.

THE OUTLOOK
287 Fourth Avenue

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

NEW YORK, December 5th, 1912.

My dear Mr. Daly:

I thank you for your kind invitation to attend the annual banquet of the American Irish Historical Association, but unfortunately at the present time it is a physical impossibility for me to accept any invitations of any kind or sort. I am really sorry. With all good wishes,

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

MR. EDWARD H. DALY,
52 Wall Street,
New York City.

LYNDE SULLIVAN
Counsellor-at-law
35 Congress Street
Rooms 608–609
Telephone 4261 Main

BOSTON, December 7, 1912.

EDWARD H. DALY, ESQUIRE,
American Irish Historical Society,
52 Wall St., New York City.

Dear Sir:

I appreciate highly the generous invitation of the American Historical Society to be a guest at your 15th annual banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Saturday January 13, 1913. Please believe me I should accept this invitation with a great deal of pleasure if I were in this country at that time.

Illness of my boy forces me to be out of the country during the month of January. I shall feel very much gratified if at some other time you will extend to me the honor of an invitation to one of your dinners.

With kindest regards and wishing the society at its dinner a most glorious and delightful time, I am,

Yours very truly,
LYNDE SULLIVAN, M.

PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.
18 November, 1912.

Dear Sir:

I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the invitation from the Executive Council of the American Irish Historical Society to attend the Fifteenth Annual Banquet of the Society on Saturday evening, January 11th, 1913.

I regret exceedingly that I will not be in New York on that date, and will not consequently be able to be present. At the same time I desire to express my high appreciation of the courtesy of your invitation.

Yours faithfully,

E. A. MORRIS.

EDWARD H. DALY, ESQ.,
Secretary-General,
American Irish Historical Socy.,
52 Wall Street,
New York, U. S. A.

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY
OF NEW YORK

Broadway at 156th Street
NEW YORK, November 19, 1912.

EDWARD H. DALY, ESQ., *Secretary-General,*
American Irish Historical Society,
52 Wall Street, New York.

Dear Sir:

I regret that absence from town will prevent my availing of your polite invitation to attend, on behalf of the American Geographical Society, at the fifteenth annual banquet of the American Irish Historical Society on January 11th, 1913.

Thanking you, on behalf of the Society, for the compliment, I remain,

Very truly yours,
JOHN GREENOUGH,
Vice-Prest.

ROBERT P. TROY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
CALL BUILDING
Rooms 410–414
Telephone Sutter 116
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., January 4th, 1913.

MR. EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary Dinner Committee,
American Irish Historical Society,
52 Wall Street,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Daly:

I beg to thank you sincerely for your kind invitation to attend the fifteenth annual banquet of The American Irish Historical Society and to express my deep regret at my inability to accept the Society's generous hospitality.

Our California Chapter has committed to me the pleasant duty of expressing its warmest greetings of personal and fraternal friendship to the ladies and gentlemen who will be assembled at your banquet on the 11th, and to express its sincere congratulations upon the marvelous success which you gentlemen have attained in adding a new and a glorious chapter to our history.

At our banquet which will occur in San Francisco at the same hour that you will meet in New York, our first toast shall be in honor of your gathering and our best inspiration shall be drawn from the following lines of the great poetic genius who graces your ranks:

Shall we who meet and part to-night
Remember not our sires?
Shall we forget their age-long fight,
Their quenchless battle-fires?
They handed us the freedom-flame
That spreads from sea to sea.
They bade it burn in Ireland's name,
Till land and race are free.

Very sincerely yours,
ROBERT P. TROY.

ROBERT P. TROY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law

CALL BUILDING
Rooms 410–414
Telephone Sutter 116.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., January 4, 1913.

HON. THOMAS ZANSLAUR LEE,
President-General,
American Irish Historical Society,
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Judge Lee:

For some time I have cherished the hope that I might be able to attend the fifteenth annual meeting of the American Irish Historical Society in New York as a representative of the able and patriotic gentlemen who compose the California Chapter of the Society, but I regret to state that the pressure of unavoidable engagements will prevent me from enjoying this pleasure.

I am very glad, however, to be able to report on behalf of our Chapter that an intense local interest in the work of the Society has been developed, and that we have found enough historical data in the record of California's growth to guarantee a permanent and an expanding organization which will diligently and truthfully assert the facts upon the authentic page which you gentlemen have added to the history of our country.

On behalf of the officers and members of the California Chapter it affords me much pleasure to invite you to hold the annual meeting of the Society in San Francisco in 1915, the year when we will entertain visitors from all nations at an international exposition which we hope will surprise the world. The Exposition officials have authorized me to say that they join us most heartily in this invitation and that they will do their utmost to make your stay an enjoyable one if you can find it possible to accept our hospitality.

Deeply regretting my inability to attend your fifteenth annual meeting and with best wishes for the welfare of the Society, I beg to remain with kind personal regards,

Very sincerely yours,
ROBERT P. TROY.

The following telegram was despatched before the dinner pursuant to the resolution of the Society:

NEW YORK, Jan. 11, 1913.

TO ROBERT P. TROY, ESQ., PRES.,
American Irish Historical Society,
Hotel Bellevue, San Francisco, Cal.

American Irish Historical Society in annual session Waldorf-Astoria sends fraternal greetings to California Chapter at fourth annual banquet.

PATRICK F. MCGOWAN,
President.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: Ladies and gentlemen: It is my pleasant duty to bid you a most cordial welcome to the Fifteenth Annual Banquet of The American Irish Historical Society. Looking into the faces of those present, I believe that I may say without fear of contradiction that we have with us tonight as handsome a lot of men and as beautiful women as ever assembled in this hall. (Applause.)

The objects of the Society have been told and retold so frequently that I am not going to take up your time in rehearsing them tonight, or repeating them. It is our duty, when we find the publishers intentionally or unintentionally misrepresenting our race, to contradict it and to show them the errors of their ways. (Applause.) And in so doing we believe that we have the hearty support of all races and all lovers of truth. (Applause).

It is not my intention to make a speech. We have orators with us this evening who will fill out that part of the programme; and the first speaker of the evening is one well known in New York who will bid our guests an official welcome—the President of the Board of Aldermen and, in the absence of the Mayor, the Acting Mayor of New York City,—the Hon. John Purroy Mitchel. (Great applause.)

MR. MITCHEL: Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen of The American Irish Historical Society: It is indeed a very grateful duty which devolves upon me tonight, that of extending to you the hearty welcome of the City of New York. In bringing to you, ladies and gentlemen who are assembled from all parts of the Country as members of this Society, the official welcome

of New York, I know that I bring to you the good wishes and the sympathy of all of the citizens of New York, irrespective of the race from which they may happen to be sprung.

The purpose of your Society—I may say our Society, for I have the honor of membership among you—is that of collecting and conserving the records of the achievements of the men and women of Irish blood in the United States. Now that is an object which of course must appeal to all of us who are sprung of that race because of the pride that we may justifiably take in the splendid record of the people of our blood in this Country. But it is also a work which must appeal to all real Americans because the achievements of the Irish race in the United States mean the achievements of Americans (applause), because I think that I can say without fear of contradiction that we have as bright a record as that of any race which with ours has gone to make up that compound that to-day we call an American citizen. Of course we take a pride in the record, the achievements of Irish people in this Country; but, while we are priding ourselves upon the work that has been done here, it is not amiss for us to recollect that no people can take complete pride and satisfaction in the achievements of their race in a country other than the country of the birth of that race so long as that country remains unfree (applause). This year Ireland is able to look forward to a brighter prospect than she has possessed for many a long year; and it is the hope, I am sure, of every true Irish man and woman that this year will see written a page in the history of Ireland that will enable us, who come of her race and live in this Country, to look back with pride to the condition of the people from whom we have sprung, in their own native land. (Applause.)

Before I sit down I wish to say that I esteem it a privilege this evening to follow your President in addressing you. I have had the honor of following him in a public office which he filled with distinction, and I wish to say tonight that, while Mr. McGowan is no longer President of the Board of Aldermen, he has lately received a promotion, I am sure, in his election to the presidency of this, our Society (applause), and I wish to say to him that in assuming this office I extend to him my cordial good wishes for a successful and distinguished administration,

and the hope and confidence that the future of this Society under President McGowan's administration will have all of success and of distinction that it deserves. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: President Mitchel is certainly flattering, to say the least of his remarks, and I am grateful for his kind words.

The next speaker is one for whom I entertain the most profound friendship, and have for more than twenty years. For some time I have been trying to get this gentleman to come here and speak at one of our gatherings, and we are fortunate in having him with us tonight. Pennsylvania has produced great men and lovely women in the past—men to be proud of—but none have received, nor were they entitled to, greater honors than Senator Langfitt of Pennsylvania, whom I have pleasure and honor in introducing. (Applause.)

SENATOR LANGFITT: Ladies and Gentlemen: It seems to me just a little more than a coincidence that President Mitchel should read the programme, see me billed for a speech before this audience and then immedicately rise and undertake to "convey to you the entire sympathy of the people of New York." (Laughter.)

I wish to return my thanks for the cordial and flattering things that your President has said about me; and I think I may likewise congratulate this Society first upon the admirable taste of the men in their selection of wives and daughters (applause) and, although the men are young, it is still a matter of curiosity to me why their wives have married men so many years older than themselves (laughter and applause). I want further to congratulate you upon your choice of President of this Society. My friendship for your President is partly personal and partly hereditary because more than a century ago one of his kinsmen, a McGowan, and my grandfather, William Langfitt, were firm friends and suffered together. In one of the last raids of the Indians through Ohio and southern Pennsylvania, Langfitt and McGowan, while riding along a deer trail, were ambushed by the Indians. McGowan was captured, taken to Sandusky, Ohio, then an Indian town, and there burned at the stake; and my grandfather, with eight bullet holes in him, was carried in a fainting condition by his frightened horse some three miles to

the fort and there nursed back to life; and where that incident affects me particularly is in the fact that it occurred some fifteen or twenty years before my father was born, and if those Indians had only been a little better marksmen or if my grandfather had not had an iron constitution, or if that hadn't been a most sensible horse, who would be telling this story now? (Laughter and applause.) And so I refer to this incident as my "wonderful escape from the Indians." (Laughter.)

When the invitation to address this Society to-night, fluttered down to me, I recognized it as the Blue Bird of Opportunity and proceeded forthwith to put salt on its tail. To be entirely *au fait* in this environment, the blue bird should have been a parrot so as to make up in suitable color, what it might lack in song. (Laughter.) At the present moment, when my courage, like that of Bob Acres, is oozing out at my finger tips through embarrassment, I feel like a bird myself, but a bird of a different color,—in short, like a crow on a snow drift, conspicuous without adding any beauty to the landscape. (Laughter.)

The Irish are said to excel in fighting and feasting. Unfortunately I am only half Irish, and did not inherit the fighting instinct, but have the feasting propensity overdone. There is, however, a third propensity that is common ground, perhaps, to all of us; ground over which we all move very cautiously—by finger breadths as it were,—and which is described so soulfully by Kipling when he (almost) said:—

"But there is neither East nor West
Border nor breed for-bye
When the Irish race stands face to face
With three fingers of old rye." (Laughter.)

It was an Irish lawyer, a Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals that perpetrated that parody.

When I left my vine-clad cottage in Pittsburg, where curfew still tolls the knell of parting day (laughter), and started for this wicked city where the horse cars run on Sunday (laughter), I was sad in spirit; I thought of the little boy's prayer, of which you all have heard and which I mention only because it represents my feelings—not because it's new. His father, who lived in the country, had occasion to come to this city and the night before, told Willie that he could go along. Willie was all ex-

citement,—sang and danced and had his mother lay out his Sunday clothes for an early start in the morning—couldn't get him to bed, and when they did, forgot to say his prayers. Suddenly thinking about his oversight, he hopped out, knelt down and rattled them off in jig time. When he came to "Amen," he added, happily and confidentially, "Now, good-bye, God, I'm going to New York." (Laughter and applause.) I did not feel this way at all. When I thought of coming here with my Western Pennsylvania accent and homespun clothes, I quite repented having agreed to appear (laughter), but as I stand before you now and view the "Fighting Race" in feasting mood—this splendid array of wit and wisdom—of affluence and influence, I can only repent after the manner described by the little girl in Sunday School:—The lesson was the 22d chapter of St. Luke where the Christ prophesied that Peter would deny him thrice before dawn, and how the prophecy was fulfilled; and the teacher, gathering up the heads of the lesson, asked the class the question, "What sign of repentance did Peter give?" and a little girl answered, "Please, sir, he crowed three times." (Laughter.) That is my present feeling of repentance. To be honored as I am at this moment by your favor, is something to crow about, at least three times, and that as loudly and clearly as any feathered emblem of the Democratic party. (Laughter and applause.)

I have not come here "seeking the bubble reputation." Pittsburgers, who come to New York with reputation shining like a halo, not infrequently go back with none at all, or with one that resembles the wreck of the *Hesperus*. (Laughter.) They collect large experience but lose pretty much all their substance and become like unto the prodigal son of old, who, as I understand the story, lost everything but the road home; he never lost that. (Laughter.) If I had taken Patrick Henry's lamp of experience to guide my wandering feet, I should have shooed away the Blue Bird and put upon the perch instead, the wise old owl, whose world wide reputation for wisdom is due to the fact that he never expresses his thoughts in words. (Laughter.)

A smallish green island in a northerly sea is the home of the Irish people, but most of the race have their mail delivered to them in the United States. (Laughter.) But they love the

"Green Isle" just the same, and love it inversely as the square of the distance. As one of them expressed it, "A man should always love his native land, whether he was born there or not." (Laughter.) For them to leave Erin has always been like breaking heart strings, even with America ahead and want and persecution behind. One day a friend sitting at the bedside of a dying Irishman said to him, "Barney, is it hard to die?" "Yes," said Barney, "it is hard to die but not so hard as to leave ould Ireland." (Applause.) That is the feeling, and yet Ireland was not suited to them. To the Irish people with the Irish nature, it was a pent up Utica, hide-bound, restrained. Geographically and politically they were "cribbed, cabined and confined." They needed a country like this, in which to expand, with its mountains and plains and inland seas and rivers that roll through zones. They needed freedom and justice. They needed liberty and independence to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and under the Flag that is red, white and blue (great applause)—as blue as the skies of heaven, as white as the souls of saints, and as red as the blood of heroes; (applause) the Flag of the stars and bars—bars of honor and stars of glory—the flag of the American-Irish, if you please, who shed their blood like water to establish and maintain its supremacy. (Long continued applause.)

The Chinese worship their ancestors. We are not here to-night to do that:—

> "They who on noble ancestry enlarge
> Proclaim their debt instead of its discharge."

Irishmen maintain that rattling dead men's bones is a poor way to get a living. They realize—none better—the moral effect of noble characters upon succeeding generations—that nothing has a better influence upon the youth than the worthy example of their progenitors; but they rightly feel that he who serves well his country, native or adopted, has no need of distinguished ancestry, and in that regard the Irish in America can qualify—have qualified from the dark days of the Revolution, backward and forward in glorious deeds, performed by a statute roll of heroes as long as the elliptic.

When the prayer of the patriots went up, "God give us men, tall men, sun crowned men who live above the fog, in public

duty and in private thinking," God answered that prayer. He sent the Irish (applause); he sent the Rutledges, the Clintons, the Barrys; He sent the Calhouns, the Jacksons, the Dillons, the O'Gormans, and thousands more like "Kelly and Burke and Shea." (Applause.) On the battlefields of Freedom they were the readiest of the ready. They rushed to the Revolution as to a banquet. They loved the Lord God and they hated King George. They were loyal to the cause of liberty and rebellious against tyranny. Impulsive, daring and indomitable, they rejoiced in the victories themselves had largely won, and thought no toil too difficult, no hardship too severe and no sacrifice too heavy for the honor and glory of the Republic. And for all this, the American Bench and Bar, as other institutions, owe to the American-Irish a debt which they can never repay but can always remember with gratitude. (Applause.)

While Irish courage, enthusiasm, love of liberty and hatred of oppression carried them to the battle front in war, in peace their wit, eloquence, combativeness and pluck made them leaders of men, especially when supplemented with a legal education. More than one-half of the early colonial governors were of Irish extraction and nearly all lawyers. The first and last governors of Pennsylvania have been Irish and the first and last governors of New York have been Irish, with many more between. Nearly one-half of our Presidents have been Irish—mostly lawyers,—and another Irish lawyer is now President-elect of the United States,—Woodrow Wilson! (Great applause.) Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, thirteen were of Irish extraction, mostly lawyers, and of the framers of the Constitution, eight were Irish and all lawyers. These figures exceed the ratios of Irish to the whole population, and attest the ability and progressiveness of the race.

In law, as in war, they have been with us—the Fighting Race. Sing if you will of "Kelly and Burke and Shea" and the part they have played in every battle fought by English-speaking people. They have not stopped with that. They are found in the legal battles as well, fighting valiantly with tongue and pen. Kelly W. D., Congressman from Pennsylvania for thirty years, a leader in forensic strife; and Burke, Thomas, first Governor of North Carolina in trying times.

When in 1813 the attempt was made to compel the Jesuit Father, Anthony Kohlmann, to divulge certain matter communicated to him in the secrecy of the confessional, it was William Sampson, an Irish Presbyterian lawyer,—one of the exiles of 1798—who justified the refusal, and established and successfully vindicated that sacred principle and privilege (applause); and another Irish exile, Thomas Addis Emmet, (applause) stood at the head of the New York Bar for years. In every state for the last hundred years and longer we find them in numbers among the leaders of the Bar, and in this great Empire State such names as James T. Brady, Charles O'Conor, John McKeon, Charles P. Daly, Robert Dillon, Richard O'Gorman, Patrick A. Collins, Daniel Dougherty and hundreds more might fitly be mentioned.

Excelling, as they have always done, in wit and humor, in combativeness, hot-headedness and obstinacy, they have perferred apparently the forum of active practice where these qualities have play, rather than the Bench; but when they have chosen to go upon the Bench, they have fully maintained its dignity and decorum, have enlivened its somberness without diminishing its reputation for reason, logic and profound learning. Not only do we find them gracing the Bench in County and State Courts of last resort, but the Federal Courts, as well; and they have been fully represented on the United States Supreme Court Bench—notably by John Rutledge of South Carolina and by the present Chief Justice of the United States, a member of this Society, Justice White. (Applause.) If, as has been maintained, the Supreme Court of the United States ranks higher than any other court in the world, and I do not doubt it, then indeed, its head, Chief Justice White, occupies deservedly a most exalted position of honor and influence,—a conspicuous contribution of the American-Irish to the American Bar. (Applause.)

Just here, for a purpose, I wish to mention the name of Robert Holmes, who next to O'Connell was perhaps the wittiest of Irish barristers. One of his compeers was a lawyer named Scott, who, one day when his case was called for argument, asked the Court to have it go over for a day saying that he had just finished an argument in the Court of Exchequer—had been speaking

for three hours and was tired and exhausted. The Judge readily excused him and turning to Holmes said, "Mr. Holmes, your case is next, we'll hear you." But Holmes also begged off, said he was also very, very tired and completely exhausted. "Why," said the Judge, surprised, "you have not been speaking in the Court of Exchequer, what has made you so tired?" "Why," said Holmes, "I was listening to Scott." (Laughter.) The purpose in mentioning this incident is of course apparent. I am aware that it is sometimes less tiresome to speak than to listen, and that I may have to depend to-night more on your politeness than your interest. You may be like a certain Irish conductor of a trolley car. Like most Irish, he hated a Jew and, when a Hebrew rushed up as the car halted one day, and said, "Vere can I go for five cents?" the conductor answered grimly, "Begorra, I hate to tell ye." (Laughter.) Do not hesitate to tell me, I beg, when forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

American lawyers as a whole—as a class—like American Courts, stand *facile-princeps*,—easily chief,—among those of other nations. The admixture of Irish blood has splendidly supplemented qualities possessed before, that needed just such addition. There was need for the Irish nature, sentiment, feeling, for his audacity, bravery and hatred of injustice, for his positiveness, his deep craving for liberty, and his strong belief in his rights, bred in him by centuries of despotism. These qualities have helped to form and shape our laws and mould and influence our lawyers as a class. We have, as lawyers, been benefited by the quickness, the versatility and the initiative that comes from Irish blood; likewise, perhaps, by his obstinacy. That is Irish wholly. The man of Irish blood always bows to fate—but never as a matter of courtesy. (Laughter.) He is willing to do as he is done by—provided he is done by first, and he will always admit that there are two sides to every question,—his side and the wrong side. (Laughter.) There is nothing negative about him. He may be on the right side or the wrong side, but one thing is certain—he will not be on the fence. (Applause.) Obstacles do not deter him nor adverse circumstances discourage him. He is incurably optimistic. When it rains, he says it is fine for dust and ducks. When it is a long time dry, he says it is good for rheumatism. (Laughter.) When, while house build-

WILLIAM PIGOTT, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Washington.

HON. ROBERT JACKSON GAMBLE,
Vice-President of the Society for South Dakota.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Delaware.

JOHN J. HOGAN, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Massachusetts.

Reproductions by Anna Frances Levins

ing he falls from the third story to the ground, he brushes himself off and says, "Oh, well, I had to come down for nails anyway." (Laughter and applause.)

He is the best of friends and the best of enemies. His heart is warm and tender. He does not tie the grass in the path along which his brother travels, and those he loves, he clings to with all his natural stubbornness. Your own poet, Clarke, has rightly said of him:

"Let the seas divide,
Let the green earth hide
And the long years come and go;
When love has once dwelt
In the heart of the Celt,
It is there while the waters flow." (Applause.)

But post-prandial talks should not attempt to cover all the territory that volumes of history would fail to exhaust. I must close this account of debtor and creditor almost before the ledger is opened; close it with these few scattered entries, taken at random from a vast and stately pile. The account will show, must ever show, a mighty balance in favor of the Irish, a balance which this country strives always to meet with ample recognition, fullest esteem and grateful acknowledgement. The American-Irish, by virtue of their characteristic traits and talents, have helped to build, to enrich and to beautify in this land a splendid temple,—the temple of American Law. They have added thereto columns of strength, richness of polish, jewels of adornment. This temple is built foursquare to all the world. From turret to foundation stone it bears the mark of the Celt, the things he has fought for—freedom, independence, equality,—and so blest and benefited, it has risen in beauty and majesty, and stands today preëminent and grand, a pantheon of justice, a palladium of liberty, an American institution that commands and receives the respect and admiration of mankind. (Prolonged applause.)

MR. MCGOWAN: Senator Langfitt has stated that he is but half Irish; if he were all Irish we couldn't stand him. (Laughter.)

We have with us this evening a follower of the Prince of Peace, and one of the staunchest patriots that was ever born on Ameri-

can soil. It is my happy duty to present—because he needs no introduction—the Reverend Father Chidwick. (Applause.)

FATHER CHIDWICK: Mr. President, guests and members of The American Irish Historical Society: I listened, as you all did, with intense interest and charmed delight to the very beautiful, witty and eloquent address of the Senator who has preceded me. I was particularly struck in the beginning with his animadversions upon our stately metropolis. He has told us, and we know, that he is a distinguished citizen and representative of the City of Pittsburg. I do not know whether or not he has ever been in New York before. He comes from Pittsburg and is accustomed to pitfalls (laughter) and I am sure that we have in store for him to-morrow one of the most charming experiences which he has ever enjoyed in his life. This must be his first visit to New York; he was so careful about his arrangements and so solicitous about his stay. But on to-morrow, when his eyes will open after the refreshing sleep which he will enjoy after this sumptuous banquet, then he will see—I do not refer to our stately buildings, to any magnificent structure which embodies the engineering genius of some of the leaders of our metropolis, but on to-morrow for the first time in his life he will see the sunlight streaming! (Laughter and applause.) Yes, he will see the blue sky which is typified by our flag, he will see the white sunlight which the flag has caught in its white, pure, symbolic streams of justice, and he will see the red of health and of life in the cheeks of our people, all aglow with the enjoyment which we receive and the health which we get from the streaming sunlight from above. (Laughter and applause.)

I am on the toast card to speak to you of our Army and Navy. It's rather a delicate subject for one who, as your President has introduced me, is a disciple and priest of the Prince of Peace. I remember one time speaking on a similar subject, and one followed me, who seemed to be astonished that I should speak upon it. Perhaps there were remarks, or rather insinuations of criticism in his remarks, but I cannot help but think that he failed to distinguish between the hatreds and the passions of war and the love and the admiration of every man for a man's deeds which are unselfish, disinterested, for the sacrifice of life for the greatest truth that man can serve—the truth

and love of the country of which he is a child. (Great applause.) We do not speak in admiration of war when we speak of our Army and Navy. We do not speak to place any approval upon the deeds of blood which war calls for, when we speak of the bravery and the devotion and the sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors. When we speak of bravery we speak of it because God has made our hearts to admire it; and, whether it is in a friend or in a foe, whether it is on the battlefield or in times of peace, wherever man stands above himself and goes outside of himself to give all that he has for truth, for justice, for humanity, for God, we admire and honor the man, and place at his feet—whether it be a deed of war or a deed of peace—the homage of our admiration and our love. (Applause). So, in speaking to you of our Army and Navy, I do not wish to be misunderstood; for I speak of men who of all men hate war with all the intensity that human sympathy for suffering can command; men who have fathers and mothers, wives and children; men who know what the engines of war can do; men who hear the cries of the orphans and widows; men who are not, as they are often painted to be, seeking the crowns of honor over the corpses of the dead, seeking the applause of the multitude through the wailings and tears and weepings of orphans and widows; the men of our Army and Navy are human beings, and among the grandest and best of their race, the most honorable of our kind, who stand forth to give themselves and all that they have to their country and in giving to their country, give to you, for your homes and for your security and for your happiness; for their lives are at your disposal when you need them. (Great applause.)

Let me illustrate, perhaps, with a few stories, what kind of men these are. One morning we were below Hatteras in the heart of a hurricane. It was the first storm that I had experienced. It was my custom to say Mass early in the morning, but this morning, owing to the cradling of the ship, I knew that it would be impossible for me to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, so accordingly I thought of sleeping in; but then the thought crossed my mind that I had never seen a storm at sea and this was my opportunity. And so, rising and dressing myself, I hurried to go on deck. As I was about to leave my room, one of our officers passed by and made the remark: "This is about

the worst storm I have ever seen." And then the blood-curdling cry rang through the ship, of "Man overboard!" Immediately I rushed on deck. Near me were two apprentice boys. Looking to me as the one nearest to give authority, one said "Father, will we throw this grating out?" In the raging sea were two of our crew. It happened that just as some of our men were lashing a ladder to the port side of the ship, a wave carried three of them over a turret eleven feet high. Two of them were swept into the sea, one saving himself by clinging to a long brass rod which was there as a ladder to enter the turret. With such force the waves struck him, and such was the tenacity of his hold, that the brass rod bent fully one foot down to the turret. When I arrived on the scene, there were the two men out in the sea. The wooden grating was cast out to them, but thank God the life buoy was let down before, and one of our men swam toward it and grasped it but the other was sinking. Just then one of our men tore off his so'wester and dived into that tremendous sea to save little Kogel, one of our apprentice boys, our favorite, who was the one now sinking. When the brave lad rose to the surface the waves had carried him far away. Word came to man the life boat; and into the life boat sprang a volunteer crew and an officer in command. Oh, if you could have seen that ship that morning as she cradled deeply from side to side, now with the men high in the air, then pitching while the men tried to get the little boat into the sea! They were fully five, ten—God knows how many—minutes in this peril, till finally they dropped the boat over into the sea, and the big ship swung away to give them sea-room. But the tempest was too strong. In a few minutes they were carried miles aft while the two men were swept miles forward! The latter were soon lost to sight and we watched the brave lads on the boat trying to make headway against the hurricane while it was shrieking like loosened demons around us, and the sea rose like mountains on all sides of us. And we saw the little boat with its precious lives mount the green waves and tremble on the crest, and then dive down into the valleys again; every time we saw it mount the wave, we thought the poor fellows were going down to their doom. But the word came to back down and take them aboard the ship again. Just then another wave swept over our ship and carried

three men under the rail. Two of them had hold of the wire railing and saved themselves, but we never saw the third after the wave struck him. Then came the word to clear the decks; and while I stood for a moment to give absolution to the men, the decks were cleared. Having imparted the absolution, I looked about and saw an open hatchway and remembering that I had on my mackintosh, and that if I were caught in a wave it would be a sad occurrence for me I ran below, tore off my mackintosh and threw it in my room. Then again came the cry "Man overboard!" Another poor fellow had been caught in the wave and washed out into the sea. I hurried again to the deck. We were alongside the life boat, and the great ship was tossing from side to side. It is said that if a ship roll forty-five degrees, she will turn turtle. We rolled forty and forty-three, taking us off our feet as we ran with ropes to throw them out to the men, who put them around their waists and we hoisted them aboard the ship. We took them all in safely, thank God! Then came our search for the poor fellows, the two who had been lost some three hours before. About ten o'clock Marblehead came out of the mist that had gathered like a thick fog around us and disappeared into it again. It was like an apparition. A short time afterwards we heard the booming of a big gun. Lieutenant Blow said to me: "Chaplain, that sounds like the 'crack of doom,'"—so terrifically were the winds howling and so furiously were the waves lashing us that it seemed as if judgment were near. It was about half past eleven when the fog cleared away and rain began to fall and calm the sea. One of our look-outs cried out suddenly: "They are both ahead, sir; both on the life buoy!" and there were the men, both on the buoy, safe; they had been on the buoy three and a half hours, struggling in the teeth of that terrific hurricane. The first attempt to take them aboard ship failed. The second succeeded. In about ten minutes I saw Creelman the boy who had dived overboard to save Kogel coming along with a pig's foot in his hand. (Laughter.) I asked him how he felt. "Oh, I feel all right, Father." "Weren't you shaken up a bit?" "No." I went in to the sick-bay, and there was the poor, big, colored boatswain lying on the deck. Some of you will understand when I say that he held the scapulars of the Blessed Virgin in his hand. He said "Father,

these saved us. When Creelman gave up hope, I said 'No, we will hold on. If our own ship does not pick us up to-day, some other will to-morrow'; and we held on, and these saved us." Creelman was an Irishman. Creelman, who had dived into that sea had the blood in him which flows in you and me; and Creelman to-day is recognized, decorated with a medal of honor, and is a glory to the race to which he belongs. (Applause.) That morning as we ran down to take the men aboard the ship, if a wave had swept over her it would have carried nearly every man and officer with it so intent were they upon the rescue.

Men and officers are hand in hand aboard ship. Well do I remember the night of our disaster, when we were rowing around the ship picking up our men, how Lieutenant Blow cried out: "Put me aboard ship again; I want to die with the men." (Applause.)

One day at Hampton Roads, when the captain had taken all our small boats aboard ship, when the sea was running wild and strong, when the ferry had ceased to run, owing to the danger, passing from Norfolk to Hampton Roads, and when the parish priest of Old Point Comfort had gone the day before from Hampton Roads to Norfolk and could not return, word came to me that a man was dying at Hampton Roads and needed the services of a priest. I went to the captain and asked him for the boat, and he said, "Chaplain, I fear to risk a boat in a sea like this. I will not order any of the men to go; but, if you can find a volunteer crew, I will give you the boat." Did I find a crew? Oh, yes, I found a crew and one of our officers ready to come with me to take charge of the boat. We went and he came with us—poor Ensign Breckenbridge! A few months afterwards he was lost while bringing orders from Key West to our ship at Havana. I said the service over him. Could I say it over any man in whom I could have greater trust and confidence for his salvation? He was, as the Senator has said of the gentleman who defended the Jesuit, a Presbyterian—a nephew of Senator Breckenbridge of Kentucky. (Applause.)

I relate these instances to you in order to show the union between officer and man, to show you the friendship, and to show you the kind of gallantry in the men who man our ships and who

are appealing to you to-day to give them the opportunity, to give them the means whereby,—should ever danger threaten us,—they might be able to defend you and uphold the honor of our Country. (Applause.)

My good people, you need never fear these men. You need never fear that they are looking for honor and promotion through the horrors of war. You need never fear that they will be among the first to incite this Country to any hostility with another people. They will not. And we know, and they know, that they can not even though they would. They know that our people will never consent to a war of conquest, and of all the military services in this world this is our distinction, this is the honor which our men know is theirs—that they will never be called upon to forage, to murder and to destroy simply for conquest, to satisfy the greed of a ruler or the ambition of a Napoleon. (Applause.)

My good people, we thank God that we have no need of conquest. God has given us a country big enough and bountiful enough for us to live in. He has given us a country so large that Germany, France and Spain and the great countries that dominate the world could come here and be parcelled out as much territory as they have at home, and we can still have territory that will make us a great and glorious people. God has given us a country as rich as it is boundless. He has given us the prairies with broad oceans of harvest, the mines which, while supplying states north, south, east and west, are scarcely touched; He has given us mines for the making of steel which is drawing the peoples of the world together by rail and cable into a union of the great family; He has given us these elements of steel, the coal and the iron growing side by side; He has filled our lakes and our rivers with commerce to which even the commerce of the world coming to our shores can not be compared; He has filled our Country with a hundred millions of people, and we are ready to take care of a hundred millions more. (Applause.) We stand among the nations of the world not needing the assistance of a single one, and ready and able to help them all. (Applause.) God has so placed us among the nations of the world, and we are grateful. This we must appreciate: He has made us of all nations the prince and the lord, and He has given us the love to live up to the dignity with which He has crowned us. (Applause.)

That love which we have is the love of liberty. It is the liberty which our people love with all their hearts. It is the liberty which we get from our history and from our present condition. God hung over this Country for centuries a veil of darkness. He kept it hidden from the eyes and exploitations of men until in His own good time men who were seeking liberty and freedom would find in the unknown country the refuge and haven for the pursuit of their aspirations. They came here, narrow, cramped, fanatical, if you will, but they came here loving liberty—for themselves, it is true and often they created conditions such as they had escaped from at home. They were intolerant, narrow, small; but liberty was there, just the same, in their hearts—the beginning at least of the love of liberty. It was in every colony that came to our shores, and the Divine Providence took it as He found it; He took it as He found it in New England, in Maryland; as He found it in Virginia, in New York, and in Pennsylvania; and, striking from it the discordant elements, he forged it in the flames of war, on the anvil of the battlefield, with the hammer of the shot and the shell, and he brought from it the great enduring Statue of Liberty as we know it, bearing her light aloft—the light of the Cross that shines through religion, and now shines through to the governments of the world, showing the dignity and the rights of man and the equality of man before God and law. (Great applause.) And we have promulgated this liberty. The open gates of our Country have been a welcome invitation to the peoples of the world to come here by the millions, crowding our cities and scattering over our plains. We see them come poor in possessions, and we watch them growing rich and noble under the influence of our liberty. We gain from them the deeper love, the wider knowledge, and a more tender sympathy for liberty for all the human kind.

Here in this land of ours stand if you will at one of our great thoroughfares in New York. See the great rushing stream of humanity passing by, and look into faces from every race and clime under the sun, with relation and kin and ties of interest and blood in every land that God blesses, and tell me if it be possible for a country like ours, made up of all God's children under the sun, if it be possible for a country like ours to engage in war of conquest and lightly shed the blood of thousands of those

dear to them who love and live for our own country. (Applause.) No, we will never find a sanction for conquest, never; but, while we find no sanction for conquest, let me advise my good people that this is no reason why we should join in that cry which we hear so often in our land—to disband our army, dismantle our ships. Sometimes I am shocked and sometimes my blood runs with indignation when I hear people say that the battlefields upon which our liberties have been won should be plowed up and their memories forgotten, that the monuments which we have raised to our heroes should be torn down and destroyed, that our battle-flags, that are sacred with thousands of memories and the blood of thousands of martyrs, are to be torn to shreds and burned to ashes! When I hear people teaching children that they are not to hold in respect and honor the uniform of our soldier and sailor!

We do not want war; we detest and abhor it; but, at the same time, we do not want to forget that the men of all men in our Country, to whom we owe everything we have, are those men who went forth as the breastwork of our Country's defence, willing to be the first to die that the nation might be armed and prepared while they were fighting and dying as the breastwork in front. (Applause.)

Now, I suppose I have kept you very long. As the Senator has said, perhaps it is easier for me to talk than for you to listen; but this is a subject upon which I can readily preach and talk all night—especially if I had time to go into detail and show you the Irish valor and the Irish enthusiasm and the Irish devotion and patriotism that run through the whole length and breadth of the story of the strife for freedom in our land—but all this some other time. You know when we priests get up to speak for five minutes on Sunday, it is hard to tell how long we will talk. Five-minute sermons are generally longer than five minutes (laughter) and generally the men are anxious to get away, but the women thank goodness, wish us to keep right on. (Laughter.) I will not impose upon you any longer, but I simply wish to leave this thought with you: Do not upon any false reasoning or from false sentiment, do not from any desire that you may have to see war disappear from the face of the earth and God's peace come into the heart of man, do not forget the debt that you owe to the brave and valiant men

who, when it was necessary, went forth for us; who when Vice was armed went forth armed for the defence of Virtue; who when Fraud was panoplied, went forth in Justice to wear the sword; who when Falsehood was aggressive, and Truth was compelled to be on the defensive offered their lives for her defence; when God, Who wishes the triumph of truth and honor and justice, must have blessed him who suffered and who died for justice and honor and truth—ladies and gentlemen, we must not forget the debt of gratitude and of love which we owe to them, nor cease to honor the sacrifices that they have made for us. (Prolonged applause.)

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: We have with us this evening a gentleman who has made a study of Celtic literature, and who will speak on the Celtic element in European literature—Professor Remy of Columbia University.

PROFESSOR REMY: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I would like to be facetious but I have such a bad reputation in that line with those who know me, that it might be advisable for me to depart from my usual custom and stick to the subject of my address which is not facetious by any means, but scholarly and serious, as you will see if you will follow me for a moment to hear what the Celt has done for literature in Europe.

The task, I admit, is a difficult one; comparative literature at best is a difficult study. My own equipment on the Germanic and Romance side I may regard as sufficient, but on the Celtic side I feel some hesitation. It is as a close student of medieval literature, as one familiar with the results of German scholarship, that I wish to speak. And I dare say this will entitle me to a hearing in this assembly and on this occasion. For a German founded the science of Celtic philology—Johann Kaspar Zeus by his "Grammatica Celtica" (1853)—and ever since then Germans have taken a leading part. I need only mention such names as Zimmer, Windisch, Thurneysen, Kuno Meyer.

Conscientious study has discredited the uncritical Celto-mania that brought Celtic studies into disrepute during the first quarter of the 19th century. To-day we know. What I wish to lay before you is a sober, dispassionate study,—not a eulogy, but an appreciation.

The period of Celtic political greatness is in the dim and dis-

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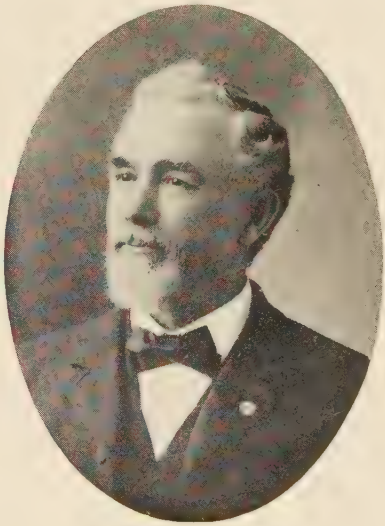

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tant past, three or four centuries before the Christian era. But Teutonic speech still testifies to it. The Gothic word *reiks*, English *rich*, the German *reich*, all come from the Celtic *rig*. *Amt*, a German word for "office," can be traced to the Gallic-Roman *ambaktos* which in turn developed into the French "ambassadeur." Rivers and towns with Celtic names abound everywhere in Europe—among them Main, Mayence (Moguntiacum), Vienna, Milan, London (Lugdunum), and most probably also the Rhine.

The dawn of the Christian era found the Celts politically broken,—restricted to the remote Western part of Europe,—and still receding. But their intellectual and literary rôle had but begun.

During the Dark Ages, the 5th to the 10th centuries, when Hun and Teuton had reduced Europe's social and political order to chaos, Ireland shone. It became the guardian of Christian-Roman civilization, the land of scholars and saints. Irish missionaries were everywhere. St. Gallus founded St. Gall in Switzerland, St. Columba founded Bobbio in Italy; Irish monks settled in Ratisbon in Bavaria. The English language bears testimony to Irish missionary zeal, for the form of the word *cross* is not Anglo Saxon, but Irish. It comes from the Latin *crux*, and was brought in its present form to Northumbria by Irish monks. But the story of the Irish missions belongs to the history of civilization. Celtic influence at that period was cultural rather than literary, and with the advent of the Viking Age Ireland began to decline; its intellectual hegemony in Northern Europe was ended.

Usually these Vikings are regarded as terrible and brutal destroyers, and the period of their wars in Ireland is represented as a period of desolation and ruin. They certainly were a terrible band of warriors. In fact, the terror inspired by them is shown by some verses preserved in the Monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland. They were evidently written in Ireland itself:

"Is acher in gaith innocht, fufuasna fairggae findfolt
niagor reimm mora minn dond laechraid lainn ua Lothlind.

["Fierce rages the storm tonight, it lashes the white hair of the sea.—
But I fear not the coursing over the clear sea of the grim warriors from
Lothlind (Scandinavia)."]

And yet the intercourse between these two peoples, the Vikings and the Irish, proved very fruitful. Their relations were not always warlike, but often peaceful and even friendly. There were Norse kingdoms at Limerick, Waterford and Dublin. These Vikings were by no means savages,—on the contrary, they had already begun to develop a great literature. Iceland, settled by Norwegian refugees in the 9th century, became the home of one of the finest Germanic literatures in the Middle Ages. And this literature teems with Irish elements; some of the most famous Icelandic skalds, like Kormak, bore Irish names. That great body of Norse poetry, the Edda, and still more later Skaldic poetry show the influence of Irish verse-technique. One of the Eddic poems, the "Rigspula," arose in the British Isles on Celtic soil,—its very title contains the Irish word *rī*(*g*) "King." The flower of Icelandic literature is the *Saga*, of which that of Erik the Red narrating the discovery of America by the Northmen is familiar to all. The form of the *Saga* is unthinkable without Irish influence. It is the finest example of Germanic prose of the Middle Ages,—a mixture of vivid prose enlivened by dramatic discourse, and bursting into verse at the climax. And mark that this is precisely the character of the Irish epic—*e. g.*, that of Cuchullin. The Celtic epic is in prose, and verses are freely intermingled. The Icelandic Saga-man learned from the Celtic bard. And the *Saga* is peculiar to Iceland.

No other Germanic people, not even the kindred Swedes and Danes, developed anything like it—only the *Norse* who came into contact with the Celts. On the other hand, the Norse gave to the Irish a new literary form,—the strophic ballad, in which for example the Ossianic cycle is written. So we see that fair exchange is no robbery. And the Norse Otherworld-notion bears a distinct Irish stamp; *Ódáinsakr* is the Irish *Tir nam-beo* "the land of the living," it shows unmistakably the traits of the *Tir tairngiri*, the happy Otherworld of Irish legend, as pictured by Celtic fancy in the Voyage of Bran.

Some of the greatest legends of the world bear unmistakable marks of Celtic origin. Take for instance the supreme love-romance of Tristan and Isolde. The name Tristan, older Drystan, is Celtic; that of Isolde, on the other hand, is Germanic; *Iswalda* the "ice-ruler" or *Ishild* (*Iseult*) the "ice-fighter." She

was an Irish Viking princess! He a Celtic hero. This was little suspected by Wagner when he immortalized the legend by the greatest love-music ever written.

And Celtic influence on Germanic hero-legends is now conceded by some of the foremost scholars in the field of Germanic philology and folk-lore. The oldest English epic "Beowulf" has it: the hero's fight with Grendel's mother shows Celtic embellishments.

The greatest of all Teutonic heroic legends also shows touches of Celtic imagination; I refer to the *Nibelungen*. Again here the Norse version shows it; for instance, when Odin, in guise of a ferry-man, bears away the body of the dead Sinfjotli. And in the prose version of the *Nibelung*-story, the *Volsungasaga*, the episode of the sword, which has been thrust in the tree by Odin to be drawn out only by the chosen hero, inspired one of the finest scenes in the first act of Wagner's "Walküre." Parallels to this episode have been found in Celtic versions of King Arthur's story!

After the Viking Age, all direct connection of Ireland with Continental peoples ceased; not even with England were relations close. Yet Irish influence continued; the literature of Vision and Hagiology shows it. The material drifted from Britain to France and thence, as through an open gateway, into all medieval literatures. And so arose one of the most famous works, the Voyage of St. Brendan, a kind of medieval Odyssey, the hero of which is an Irish saint of the 6th century. It is a typical *Imram* or tale of the sea, the pagan version of a voyage to find the earthly paradise, but reappearing in Christian form as a search for the *Terra Repromissionis* or "promised land." Since the 10th century, versions appear in the chief European languages—in Latin, several in French, English and German. There is also a Norse version and one Irish *Beth Brennain*. And the German versions are not based directly on French—but on what? Possibly they are directly taken from Irish material. The question has not been definitely settled.

In the Brendan-poem the glimpse of Hell and Heaven is only an episode; in Vision literature, current since early Christian times and culminating in Dante's Divine Comedy, it is the chief feature. Nowhere did Vision literature flourish more than in

Ireland, and here it also developed sooner than elsewhere in Europe. Some of the most famous Visions antedating Dante, are distinctly Irish in origin and character. Especially is this true of the well-known Vision related of Tundale, an Irish knight of Cashel. Strange to say, it was written down in the heart of Germany in a convent of Ratisbon in Bavaria by an Irish friar named Marcus about 1149. This oldest version is in Latin, but Marcus may have written it originally in Irish. Here the Celtic fancy runs riot in horrors! The legend became immensely famous; versions were current in France, Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, Spain and Italy.

Only less famous, but just as striking, is the legend of "St. Patrick's Purgatory," localized in North Eastern Ireland at Lough Derg. This legend also made the rounds of Europe; it is the subject of a Latin text telling the experience of Owain Myles, and it inspired Marie de France to write her poem, the *Espurgatoire de St. Patrice* (1190). Six other French metrical versions are known and more in prose. An English version was made in the 13th century. In Italy the legend was used by Andrea dei Magnabotti in his popular romance of *Guerino il Meschino* (14th century). In the 16th century Lope de Vega, and in the following century Calderon made use of it in drama. The *Del Purgatorio de San Patricio* is one of Calderon's early works.

It is needless to say that the extensive Irish Vision literature is of intense interest in connection with the question of the sources of Dante's Divine Comedy. So much for the Middle Ages!

In modern times once more Irish legend captivated Europe—the story-cycle clustering around the name of Ossian was the delight of literary Europe during the last quarter of the 18th century. That Macpherson gave us a forgery is of no account here. The material was Celtic, more specifically Irish; it had come from Ireland to Scotland where it had been preserved among the Gaelic-speaking highlanders. Its elegiac tone just suited the times, for that was Europe's sentimental age, the age of *Werther* and *Weltschmerz*. That explains its phenomenal success. Translations and imitations sprang up everywhere. In Germany Klopstock and Herder hailed the poem with an enthusiasm bordering on the hysterical. The *Bardengebrüll* or "bardic howl" followed in its wake, and the climax of sentimentalism was reached

in Goethe's *Werther* which appeared in 1773. In France, Ossian inspired Lamartine. In Italy he was translated by Cesarotti. He was the favorite author of Napoleon. The Ossianic poetry can hardly be esteemed to have been a salutary influence. But its success marks a turning point in the history of Celtic studies; whatever misconceptions there were at the time, great results were bound to come later on.

But the greatest contribution of the Celtic imagination to European literature and art is the great body of Arthurian romance. Its origin is not Irish, but Welsh. The *matière de Bretagne* is unquestionably the greatest material for romance the world has ever seen. The moot question of its origin and transmission cannot detain us here. It is admittedly Celtic. Arthur is a Celtic hero. The romancer who first made him famous, Geoffrey of Monmouth, if he was not a Welshman, was at least thoroughly familiar with Welsh tradition and story. From Britain, possibly by way of Brittany, the material came to France. French poets like Marie de France, Chrestien de Troyes, Thomas of Brittany, shaped it into literary form, and the stories of King Arthur and his Round Table Knights, Iwain, Erec, Lancelot, Perceval, Tristan and other less known lights, made a triumphal tour of Europe. It is true, it will not do at all to regard these romances simply as Celtic! They were thoroughly transfused in the imagination of the French and German poets who handled the material, and in some cases the French elements predominate over the Celtic. But these romances owe their initial impulse to the Celt, and the Celtic element therein is incisive and decisive. Comparison with the old French *épopée*, as we know it from the *Chansons de Geste*, makes this plain. Its character and atmosphere is sober, stern, heroic; now Celtic fairy-land unfolds its marvels and lo! a transformation! Fairies, dwarfs, sorcerers pass before our bewildered gaze, magic castles, fountains, haunted gardens beckon at every turn. We move in a realm of wonder and mystery under the spell of Celtic fancy. What the French contributed is the *milieu*—chivalry with its spirit of adventure, its ideals of gallantry and its system of courtly love.

And the greatest legend connected with Arthurian romances, the Legend of the Holy Grail, whatever its origin, bears the stamp

of Celtic religious fervor. Celtic elements in it certainly exist,—though opinion may differ as regards their extent and importance.

And what vitality these romances possess! In the Middle Ages they were the universal delight of all nations—then for a time they suffered an eclipse, to be revived and blossom again in full bloom in our own day. Each age reads into them its own meaning. The Middle Ages infused into them their own ideals. In Gawain the spirit of knightly adventure predominates; in Tristan, love is the master passion,

> "Amor che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende."
> (Canto V., Inferno.)
> (Love which in gentle heart is quickly learned.)

and as with Dante's lovers, so also here,

> "Amor condusse noi ad una morte."
> (Love brought us both to one death.)

In the High Romance of the Holy Grail the Middle Ages have expressed their tender love for the greatest Mystery of our Divine Faith.

In our own time Tennyson in the "Idylls of the King" gives the old stories a deep ethical meaning—how the kingdom of righteousness is destroyed by sin, how sense is at war with soul; and from the ancient Celtic love-tale the greatest musical genius of modern times has drawn his finest inspiration. Whether the legends of Tannhäuser and Lohengrin are ultimately Celtic, as has been claimed, may be left undecided. But there is no doubt about Tristan and Isolde, the greatest love-tragedy ever written, the flower of Wagner's musical inspiration, through whose genius the sensuous passion of the guilty pair is transformed into the noble love which renounces in life to find its consummation in death. And for his swan-song the master turned to the tale of the knight who, by virtue of his purity, is deemed worthy to achieve the quest of the Holy Grail. The old Celtic romance in Christian garb stands as a beacon light of faith and aspiration in a world too much engrossed with mere material achievement!

I have only touched the surface—I have only hinted at the debt that European letters owe to the Celt. I hope I have made it clear that this debt is real. When the credit for creating those splendid national literatures, that fill every European with just

pride, is apportioned and the Briton, German, Frenchman, Italian and Spaniard boast of their part, the Celt need not stand aside. He too has contributed his share and, as Celtic studies advance and take their legitimate place in the curriculum of our great universities the world over, this share will be better understood and will be ungrudgingly recognized. It will not loom as large as overzealous patriotism has claimed; it will be far larger than benighted prejudice has allowed. But it needs no overestimation. If it be rated with fairness and with appreciation, there will be glory enough. (Applause.)

President-General McGowan: Ladies and gentlemen: The world is indebted to Professors Zimmer and Meyer for bringing to light again and translating the old Celtic literature; and we are deeply indebted to Professor Remy for coming here tonight and giving us this highly intellectual treat. (Applause.) It is something out of the ordinary, and Professor Remy could do nothing ordinary. Again I desire to thank him. (Applause.)

President-General McGowan: Last August I had the pleasure and privilege of going to Elmira where a statue to commemorate the deeds performed by Major-General John Sullivan, of Revolutionary fame, was erected. One of the speakers—the best speaker of the evening,—was the gentleman whom I am about to introduce, and I asked him on that occasion if he would come down and speak before The American Irish Historical Society. He promised to do it at that time; he has kept his promise and is with us tonight, The Reverend Dr. Griffis of Ithaca, New York. (Applause.)

Dr. Griffis spoke to the toast The Irishman as Saint and as Soldier.

Dr. Griffis: Ladies and gentlemen and Mr. President: When your President put that bottle before me a minute ago, which had the word "Mumm" on it, I was discouraged (laughter). The hour approaches so closely to midnight, that I shall abbreviate some of the thoughts which I would desire to expand more fully in the presence of Irishmen. In the first place, I congratulate the Society that its name is The *American* Irish Historical Society; that it is not organized to bring up the story of the strife and suffering and sorrow and bitterness in the Old World, so much as to tell what the Irishman has done in this;

for we know that during our Revolutionary War there was one Netherlander who said that the race by crossing the Atlantic had gained a thousand years of potency. Take the Irishman for example. Perhaps there are no other great people in Europe, except the Scandinavians, who did not have the discipline of the feudal system. The Irishman did not have that discipline, so he had to rely entirely on Mother Church to train him. Now the question of to-day is—all the past is worth studying in the light of things of the present—has the Irishman the element of loyalty? He has; I am a pretty old gentleman and I know it, because the richest time of life comes after you are sixty (applause). My memory goes back to the time in Philadelphia when after the great potato famine the Irish came here in great numbers; and I remember as a little boy counting seven great big sailing ships coming to Philadelphia in one day loaded with Irish immigrants. The dock was near my father's coal office. My father was one of the first men in Philadelphia to employ Irish labor on a large scale (applause).

I remember that there were servants who came into our household, rosy-cheeked Irish girls, who had never been up or down a pair of stairs until they went on the ship; and as one of them came down stairs one day, my mother said, "Bridget, why do you come down stairs backwards?" "Oh sure, mum," said Bridget, "An' that's the way we did on the ship!" (Laughter.)

Along with the fact that thousands of Irish people came here, impoverished and in a new country, at that time politics ran mad. We had the curious specimen in American politics of "Know-nothings"; so that I, with no Irish blood, lived and grew up in an atmosphere (though not in my own home, I am thankful to say), but in the land and the schools, and the boys and the newspapers, of "Know-nothingism." I had been told that the great Cathedral on Logan Square had portholes that had been cut in the walls, with cannon mounted for hostile purposes. I was led to believe that the Irishmen were going to destroy our Country and take away our liberties; but all the time that I heard these stories outside of my own home, I found, inside of my father's coal office, men just from the docks, just from Ireland, and they were among the kindest and tenderest that ever lived. It seems to me that the Celtic man and woman have a perfect genius for love and

sympathy with children. I can remember only the tenderest and sweetest care given me as a child by our Irish servant girls; and so I learned that even a boy must doubt some things that he hears. A little skepticism is sometimes wholesome. That's what history is for—not to destroy truth, but to go into facts and make truth brighter. The first time I ever doubted anything in print—of course I had always thought anything in print must be true—was when I took up that old, ancient, never-to-be-worn-out book of Mother Goose's Melodies and read: "What are girls made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice." Yes, that was all right, but when I read on: "What are boys made of? Snaps and snails and puppy dogs' tails"! (Laughter.) Why, that wasn't even a bit true; it was most awfully untrue, and so I began to doubt. So a little wholesome skepticism is a good thing; that's what historical studies are for—to find out certain facts. Comparing my first experience as a child, five, six, seven years of age, and growing up in a city where there were at first a great many prejudices against Irishmen, I had many opportunities to doubt.

One day—I don't remember it, but my mother has told me, that while I was in my cradle and while they were burning down Roman Catholic churches in Philadelphia, some of the bullets crashed into the house and one of the bullets went right over my cradle. When, only two years ago, I stood in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and saw the amazing proof that the Irishman had responded to the opportunities which he found on American soil, I rejoiced as an American. Here, on this soil, the Irish found the one opportunity in modern history after centuries of oppression. It was doubted by his oppressors that he had certain noble qualities, but he has proved on American soil that he is a law abiding man and that he has loyalty and a true sense of chivalry. (Applause.) Without having gone through the discipline of the feudal system, he has displayed qualities which the prejudiced hardly suspected.

There is no story on this earth so fascinating, no story on this earth so satisfying to me, as that of how man rose from the dust of the earth and passed through, as I believe, the lower forms of nerve and muscle and the inferior stages of animal life—with the great Divine Father and Providence behind it all. In that

human story, Ireland has played a glorious part. Among the splendid things that stand out in the history of the world is the fact that Ireland was first among the northern nations of Europe to do Christian missionary work. Beginning with St. Gall, that splendid town in Switzerland to which the Irish missionaries carried the Gospel, they went numerously over the continents of Europe. You know Appenzell is only Swiss for "Abbot's Cell." We find in Belgium 563 saints' names, of which the majority came from Ireland; if you inquire for whom the churches are named, you will find that most of them were Irish. You will discover perhaps as many in the region of the Rhine, and even further, in Friesland. St. Boniface was educated in Ireland.

I am a Congregationalist and perhaps a very radical one, yet I believe St. Patrick to have been one of those great characters whose name and fame are above all disputes, Latin or Germanic, and too great to be lightly spoken of by any one. After he had spread the Gospel in Ireland, which was one of the first of the northern Christian nations, he carried it to other lands. I was never a missionary myself, but I have not an unlimited amount of respect for the man calling himself a Christian, yet not believing in foreign missions. I believe the propagation of the faith to be the final test of loyalty to Jesus. You and I may differ on points of theology, but none of us will on the question "Shall we obey the last great command of our Master: 'Go into all lands and preach the Gospel'?" That's what Ireland did. The lives of Winifred and Catuldus, who went into swamps and ran risks of being put to death, we may forget, but there is One Who is not going to forget about it. As the Japanese say, "God has forgotten to forget." No, nor will the historian, for "history is a resurrection" that brings these things to light for us.

Some among you may know that I was the first white man to live in Japan after the Charter Oath of 1868 was passed. Some among you may know that I am the only white man who lived there under the feudal system. Some among you may know that I organized the first public schools in Japan; from them came the 9th Division which General Nogi led to victory at Port Arthur. And now to-day we can count up the names of three men who, above all others, have done most for the East. Who started Christian civilization in Korea? Who but Henry G. Appenzeller,

whose fathers came from where the Irish missionaries first settled in Switzerland, at Appenzell. Again, who, above all others, did the great things that made the Japanese what they are to-day? What man towered above all others? Who but Guido Fridolin Verbeck (the father of our General Verbeck of to-day) who bears the name of Fridolin, the early medieval missionary? What man in China, above all others, deserves the name of having been the benefactor of that mighty country? Who but Robert Hart, born of Irish parents in Ireland?

Now, to conclude my address—for I am going to give our friend here at least one minute before twelve o'clock, if not ten of them—I am only too happy to aver what I think is the truth: That the Irishman is not only eminent as a saint but also as a soldier. The first time Irishmen went forth, regularly organized in regiments, was in the sixteenth century to fight under the Dutch Republic and the red, white and blue. (Applause.) I cannot take time to tell you now of the earlier and later times when Ireland, bereft of her leaders, sent her men by the thousands to aid, in the passes of the Alps, in Italy, Spain, France, Belgium,—"The Cockpit of Europe"—while at the Battle of Fontenoy—beside which even Pickett's Charge and that of the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg may stand—we find the Irish first in valor. I can not tell you now all I should like to about the Irishman in American history. I will only say that in our Revolutionary War one-third of our Army was at times Irish. There's a temptation now to enlarge on Sullivan's Expedition of 1779 but I won't say a word (laughter)—but one-third of all Sullivan's men were Irish. John Sullivan was the man who before Lexington "fired the shot heard around the world." Nor have I time to tell you of 1812 or of 1848, when, as I saw, the Irish absolutely besieged the recruiting officers in Philadelphia to allow them to go in the war with Mexico.

I will conclude with this word. In the war of Freedom, that freed the slaves and made "government of the people, for the people and by the people," in this Country fixed and immovable under God forever, they were among the men first to enlist. How do I know? I was a soldier myself and the Irish were my comrades. (Applause.)

I wish the Society all prosperity, and hope that it will soon

have a roof and a strong home that will have fireproof safes, in which to keep the documents that have recorded American history (applause)—and see also that the historians do not leave out the Irish. (Applause.) If the researches and duties of the Society continue, there will be a great gain to our Country; and every one of the members who lives in the spirit of the Society will be—this is my positive closing word—will be as that great Michael Angelo, of whom Emerson speaks when he says:

"The hand that rounded Peter's Dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free.
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

And so out of clouds of prejudice and misstatement there will rise up the great monument of American history, giving the Irishman's part in it. (Prolonged applause.)

President-General McGowan: Dr. Griffis has simply expressed the wish that is the hope of every member of the American Irish Historical Society: That some time in the near future we shall have a roof and we shall have safes in which to place the valuable documents which we are acquiring at the present time. (Applause.) The next toast is "The Scot, the Ulster Scot and the Irish," by Dr. John G. Coyle; and before the Doctor speaks I want to read a very valuable document sent to me by the Hon. John D. Crimmins, on this subject on which the Doctor is going to speak. "John Major, a Scotch divine and historian, born about 1446, and Doctor of the Sorbornne, says in his De Gestis Scotorum: 'It is by many arguments certain that we, the Scots, owe our origin to the Irish. This we may learn from the language; for even at this day, one-half of Scotland speaks IRISH; and a few years ago a greater proportion spoke the same language. The Scotch brought their speech from Ireland into Britain, as our annals testify. I say, therefore, that from whomsoever the Irish drew their origin, the Scotch derive the same, not immediately indeed, but as a grandson from a grandsire.'" (Applause.)

Dr. Coyle will explain the difference between an Irishman, a Scotch Irishman and an Ulster Scot, whatever that may mean,

and other terms applied sometimes by men who are sometimes, and frequently, ashamed of the land of their birth.

Dr. Coyle then spoke briefly, owing to the lateness of the hour. The subject of his address is that of his paper published at page 103 of this volume.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: This brings the banquet of 1913 to a close and, in behalf of the Society, let me express the wish to see you all here again in one year, with increased numbers and I trust that you may be as highly entertained as you have been this evening.

A MEMBER: Before we adjourn, I move you, sir, that a rising vote of thanks be extended to the retiring board of officers for the efficient manner in which they have administered the affairs of the Society for the past year.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: Your motion is out of order now, but would have been proper at to-day's session.

A MEMBER: I move that a rising vote of thanks be extended to the speakers of the evening.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL MCGOWAN: Those in favor please rise. Motion carried. The Chair desires to thank the speakers of the evening.

THE CALIFORNIA CHAPTER.

The American Irish Historical Society.

Saturday evening, January 11th, 1913 this branch of The American Irish Historical Society held its fourth annual banquet and installation of officers at the Bellevue Hotel, San Francisco.

The officers as selected by the Nominating Committee were elected unanimously, and at the dinner afterwards were installed by Richard C. O'Connor, State Vice-President of the Society. The officers for 1913 are as follows: President, Robert P. Troy; Vice-President, Thomas F. McGrath; Secretary, John Mulhern; Treasurer, Jeremiah Deasy; Historiographer, R. C. O'Connor; Librarian, Dr. J. H. O'Connor; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph P. O'Ryan.

A number of applications for membership were received and acted on favorably. The most notable addition to the ranks of the Society this year is the Right Rev. Bishop Edward J. Hanna, D. D., who forwarded his application for membership on being invited to join the California Chapter, shortly after his arrival in San Francisco.

Again a pleasant surprise came in the form of a telegraphic greeting from The American Irish Historical Society, holding its fifteenth annual meeting and dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, which read as follows:

"New York, January 11th, 1913.

Robert P. Troy,
President American Irish Historical Society,
Hotel Bellevue, San Francisco.

American Irish Historical Society in annual session, Waldorf-Astoria, sends fraternal greetings to California Chapter at fourth annual banquet.

Patrick F. McGowan, *Pres.*"

The message was received with applause, showing as it does the great interest the national organization has in its State Chapters. The California Chapter earlier in the evening sent a telegraphic message of congratulation to the banqueters in New York, and an invitation was also extended to the national organization to hold its national convention in San Francisco

RICHARD C. O'CONNOR, ESQ.,
Vice President-General of the Society and a Member of its Executive Council.

Reproduction by Anna Frances Levins

in 1915, when the city will be ablaze with the activities of the Exposition. President Troy informed the meeting that the directors of the Exposition have also extended a formal invitation to The American Irish Historical Society to come to San Francisco as its guest in 1915 and hold its national convention here.

Grace was said by Father Michael Murphy, and after the black coffee had been served at the banquet, toasts were responded to by the following gentlemen: Captain Geo. F. Connolly, U. S. A., Dr. Hugh Lagan, Dr. J. H. O'Connor, Dr. Richard B. Corcoran, U. S. A., John Mulhern, Jeremiah Deasy, who also sang two beautiful Irish songs, Captain Thos. F. McGrath, James B. Hagerty, Dr. Wm. F. Egan, Rev. Father Michael Murphy, and many others. Judge Daniel C. Deasy responded with a song, and J. C. O'Connor, Jr., son of Colonel J. C. O'Connor, charmed those present with beautiful selections on the violin. Richard C. O'Connor read a very interesting letter written in the year 1818 by John Doyle, father of the late J. T. Doyle of Menlo Park, who sailed in that year from Ireland to the United States and joined his father, who had escaped to this country shortly after the rebellion of 1798, in which he had been active as one of the United Irishmen. This letter proved to be a most interesting historical document and will appear in full in the society's journal.

The banquet was presided over by the President of the California Chapter, Robert P. Troy, who acted as toastmaster, and who announced that he had received word from New York that the California Chapter had been highly honored that day by the national organization, in the election of Richard C. O'Connor, our State Vice-President, to the position of Vice-President General of the Society. This is the first time that such a high office in the national body of The American Irish Historical Society has been given to a Californian.

"There is no society in the United States," said Mr. Troy, "which has developed so rapidly and which has such a distinguished roll of membership as The American Irish Historical Society. Two years ago Woodrow Wilson, President-elect of the United States, wrote to the National Convention of the body, then assembled in New York, requesting that he be admitted to membership in the Society. It is needless to say

that he was welcomed as a distinguished addition to its roll of members." President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, Chief Justice Edward D. White, of the United States Supreme Court, Thomas Fortune Ryan, W. Bourke Cochran, John D. Crimmins, Thomas J. O'Brien, Ambassador to Italy, and many other distinguished men belong to the organization. He recalled the remarkable statement of President-General Thomas Zanslaur Lee, who paid us a flying visit last year, before the nominations for President of the United States were made, that no matter whether President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, or Woodrow Wilson were elected, the President of this country would be a member of The American Irish Historical Society.

Mr. Troy in closing, said: "The California Chapter is anxious to obtain new members in this State, and welcomes ladies as well as gentlemen into the Society. The annual dues are $5.00, Life Membership $50.00. Applications for membership may be sent to John Mulhern, the secretary, at 140 Second Street, or to the President, Robert P. Troy, at the Call Building."

JOHN MULHERN,
Secretary.

THE AMERICAN IRISH.

By ROBERT P. TROY.

READ AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CALIFORNIA CHAPTER IN SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 11, 1913.

They surged like ocean billows deep
  On Freedom's golden shore,
They pledged allegiance at her shrine
  And kept it evermore;
They gave their hearts, their arms, their blood,
  That Liberty might live;
They gave the best that God bestows,
  And all that man may give.

They came in legions o'er the sea,
  Defying storm and gale,
Lest tyrant's might should crush the flag
  And heroes' arms should fail.
The heritage of centuries
  Equipped them for the fight,
Unsheathed their swords and nerved their hearts
  To battle for the right.

They found their Celtic brothers here,
  Who pioneered the land
In happier days when rural peace
  Inspired the patriot band.
Their magic touch established town
  And school and mart and mill;
They founded here a continent
  Which breathes their spirit still.

They swelled the ranks that swept the foe
  From every battlefield,
From Lexington to Yorktown's works,
  Where England's banners yield;
And when the foeman crept away
  To Albion's plighted shore,
The blood of Erin in our soil
  Took root forevermore.

And from that root its petals rare
  Have surged like gentle flowers,
Whose spreading breath has scented all
  This loyal land of ours.
And centuries now swing along
  In Time's eternal space,
Exalting our Americans
  As mankind's noblest race,

While all the world its tribute pays
  This nation pure and free,
Extolling every blood that flowed
  To mould its destiny,
The Irish in America
  Are numbered with the rest,
As braver than the bravest
  And better than the best.

THE WISCONSIN CHAPTER.

The American Irish Historical Society.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of The American Irish Historical Society held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, on April 16, 1913, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved: That Charles M. Scanlan, Esq., of 307 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., be appointed Vice-President of the Society for the State of Wisconsin until the next annual meeting of the Society;

Resolved: That this Society grant a charter to the following members of this Society in good standing—namely: Charles M. Scanlan, Matt. H. Carpenter, Jeremiah Quin, Thomas J. Neacy, Patrick Cudahy, Joseph P. Callan, Philip H. Murphy, Daniel J. Sheehan, James Cavaney, Laurence McGreal, of Milwaukee, Wis., and James McIver, of St. Francis, Wis., and their associates and successors, to organize a subsidiary Chapter of this Society in the State of Wisconsin; and that the President-General and Secretary-General of the Society be authorized to issue and sign such Charter; and the Secretary be authorized to attach the seal of this Society thereto.

Pursuant thereto the following Charter was granted:

The American Irish Historical Society,

Acting by its Executive Council, pursuant to the Society's Constitution, at a meeting duly held in the City of New York on the 16th day of April, 1913, hereby constitutes Charles M. Scanlan, Matt H. Carpenter, Jeremiah Quin, Thomas J. Neacy, Patrick Cudahy, Joseph P. Callan, Philip H. Murphy, Daniel J. Sheehan, James Cavaney, Laurence McGreal, all of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and James McIver of St. Francis, Wisconsin, and their associates and successors, The American Irish Historical Society, Wisconsin Chapter, subject always to the constitution and by-laws of the general Society, and to the right, power and privilege hereby expressly reserved to the general Society or its Executive Council, at any time to add to, amend, alter or repeal this Charter.

In Witness Whereof, The American Irish Historical Society has caused this Charter to be signed by its President-General and attested by its Secretary-General, and its corporate seal to be hereunto affixed at the City of

New York in the State of New York, this twenty-eighth day of April, A. D., 1913.

ATTEST:

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE,
President-General.

[SEAL]

EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary-General.

State Chapters. Ten, or more members of this Society in good standing may, on obtaining a charter from the Executive Council, organize a subsidiary chapter in any state or territory of the United States, the District of Columbia, the Dominion of Canada, or Ireland. The State Vice-President of this Society for the particular state or district shall, by virtue of his office, be the President of such state chapter, he shall preside at the meetings of such chapter and shall exercise therein the usual functions of a presiding officer. The members of each state chapter of this Society may elect from their own number a Vice-Chairman, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and such other officers as may be necessary to manage the affairs of such chapter. Membership in such subsidiary chapters shall be limited to persons who are members of this Society in good standing. Article VII. Constitution, American Irish Historical Society.

Historical Papers.

THE SCOT, THE ULSTER SCOT AND THE IRISH.

BY JOHN G. COYLE, M.D.

The Scot.

The history of a country is the record of the acts of the people who inhabit it. A nation is often the result of a mixture or fusing of races, but at times various races ethnically distinct may be comprised under one nationality, as is the case of Russia. It may be speaking loosely but it is entirely intelligible when one says that a new race may rise through the fusing of two or more races.

In nearly all countries where men have lived there are traces of peoples who existed before the era of the inhabitants who first appear in history. In our country the American Indian has no knowledge, even by tradition, of the race of the Mound-builders. So, in speaking of the Scot, we must forego inquiry into the origin of the peoples who lived in Scotland before the dawn of recorded history. Both in Ireland and Scotland, as well as in numerous other lands, there are plentiful relics and monuments of prehistoric peoples.

The Scot, as we shall discuss him, is the Scot as he appears in history, as recorded in the sagas of the bards and in the written annals of Irish, English, Scotch, French, Roman, German and other historians.

The first inhabitants of the land now called Scotland who appear in history are the Picts, or painted people, who are mentioned by numerous ancient writers. The origin of the Picts is variously stated; by some writers, that they were Britons expelled from England, and by others that they were Scandinavians, by others that they were Scythians. But there is well established unity among many judges as to the veracity of the history given by the Venerable Bede, an Englishman, that these Picts first tried to settle in the North of Ireland, where they found kindred, but that the Irish settlers dissuaded the Picts from settling in Ireland and directed them to Scotland. These Picts were without women and various annals record

that they sought wives from the Irish in Ulster. Their request was granted upon the condition that when the title of sovereign should become doubtful, the Picts should choose one of the feminine blood royal, rather than of the masculine. This promise, it is said, the Picts kept. Therefore, the issue of the Picts was half Irish from the start.

Some Britons came into Scotland from the south, constituting some portion of its inhabitants. A third and very important colonization of Caledonia came from the Scots. This people, the Scots, whose name is now given to the country, came from Ireland in numbers, under Irish chieftains, from a district in Ulster known as Dalriada, the territory of Riada. These Irish emigrants settled in Argyle, which means Ard-Gaill, the highlands of the Gaels, and founded there a colony of Irishmen, then and for centuries afterward known as Scots. The Caledonian settlement was also called Dalriada and is yet called Riddesdale, the modern form of the name.

It is through this colony of Irishmen that Christianity was introduced into Scotland by the Irish Saint Columba. The Irish settlers left their names upon the country for many years. Part of Argyle was known as Ierna, one of the names of Ireland itself, and the Hebrides, settled by these colonists, were called Erin. Foreigners called the Highlanders Hiberni and the Lowlanders called them Irish. The Gaelic language survives in the Highlands to this day, and some of the most famous and best-known Scotch names show their Irish origin, as MacDonald, MacFergus, MacNeil, MacHugh, McCoy and all the other Macs.

The Scottish royal line is descended from these Irish settlers and the present royal family of England, through their descent from the house of Stuart, can trace their lineage back to the Irish Scots who established the monarchy of Scotland.

It is well known and stated by many English, Scotch and other non-Irish writers that up to the eleventh century, at least, and in some parts of Europe up to the fifteenth century the word Scot meant Irish, for the name of Ireland in general use was Scotia. After the Picts had been destroyed as a nation in the ninth century and the Scots prevailed, their name was applied to the country in time, but, to distinguish it from Ireland, Scot-

land was called Scotia Minor, while Ireland was known as Scotia Major.

Edmund Spenser, the famous British author, in his "View of the State of Ireland" relates the settlement of "Albine, now called Scotland, by the Scots or Scythians arrived in the north parts of Ireland; but in process of time, the Irish Scots, putting away the name of Scots were called Irish, and the Albine Scots, leaving the name of Albine, were called only Scots." Edmund Campion, a British author, writing in the same year as Spenser, about 1571, says: "Thus, you see, the Scots, a lively, stirring, ancient and victorious people are mixed first of Britons, secondly of Picts; thirdly and chiefly of the Irish, which after this time, left the name of Scott for those in Britain and delighted to be called Irish. Then came up the distinction of Scotia Major for Ireland and Scotia Minor for the Scots in Britain."

Between the ninth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants of Scotland were often described as of three classes: one, the remnants of the Picts; the second, the Scots (the Irish settlers' descendants); the third, the Red Shanks, a people mongrel between the Scots and the Picts.

The Scotsmen, therefore, are composed of the descendants of the Picts, kindred of the Ulster Irish, whose wives were Irish, and whose first issue was half Irish; and of the Irish Scots who settled in Scotland, who were all Irish; and to some extent of Britons. Any people bred of the Scots and Picts would be three-fourths Irish in blood. If, then, the Scotsmen are a race, they are overwhelmingly an Irish race and the Scot is an Irish Scot.

The Ulster Scot.

During the last century the wonderful development of the United States, commercially, politically and in every other aspect of a great and powerful nation has led to the study by many writers of the component parts of our mixed and varied population. Some investigators have been cold statisticians, with official freedom from racial pride. Others have been enthusiasts for their own race and eager to blazon forth the achievements of their own blood. The latter spirit is so human, so natural that one expects to find it breaking forth on many

occasions. Through its expression much history is preserved that would otherwise be lost in our vast and rapid accumulation of local and national data of action and progress.

That natives of Ireland came to this country in amazing numbers, overcame great obstacles, suffered hardships, made great sacrifices and contributed gloriously to the development of our country, to the records of human progress, to the expansion of industry, the securement of liberty, the exposition of the highest and best traits in national life, is a matter of such common knowledge as to need no rehearsal.

But, singular to relate, antipathies arising out of old religious differences, out of divisions of loyalty to different dynasties in Great Britain, out of penalties, persecutions and strifes in Ireland, have continued and hardened, have been transmitted and preserved. It is painful to record such observations but they are true. It is doubtless because of such causes as well as because of racial pride that in the last century there arose the distinction between the Scotch-Irish and the Irish which has resulted in much mutual jealousy, claims and counter-claims.

A large number of Scotchmen, both Highlanders and Lowlanders, came into Ulster in the seventeenth century. Others came even later. These are the people usually called Scotch-Irish. Most of them were Presbyterians and unfriendly to the Established Church of Ireland, for the support of which they had to pay taxes, just as did the Catholics while the Anglicans reaped the benefit of such taxes. But the ground of common wrong, in such taxes, did not bring them near the Catholics for nearly one hundred years. The Catholics had little or no political rights; the Presbyterians had.

These Presbyterians constituted a large part of the Irish emigrants who came from the north of Ireland into America in the late seventeenth and in the eighteenth centuries. The achievements of many of them and of their descendants here are noteworthy. But with such antipathy do descendants of these immigrants, even in the twentieth century, regard the great majority of the people of Ireland that the description, "Scotch-Irish" is being put aside for one that will not have the word "Irish" in it at all. It is no less a person than our late distinguished Ambassador to Great Britain* who defends the term

*Hon. Whitelaw Reid.

"Ulster Scot" by saying it is preferable to Scotch-Irish "because it does not confuse the race with the accident of birth."

These Ulster-Scots, by the admission of their ardent historians, had been in the north of Ireland, one, two or three generations "before" they emigrated to America. In "The Scot in America and the Ulster Scot" it is asserted that 5,000 Ulster Scots entered Pennsylvania in one year during the eighteenth century. It happens that the figures of that year, 1729, have been preserved carefully and have been often quoted. The actual record says 5,655 were Irishmen and 43 were Scotch. It is a long reach for numbers that causes an assertion that 5,000 persons, giving Ireland as their birthplace, were necessarily all Ulster Scots.

It is amusing to find it stated by the advocates of the Ulster Scot title that "less than one-half of the entire population of the colonies was of English origin and that nearly or quite one-third of it had a Scottish ancestry."

When the United States Census Bureau, in 1900 issued its "Century of Population Growth," a careful effort was made to ascertain what proportion of population might justly be allotted to the various racial or national strains entering into the American people of 1790, when the first national census was taken. A very careful analysis was made, based upon the names of the heads of the families. This analysis gave but seven per cent Scotch in the white population of the United States in 1790.

By the process of claiming as an Ulster Scot practically every Protestant from Ulster and a number from other parts of Ireland, many famous American figures of known, named and catalogued Irish descent are suddenly transformed into Ulster-Scots. The result at times is ridiculous.

Andrew Jackson is thus claimed, by the statement that his parents were Ulster Scots who emigrated from Carrickfergus two years before his birth. Not only is it truly said in Andrew Jackson's biography that his "ancestors for many generations had lived at Carrickfergus," which ought to have made them Irish, but Andrew Jackson himself, when accepting his election to membership in the Irish Charitable Society of Boston, spoke as follows:

"I am much gratified, sir, at this testimony of respect shown me by the Irish Charitable Society of this City. It is with great

pleasure that I see so many of the countrymen of my father assembled on this occasion. I have always been proud of my ancestry and of being descended from that noble race, and rejoice that I am so nearly allied to a country which has so much to recommend it to the good wishes of the world. Would to God, sir, that Irishmen on the other side of the great water enjoyed the comforts, happiness, contentment and liberty that they enjoy here."

President Jackson evidently did not know he was an "Ulster Scot."

By the process of claiming Americans, children of emigrants from Ireland, who are said to have been descendants in the second, third or later generation of Scotch settlers in Ireland, and asserting that such remote descendants, whose parents and grandparents were born in America, whose ancestry for a hundred or more years before leaving Ireland had been resident there, and asserting that these American descendants are Ulster Scots, certain very enthusiastic but narrow partisans of the once favored description, "Scotch-Irish" and new substitute, "Ulster Scot," arrive at a situation in racial records that approaches burlesque.

To make an exact parallel with certain "Ulster Scot" cases, suppose the daughter of residents of this city, of Irish blood, domiciled here for over one hundred years, marries an Australian, and that her children marry Australians all of whom live in Australia, and that her grandson becomes the head of the Australian government in 2050. How absurd it would be to describe that official as a "New York Irishman on his grandmother's side." Yet it is hardly more grotesque than to describe Ulysses S. Grant, whose paternal ancestors were Puritans, arriving in America in 1630, whose great-grandfather fought in the French and Indian War, twenty years before the Revolution, as a "descendant on his mother's side of Ulster Scots who settled in Pennsylvania about 1763."

After that no one need gasp at the claim that John Nixon, member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia, who first publicly read the Declaration of Independence, was an Ulster Scot, although his father was born in Wexford; or that John C. Calhoun was an Ulster Scot although his father and

grandfather were natives of Donegal, and Calhoun himself paid dues in the Irish Emigrant Society; or at any claim of any kind.

But let us refer to the origin of the Scotch people once more and now let us ask the proponents of the designation "Ulster Scot" who say that the term must be used "Because it does not confuse the race with the accident of birth", this question:

If a race of people, coming from Scotland, but preëminently of Irish blood, is so tenacious of racial identity that after living in Ireland for from thirty to two hundred years and intermarrying with the natives of Ireland, they will not become Irishmen, when and how did they become Scotch by living in Scotland?

For it is clear that their blood and racial strain were chiefly Irish before they went back to Ireland, and it is plain that the settlement of the Scotch in Ulster is but the return to Ulster in Ireland of the descendants of the Irish people who gave to Scotland Christianity and culture and who furnished the name for the land itself as well as the greater part of the racial stock that inhabits it.

The Irish.

The Irish people have a record of glory and of gloom, of tragedy and of woe, of wonderful sanctity and learning, of turbulence and peace, of brutal oppression by English invaders, of military renown, of a sad destiny which has sent them over the earth to carry the name of Erin and to illustrate the genius of her sons in every clime where opportunity awaited them.

Ireland stands forth as one of the greatest Christian nations in the world. One hundred and fifty-five of her saints are revered and memorialized in Germany, forty-five in France, thirty in Belgium, thirteen in Italy, eight in Scandinavia. St. Killian is a patron at Wurzburg in Bavaria, St. Gall in Switzerland. Scarce a country in Europe or America that has not had its famous Irish soldiers and statesmen; North and South America, alike, are continents where Irish genius has been devoted to liberty and to popular government.

The records of the Irish in a score of climes and especially in our own great republic have been preserved by the loving care of individuals and bodies with aims like those of The Ameri-

can Irish Historical Society. I shall not, at this time, direct any attention to the deeds of the Irish in America, but, upon an occasion such as this, in a land of prosperity and at an hour of mutual happiness and good will, let us glance backward through the centuries at the people of Ireland in Ireland and look at them to-day.

When, through want of unity, treason among their own and perfidy on the part of the English, they lost the sovereignty of Ireland, they retained their national spirit. When the great territories of their clans were given over to the Normans, the new holders were won by the Irish manners, intermarried with the Irish and became Irish themselves. When British oppression began its direful work, the heart of Ireland could not be crushed. When the Irish coinage was debased and the industries destroyed by legislation and decrees, the people returned to the soil itself as a certain means of subsistence. When their lands were violently taken from them and they were driven out into the bogs and mountain to live or perish like beasts, they still clung to the soil although wanderers in their own land. When legislation strove to deprive them of their Irish names, their Irish clothing, even their Irish beards, the Irish heart remained Irish still. When the religion of the great mass of people was proscribed and their priests were hunted like wolves, the faith of Patrick did not die among them, but, sheltering and disguising their priests, they held the sacred jewel of their belief glowing within their hearts. When every effort at the destruction and obliteration of the Irish people had been expended, when hundreds of thousands had been sold into slavery or driven to emigration because of the awful conditions of their homeland, the living mass of the Irish still remained in their land.

When we see the degraded, oppressed, persecuted, illiterate, starved and subjugated but unconquered peasantry of Ireland rising from their rags and hovels to continue the age-long struggle with their oppressor; when we see them, gaunt with famine, reduced by pestilence, exile, slavery and brutal murders, beaten, repulsed, proscribed, hunted and homeless, returning again and again with inexorable determination to the battle for home and for natural human rights; when we see them, step by step, ad-

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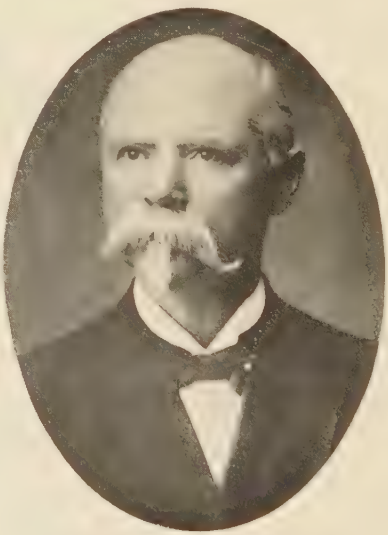

CHARLES M. SCANLAN, ESQ.,
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vance on the pathway of freemen and secure the right of franchise and place upon juries, regain pillaged political privileges and seats in the halls of legislation, then obtain education, religious freedom and social advantages; when we see them by determined unity check and paralyze the legislative programmes of the mighty empire of their oppressor and command the attention and public opinion of the world by their inflexible persistency and the justice of their cause; when we see them, after centuries, gaining the re-possession of the soil of Ireland, and we behold them now, with their backs to the West, their face to foe, their feet planted upon the ancient soil of Ireland, with the memories of seven hundred years of sorrow and struggle in their hearts, preparing to wrest self-government from Britain, our hearts go out in mighty acclaim to that glorious remnant of the Irish race who stayed in Ireland, who fought the fight upon the soil of the old land, and, standing at the dawn of the new era for Ireland, still have in their hearts the hope and determination to win freedom for the land of their fathers.

GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

A paper read at the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of The American Irish Historical Society, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, January 11, 1913, by Thomas S. Lonergan of New York City.

Thomas Francis Meagher was born in the city of Waterford, Ireland, August 3, 1823. He came from a noted Irish family, who had suffered much for faith and fatherland during the penal days. He was ever proud of the fact that he was thoroughly Irish on both the paternal and maternal sides.

The O'Meagher or Meagher family had lived in the county of Tipperary for more than a thousand years. Very few Irish families of the present generation can boast of a nobler origin or of a longer line of distinguished chieftains than the Meaghers of the premier county of Ireland.

His father, Thomas Meagher, was a wealthy merchant and a member of the British Parliament for several years. His mother was a woman of considerable culture, broad sympathies and high ideals. She died when he was yet a child but he was fortunate in having a maiden aunt who idolized him and took charge of his early education.

When Thomas Francis Meagher was ten years of age, he was sent to the Jesuit college at Clongowes Wood in the county of Kildare. There his young mind received the first impressions of classical learning, and he very soon gave proof of considerable natural talent and aptitude for oratory. After spending six years at Clongowes, he was sent to Stonyhurst College in Lancashire, England, where he remained for four years. During his collegiate course he carried off several prizes for oral and written compositions. He graduated with the distinction of being the best rhetorician in the history of that famous institution of learning. Meagher was then noted for ripe scholarship and rare talents.

In the summer of 1843 when he returned to his native city on the Suir, his father was Mayor of Waterford, the first Catholic who had been mayor of that ancient city in two hundred years.

That was the year of the great monster meetings and the Repeal movement was then at the height of its power and popularity, shaped and guided by the genius and patriotism of Daniel O'Connell, one of the greatest figures in Irish history.

The Dublin Nation, a weekly newspaper which was founded in 1842 by Duffy, Davis and Dillon, was infusing a new militant spirit into the Irish people. Some of the best writers in all Ireland were contributing to its columns. Within the brief period of three years that single journal was instrumental in creating a new school of Irish national literature, thoroughly racy of the soil. Meagher, like most Irishmen of his class, was a most enthusiastic admirer of *The Nation*.

Meagher made his first public speech at a Repeal meeting held at Lismore in 1843, and it was praised by O'Connell who was the principal speaker of the evening.

Between the summer of 1843 and the fall of 1845, Meagher spent his time in travel and study. He visited Switzerland, the land of Tell and Hofer, Germany and Belgium. He revelled in

Swiss and German scenery, and he learned, as he afterwards said, the rights of a nation on the ramparts of Antwerp where liberty was justly appreciated.

This is not the place to analyze the 'Forty-eight movement, in which Meagher played such a prominent part. His public career in Ireland was compressed into a period of less than three years, but that brief period was the stormiest and most brilliant in Irish history during all the nineteenth century.

In January, 1846, Meagher delivered a brilliant speech in Conciliation Hall, Dublin, and there and then he committed himself to the national cause. From that day until his arrest in August, 1848, he played a very prominent part in the Young Ireland movement. If Thomas Davis was the poet of Young Ireland, Thomas Francis Meagher was the orator. Lecky, the famous historian, in his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," has paid a splendid tribute to the oratorical ability of Meagher.

The two greatest speeches that Meagher ever delivered in Ireland, were his "Sword Speech" in Dublin, which for brilliancy and lyrical grandeur has never been surpassed in the English language and his speech in the dock at Clonmel which has been aptly called a prose poem and will bear favorable comparison with Emmet's dying speech. Meagher possessed the "glorious gift of speaking golden words with a golden tongue."

Thomas Francis Meagher was a born orator, a brilliant scholar and a sterling patriot. Nature endowed him with a fine physique, classic features, large expressive eyes, and a voice which could express emotion and passion with astonishing power.

During the brief career of the Irish Confederation, which was founded by William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, Thomas Francis Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Devin Reilly and Michael Doheny, revolution was preached in season and out of season. The foregoing names were the leading spirits and master minds of the Young Ireland party.

Here is an extract from one of Meagher's speeches, delivered in Dublin in 1847:

"The virtue of patriotism that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre—to Barbarism its redeeming trait—to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to preserve, to console,

to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime—its worship and festivities.

"On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition.

"The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young maid of Orleans.

"In her new Senate Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell.

"In the gay and graceful Capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument, full of glorious meaning, to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

"By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne, stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the banners of the republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old, poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad Te Deum, and Heaven hears again the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains, which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri."

In the spring of 1848, Meagher, Smith O'Brien and Edward Hollywood went to Paris with an address from the Irish Confederation to the Provisional Government of the newborn French Republic. The thrones of Europe were shaken to their foundations in that year by the uprisings of the people. There was revolution in Germany, in Hungary, in Italy, in Ireland, in France and in Poland.

In October, 1848, when Thomas Francis Meagher was only twenty-five years old, he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, simply for trying to do for Ireland what Washington and Franklin and Jefferson succeeded in doing for America. His sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, in Van Dieman's Land. After spending nearly four years in that distant convict settlement, he escaped and arrived in New York in May, 1852, and very soon he became one of the most popular lecturers in the United States. From 1852 to 1861 Meagher was busily

engaged between lecturing, practicing law, editing a weekly newspaper and speaking at social and patriotic gatherings. He was a welcome guest at every banquet board, and had entrée into the exclusive circles of our fashionable society.

Meagher, while in penal exile in Australia, married a Miss Bennett, who was taken to Ireland after her husband's escape to the United States. After a lingering illness, she died at the home of her father-in-law in 1854, leaving one son who was born, reared and educated in Ireland. He died in this country about a year ago.

Thomas Francis Meagher lectured on a great variety of subjects, to large and enthusiastic audiences, between his arrival in this country and the outbreak of the Civil War. His voice was heard in every large city from New York to San Francisco. He was in those days one of the most distinguished figures on the lecture platform.

Meagher was called to the bar in New York in 1855 and in the early part of 1856 he founded the *Irish News*, a weekly newspaper which soon attained to a large circulation. Among those associated with him in that enterprise was John Savage, a noted literary man. A series of articles entitled: "Recollections of Ireland and the Irish", written by Meagher in his best style, appeared in its columns.

Meagher devoted very little time to the practice of the law. The dry routine of that profession did not appeal to him; neither did journalism, although he possessed many of the elements that go to make a great journalist.

In the early sixties Meagher visited South America and made an extended tour through Costa Rica, where he was entertained by some of the leading men of that country. After his return to New York, he prepared a series of able and interesting articles for *Harper's Magazine*, on the resources, scenery and possibilities of Costa Rica.

In 1856 Meagher won the heart and hand of Miss Elizabeth Townsend, the beautiful and cultured daughter of a wealthy New Yorker. The Townsends then belonged to the élite of New York society.

Miss Townsend became a Catholic when she married Meagher. Henceforth his religion was her religion and his people were her

people. She idolized her gifted husband and was ever proud of his genius and patriotism. She died a few years ago.

The writer of this sketch received the following autographed letter from the widow of General Meagher almost forty years after his death.

RYE, NEW YORK, November 21, 1904.

Dear Mr. Lonergan:

Many thanks for your kind letter and newspaper clipping, containing your beautiful tribute to the memory of General Meagher.

I am happy to know that his countrymen still love to hear of the General and it is good for them to treasure those names.

If half of the Irish would vote one way, they would be appreciated by both parties.

With renewed thanks,

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH M. J. MEAGHER.

On the 15th of April, 1861, three days after the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, President Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 men to serve for three months. It was then that Meagher, casting aside party affiliations, flung himself into the breach and immediately raised a full company of Zouaves for the Sixty-ninth Regiment, of which he was elected captain. Meagher and the gallant boys of the Sixty-ninth, under the command of Colonel Michael Corcoran, fought bravely at the disastrous battle of Bull Run, where he had a horse shot from under him. After the three months' service, Meagher and the survivors of the Sixty-ninth Regiment returned to New York and received a royal welcome from all classes of the people. Meagher, with his usual enthusiasm and energy, lost no time in beginning to organize the Irish Brigade, after getting permission to do so from the War Department. The officers and men of the Sixty-ninth militia formed the nucleus of the Irish Brigade, which played such a glorious part in the Army of the Potomac.

The Sixty-ninth, Sixty-third and Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers were the original regiments of the Irish Brigade which also included two batteries of artillery.

While the New York regiments were in camp at Fort Schuyler, learning military tactics, Meagher went to Boston to organize two regiments for the Brigade, and from there he went to Philadelphia where he set on foot the organization of two regiments,

one of infantry and one of cavalry, neither of which ever became a part of the Irish Brigade for which they were intended, but the two Boston regiments served under him the following year.

In September, 1861, Thomas Francis Meagher delivered the most powerful and logical speech of his life, in Music Hall, Boston, before a great audience over which Governor John A. Andrew presided. He gave good and sufficient reasons why the Irish in the Northern States should rally to the defence of the Union. The immediate result of that meeting was the organization of the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Volunteer Regiments of Massachusetts. I find in that Boston speech this brilliant apostrophe to the American flag.

"A national flag is the most sacred thing that a nation can possess. Libraries, museums, exchequers, tombs and statues of great men—all are inferior to it. It is the illuminated diploma of a nation's authority. It is the imperishable epitome of a country's history. As I cast my eye this morning along Bunker Hill monument, what did I see there? I saw the British troops evacuating the city of New York. I saw George Washington inaugurated as the first President of the United States. I saw the lofty brow and gaunt frame of Andrew Jackson. I saw the veterans of the Peninsular war reeling before the fire of Tennessee rifles in the swamps of Louisiana. I saw the lightnings and heard the thunders of Lake Erie, when Perry commanded them to go forth and sweep the friend of the South and the enemy of the North from its waters. I saw the American sailor, pursuing his desolate and heroic way up the interminable stream of the Amazon—disclosing a new world even within a New World, to the industry and avarice of the age. I saw, in the Bay of Smyrna, the hunted prey of Austria rescued beneath the stars and stripes. I saw the towers of Mexico and the causeway over which Cortez went. I saw those towers and that causeway glistening in a glory greater than ever Cortez brought to Spain. These, and a throng of other grand incidents, passed like a vision over those stars, as I stood beneath them this day. Oh! may that flag never incur another disaster; may the troops who carry it into action, henceforth, have this motto written upon its folds—'Death if you will, Victory if God will give it to us, but *no defeat and no retreat.*' "

It is no exaggeration to state that to no man of Irish birth or Irish blood, was the Federal Government more indebted than to the brilliant and eloquent "Meagher of the Sword." His inspiring oratory played a glorious part in arousing the martial spirit and ardent patriotism of the Irish element in the northern states, at a time when the liberties of the Republic were trembling in the balance.

Every regiment in the Union Army had its quota of Irish soldiers. 170,000 native born Irishmen and about twice that number of Irish descent served in the Federal Army during those four long years of blood and carnage.

The Irish Brigade was organized by Meagher with the idea that General James Shields, the hero of the Mexican War, would command it. Just about the time when the Brigade was ready for service, Shields reached Washington from California, and he urged Meagher's promotion. The officers of the regiments of the Brigade petitioned President Lincoln to appoint Meagher Brigadier-General, which he did, and through the influence of General Shields, Meagher's appointment was unanimously confirmed by the Senate in February, 1862.

The battle of Antietam was the bloodiest battle of the Civil War. It lasted for fourteen hours and 200,000 men and 500 pieces of artillery were engaged. Eight color-bearers of the Irish Brigade were shot down, yet the brigade carried its position. General Meagher was in the thick of the fight, leading his men, as usual, when his horse was shot under him. He had a very narrow escape.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment lost at Antietam in killed and wounded 61 per cent., and the Sixty-third lost in killed and wounded 50 per cent. It is not generally known that the Sixty-ninth lost more men in killed and wounded during the Civil War than any other infantry regiment from the Empire State, and in all its career it never disobeyed an order and never lost a flag.

General George B. McClellan, then the idol of the Army of the Potomac, in his official report on the battle of Antietam, bears high testimony to the superb bravery and services of General Meagher and his command.

The Irish Brigade led by Meagher saved the left wing of the Federal troops at the battle of Gaines Mill. It was Fontenoy

repeated. At that battle the chivalry of Virginia met its match in the chivalry of Tipperary.

The battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Irish Brigade played so heroic a part, was fought on December 13, 1862.

Meagher's Brigade, which took part in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac from Fair Oaks to Chancellorsville, on that memorable morning was composed of the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, the One Hundred Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers and Hogan's Battery.

General Hancock's official report says that the Irish Brigade went into battle with 92 officers and 1,223 enlisted men, and in killed and wounded it lost 54 officers and 490 men. Among the wounded was General Meagher. The loss of the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg was much greater than that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

Tennyson's famous poem has immortalized the charge of the "Noble Six Hundred," but poets are not supposed to be accurate historians.

The figures given by Eastlake, and to be found in Colonel Fox's "Regimental Losses of the Civil War," show that the Light Brigade took 673 officers and men into the charge, and lost 113 killed, 134 wounded and 15 missing, a percentage of 38.93. (Fox gives the percentage as 36–7, but for some reason omits the prisoners.) Of the 673 horses in the charge, 475 were killed and 42 wounded. If we subtract 475, the number of horses killed, from 673, the original number, we get a remainder of 198, the number given by Haydn, as that of the surviving soldiers. The glorifiers of the Light Brigade have simply used the figures of the horses killed for those of the men. Comment is unnecessary.

The *London Times* war correspondent, an eye witness, has described the charge of the Irish Brigade in the following language:

"To the Irish Brigade commanded by General Meagher was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburg and forming, under the withering fire of the Confederate batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, towering immediately in the front. Never at Fontenoy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin, than during those six frantic dashes, which they directed

against the almost impregnable position of their foe. After witnessing the gallantry and devotion exhibited by his (Meagher's) troops and viewing the hillsides for acres strewn with their corpses, thick as autumnal leaves, the spectator can remember nothing but their desperate courage and regret that it was not exhibited in a holier cause. That any mortal men could have carried the position defended as it was, it seems idle to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence of what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battlefields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights on December 13, 1862."

Note the animus in the words "regret that it was not exhibited in a holier cause." We must bear in mind that the sympathy of the *London Times* was then with the Confederate side, and it welcomed the defeat of the Federal troops. May I ask what cause could be holier than the preservation of this Republic and the emancipation of 4,000,000 slaves?

The rifles behind those impregnable breastworks were the Georgia militia—a brigade mostly of Irish blood. Then it was Greek meets Greek. Diamond cut diamond. The Confederate and Federal Irish soldiers were proud of each other's valor and loyal to their respective sides.

The six heroic charges by Meagher's Brigade are admirably described by John Boyle O'Reilly in his famous poem on "Fredericksburg" from which I quote:

"The column has reeled—but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns, they reform and attack—
Six times they have done it, and six times retreated—
Twelve hundred they came, and two hundred go back;
Two hundred go back with the chivalrous story.
The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud,
A thousand lie dead—but their death was a glory,
That calls not for tears. The Green badges are proud.

"Bright honor be theirs, who for honor were fearless;
Who charged for the flag to the grim cannon's mouth.
And honor to them, who were true, though not tearless,
Who bravely, that day, kept the cause of the South;

The quarrel is done—God avert such another;
The lesson it brought we should evermore heed,
Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what creed."

General Burnside was in command of the Federal troops which consisted of 120,000 men, and General Robert E. Lee was in command of the Confederate troops consisting of 80,000. The Federal losses were 13,770, and the Confederate losses 5,400.

The fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg was commemorated in New York by a review and banquet given by the Sixty-ninth Regiment in honor of the thirty-five survivors of Meagher's Irish Brigade, nineteen of whom attended as the guests of honor. All of them are over seventy years of age.

Here is the list of those heroic veterans.

Col. James J. Smith, Major John Dwyer, Capt. John R. Nugent, Capt. John O'Connell, Capt. E. F. O'Connor, Capt. Henry Bates, Capt. William A. Peet, Capt. Charles Granger O'Grady, Dr. Richard E. Dowdall, Capt. W. L. D. O'Grady, Capt. Ed. M. Knox, Lieut. Thomas McGrath, Lieut. John Dillon, Lieut. Dennis Sullivan, Lieut. R. H. Birmingham, Sergt. John Lonergan, Sergt. Richard Finen, Sergt. Laurence Buckley, Sergt. John Dolan, William Sullivan, William Birmingham, R. R. Ryan, Patrick Tumulty, Ed. McGuinness, Joseph Hajen, Michael Sheehan, T. H. Baur, Michael Furfey, Michael O'Brien, William Lambert, Henry F. Mingey, Daniel J. Meagher, John F. Cleary, James McCran, and John A. Butler.

General Meagher's Irish Brigade carried the green flag beside the stars and stripes in every fight from Fair Oaks to Chancellorsville. The men who followed those colors recognized that they were the sons of a race of soldiers who never learned to yield. Meagher was the recipient of many well-deserved honors from the citizens of New York during his military career.

A Southern General at Malvern Hill exclaimed: "Here comes that damned green flag again." Meagher usually rode a beautiful white horse and was acknowledged an expert horseman. At that battle his horse was shot dead under him, riddled with a dozen bullets.

The Irish Brigade, on several battlefields of our Civil War,

recalled the palmiest days of Irish valor, and added laurels of immortal glory to the fame of the "Fighting Race."

In February, 1863, General Meagher wrote to the Secretary of War for permission to bring his brigade to New York to be recruited, but he did not receive the courtesy of a reply from the imperious Stanton, who was then intoxicated with the idea that he was a greater man than Lincoln. Stanton and Halleck dominated the War Department and made several political generals.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, Meagher again appealed in vain to be allowed to recruit the remnant of his command. Then self-respect compelled him to tender his resignation, which was officially accepted on May 14, 1863. Colonel Patrick Kelly of the Eighty-eighth Regiment succeeded General Meagher in command of the Irish Brigade, which continued to follow the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac. We must not forget that President Lincoln fully appreciated the services and loyalty of the Irish Brigade, and none mourned his death more sincerely than did Meagher and the survivors of his command.

Meagher's bearing as a soldier and patriot all through his military career commanded the respect and admiration of all classes. His devotion to his men was highly praised on all sides. It had been alleged against him that he frequently exposed his brigade to unnecessary danger, but it was never asserted by friends or foes that he ever took his men into a dangerous position without being the first in and usually the last out. Death had no terror for Meagher and, like Brutus, he loved honor more than he feared death.

Compliance with orders is the first duty of a soldier or officer, and it was Meagher's proudest boast that he and his brigade never disobeyed an order, even when that order, as at Fredericksburg, meant wholesale slaughter caused by the incapacity and rashness of General Burnside.

Martial music has played a noble part in modern warfare. The effect of Irish music on Meagher's Brigade was sometimes marvelous. Among the most popular tunes with the Irish soldiers in the Union army were: "Garry Owen," "The Blackbird," "The Minstrel Boy," "Nora Crena," "Rory O'Moore" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

On one occasion General Meagher received a request from a

Confederate Commander at the front, that at the next concert, the band might play "Garry Owen." Meagher gladly complied with the request and ordered that the band play "Garry Owen" and several selections from Moore's Irish Melodies.

The brilliant description of the battle of Fair Oaks, by Meagher, proves conclusively that he possessed all the essential qualifications for a great war correspondent or military historian. That graphic description with his magnificent Boston speech were reproduced in full in Lyons' "Life of General Thomas Francis Meagher" which is out of print.

A collection of Meagher's speeches was published in New York in 1853, and ran through several editions. That volume contains most of his great orations, the choice product of his rich and rare mind. That also is out of print.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Francis Meagher and Henry Ward Beecher were generally acknowledged the foremost orators and best lecturers in the United States. Those three men did their full share to make the American flag, the flag of hope for mankind. Like Beecher, Meagher could electrify a great audience of opposing opinions, and, like Phillips, he could lead captive the most cultured gathering by the brilliancy of his classic oratory.

Chancellorsville was the last battlefield in which the remnant of the Irish Brigade fought under its old commander. Meagher loved the men of the Irish Brigade, and every man of the brigade loved and honored him. President Lincoln held General Meagher in very high estimation, and in the autumn of '64 the President appointed Meagher to an important command in the Army of Tennessee. Meagher took General Steadman's place, and was acting Major-General over a force of 15,000 men until January, 1865, which ended his military career.

General Meagher's last public appearance in New York was at a banquet given in Irving Hall, on the Fourth of July, 1865, to the returned soldiers and officers of the Irish Brigade. Meagher, as usual, delivered an eloquent speech which was applauded to the echo. A few days later he started for distant Montana, never to return.

During Meagher's career in Montana, as Secretary and Acting-Governor, he had to contend with a group of selfish politicians

and hireling agitators, a class of men for whom he had supreme contempt. It was the consensus of opinion throughout the territory that Governor Meagher discharged his duties with signal ability and absolute impartiality to Democrats and Republicans alike.

While Meagher was by choice and conviction a Jeffersonian Democrat, he was not one of those who would give to party what was meant for his adopted country. When he drew his sword in defence of the Union, as he himself said at Helena in 1866, he was a Democrat, he fought through the war as a Democrat and remained a Democrat. He fully realized that the title of American citizen was greater, higher and nobler than that of Democrat or Republican. Parties will come and go, but principles are immutable and eternal.

Thomas Francis Meagher, while discharging the duties of his office, was accidentally drowned in the Missouri River, near Fort Benton, Montana, on July 1, 1867. He had ridden thirty miles on horseback that day in a burning sun, and retired early that night. There was no railing on the guards opposite his stateroom door. When he came out on the deck, it is supposed he stumbled on a coil of rope, lost his balance and fell overboard. His body was never found.

John T. Doran was the last man who saw General Meagher alive. He was pilot on the steamer *G. A. Thompson*, and was speaking with Meagher twenty minutes before he fell overboard. He and Meagher were personal friends and knew each other in Ireland in 1848. The following extract from Mr. Doran's letter to Captain W. F. Lyons tells in graphic language how Meagher died. The letter is dated, St. Louis, December 16, 1869:

"I was pilot on the steamer *G. A. Thompson*, which arrived at Fort Benton, July 1, 1867. In the afternoon of that day, I discovered that General Meagher and staff were in the village. I immediately set out to meet him; he greeted me very warmly and we engaged in a long conversation. He told me that the object of this visit was to procure arms and equipment for a regiment he had already raised to fight against the Indians. He also spoke in the most tender and affectionate terms of his wife, residing at Helena, saying that in their mountain home they were as happy 'as two thrushes in a bush.'

"I invited him to dine with me on board the steamer. After dinner I handed him a copy of Gerald Griffin's 'Collegians,' which he perused with great attention. General Meagher retired about 9.30 p. m. I closed the door of his stateroom and went down on the lower deck. In less than twenty minutes I heard a splash in the dark waters below, immediately followed by the cry 'man overboard.' The engineer exclaimed: 'Doran, it's your friend!' To jump in would be almost instant death—water twelve feet deep and rushing at the rate of ten miles an hour. We rushed into the wheel of the steamer and lowered ourselves hip-deep in the water, clinging with our hands to the wheel, while others threw out ropes and boards, but all of no avail."

So died General Thomas Francis Meagher, the superb orator, the pure patriot, the brilliant scholar and gallant soldier. His public career was a stormy one, and his untimely death brought sorrow to countless thousands both in Ireland and in America.

On the morning of August 14, 1865, a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated in St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, for the repose of the soul of Thomas Francis Meagher, and on the evening of the same day a great memorial meeting was held in Cooper Union, at which Richard O'Gorman, the silver-tongued orator, and life-long friend of the deceased, delivered a most eloquent eulogy.

It was Meagher's nature never to forsake a friend or to desert a cause until he found the one was false, and the other was bad. Ireland should never forget him, because he gave her all he had and was true to her to the last. He risked all, as a patriotic citizen and gallant soldier, for this, the land of his adoption, and he died in the service of the Government of these United States in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Almost half a century has passed away since Meagher's death, yet there is no monument in our great Metropolis to commemorate his genius, patriotism and bravery. It is about time that the Irish of New York should erect a statue in some prominent place in this city, to the memory of Thomas Francis Meagher.

The very day that Thomas Francis Meagher landed on these shores he became *ipso facto* an American in the truest and best sense of the word. From that day until the hour of his death

no man ever questioned his Americanism or his loyalty and devotion to the institutions of his adopted country.

There are many men still living who followed General Meagher on many a hard-fought field. I have met some of those old veterans within the past few weeks, and it was a rare treat to hear them describe Meagher's leading characteristics—his moral and physical courage, his wondrous eloquence, his lofty ideals and pure patriotism.

In conclusion, Thomas Francis Meagher, take him all in all, was one of the most gifted Irishmen that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean. He was indeed a magnificent type of the patriotism, the chivalry and the genius of the old Celtic race. In his youth he drank deeply at the fountain of Biblical and classical learning.

In later years Meagher's mind was well stored with the political wisdom of Burke and Jefferson, and thoroughly saturated with all the graces of ancient and modern literature. He possessed keen sensibility, vivid imagination, extensive erudition, sparkling wit, noble enthusiam and high ideals. His eloquence was like the song of Orpheus. The classic purity and poetic imagery of his oratory will bear favorable comparison with that of Grattan. He was in many respects the Cicero of Ireland, but he was, above and beyond all, the very soul of honor. There was no line long enough or broad enough to shut out his sympathies from suffering humanity, or to prevent him from espousing the cause of human liberty in every land beneath the stars.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF IRISH HISTORY.

ADDRESS BY FORMER CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH F. O'CONNELL OF BOSTON AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 11, 1913.

The Gaels came to Ireland, a lettered people, 1699 years before the Christian era, and 1200 years before Herodotus was born. In three centuries afterwards they established a senatorial form of government, under the leadership of Ollamh Fodla (Ol-lav foa-la), the great Irish law-giver, a system not yet improved on

in the world. This was more than six hundred years before Romulus and his horde erected a number of mud huts on the river Tiber, where Rome now stands.

Of the sepulchral monuments erected to the memory of their illustrious dead, since the Gaels came to Ireland down to the Christian era, there is a record of every one of them in the ancient literature of the country; even the age, pedigree, and history of every individual over whom one was erected.

Similar monuments were erected in every country of Europe, in the same era, but no nation of Europe, not even Greece, has one word about any of them. Also, students of Gaul intended for the Druidical Order, according to Caesar, were sent to the British Islands to finish their education.

These facts prove that Ireland, which excelled in the literary line in the British Islands, in the far back past was the school of Europe before the Christian era, as well as after it; and that, as a consequence, the Irish led Europe in civilization in those days. It is safe to say that no other nation on earth, today, can produce such a record of civilization and antiquity as the above, and yet the Irish race, as a rule, know nothing of it. Unfortunately, they have a different picture of their ancestors.

Henry II., King of England in the 12th century, coveted Ireland, which he misrepresented to the Pope, who was then an Englishman. Geraldus Cambrensis, the right hand man of the king, went to Ireland and in five years wrote two books, "The Topography of Ireland," and "The Conquest of Ireland." In these two books he maligned and slandered the Irish race in order to support the misrepresentations of that race, to the Pope, already made.

Every century after that produced English writers who followed the example of Cambrensis. The English writer, Hume, says: "The Irish from the beginning of time had been buried in the most profound barbarism and ignorance."

The calumnies, however, were confined to manuscripts until the opening of the 17th century. Camden compiled the writings of all English scribes who preceded himself, and published them in the Latin language, in Frankfort in Germany, in 1602, under the title of "Our Ancient Historians."

This work was immediately afterwards translated into every

language of continental Europe; and, as it contains the slanders of English writers on the Irish race, as well as the other writings of their respective authors, said slanders are known to all European nations for the last three centuries and are, as a natural consequence, prejudicial to our interests as a race, wherever located.

Owing to the migrations of the different peoples of continental Europe, those calumnies on the Irish race are well-nigh universal today, and our neighbors in this country from continental Europe take it for granted that English writers told the truth about our ancestors, in the absence of any determined effort by us from a race standpoint, in three centuries, to refute the calumnies.

When Camden's publication reached Ireland three centuries ago, Irish writers wrote in refutation of the slanders on their ancestors, but owing to the suppression of Irish civilization then, their efforts went for nought. When will the race in America assert itself and proclaim the truth to the world?

It is really criminal on our part, in free America, to show such indifference towards the vindication of our slandered sires, especially now, as proofs of ancient Irish civilization will soon appear in "The Travels of the Gaels," which will be published in the course of this year; and which is the most ancient and authentic document in Europe, perhaps in the world.

The first practical step to take is to establish a weekly newspaper for teaching our people the history of their race, in the English language which they know; and all other necessary qualifications will eventually follow that teaching.

And when our people will get thus educated on the right lines, not only weeklies will spring up in the large centres of population, but also dailies, by degrees; as we are to-day patronizing daily papers that are reiterating the calumnies of English writers before our eyes; and when remonstrated with, relative thereto, will tell us that they are right, and that they have books that tell them so.

They are right in saying that they have such books, for those books are numerous. Therefore, we as a race have Herculean work before us in refuting those misrepresentations and in placing our race in the proper light before the world; and the sooner that work is commenced, the better.

A knowledge of the Irish language will doubtless follow this propagandist work in the English language by the Irish race in America, and as a result, education in the American nation will benefit thereby.

There are over 5,000 words of the English vocabulary unaccounted for by English lexicographers, perhaps four times that number only partially explained, and a large percentage with false etymology—all of which the Irish language will explain.

That language will also shed light on the era of civilization that preceded the Greeks, and remove the mystic veil from Grecian and Roman, mythology. Consequently, a knowledge of the Irish language will enable the American nation to reach a stage in education which it could never obtain otherwise.

So the Irish race in America, by preserving the Irish language and becoming familiar with its idioms and peculiarities, and with Irish literature, will be benefactors to the American nation from an educational point of view.

MAINE—EXTRACTS FROM THE EARLY CHURCH RECORDS OF THAT PORTION OF THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY NOW THE STATE OF MAINE.

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN

From the Marriage Registers of the First Congregational Church, Scarborough, Me.

Samuel Winch and Alice MacCarty, June 21, 1736.
L. Kenney and Mary Crockett, July 12, 1739.
George Parcher and Patience Carroll, October 18, 1739.
Joseph Stevens and Mary Magoun, November 16, 1739.
Henry McKenney and Hannah Bragdon, January 24, 1757.
James McKenney and Martha Noble, June 6, 1765.
Christopher Kelley and Elizabeth Farnum, October 22, 1763.
Nicholas Hearn and Hannah Harmon, December 8, 1761.
Robert McLaughlin and Hannah McKenney, November 28, 1759.
Peter Kelley and Lydia Milliken, April 9, 1764.

James Elliot and Martha Obrian, September 28, 1762.
Benjamin Batch and Joanna Obrian, March 12, 1765.
Jonathon Mooney and Patience Gold, August 5, 1770.
Thomas Cain and Mary Cassel, June 10, 1784.
Charles Kelly and Judith Wilber, November 17, 1791.
Benjamin Hains and Lydia McDoniel, April 20, 1792.
Samuel Meserve and Elizabeth McDonal, January 19, 1797.
William McGile and Mary Jones, November 29, 1797.

Baptisms at the Presbyterian Church, Scarborough, Me.

Jane Harrison, daughter of John and Mary McCarty, September 26, 1773.
John, son of Christopher and Elizabeth Kelly, October 6, 1782.
Charles, son of Robert and Martha McLaughlin, March 8, 1799.

Marriages at Falmouth, Me., Solemnized by Revd. Ephraim Clark, Pastor of the Second Parish.

Richard McDoogle and Mary Patrick, January 27, 1763.
Alexander McLellan and Elizabeth Kennedy, June 19, 1764.
John Ryan and Molly Miller, January 22, 1767.
John Dugin and Louisa Ray, August 2, 1767.
John McCarthy and Mary Miller, April 21, 1768.
Samuel Johnson and Elizabeth McCoy, August 28, 1790.
John Wheeler and Martha Welch, November 29, 1790.
Fergus Hagen and Jane Johnson, May 23, 1771.
Matthew Donnell and Sarah Cash, July 18, 1771.
Patrick Maxwell and Katherine Webb, January 8, 1773.
Patrick Irish and Ann Jordan, July 29, 1773.
John McCaffery and Elizabeth Thorndike, July 22, 1782.
Jeremiah Hagerty and Jenny Blair, September 4, 1785.
Daniel Collins and Ruth Maxwell, November 6, 1791.

Marriages of Early Settlers on the Kennebeck (from the Town Books of Hallowell, Me.).

Levi Powers and Mary Chace, October 2, 1764.
Paul Kenny and Elizabeth Tibbets, July 8, 1765.

Paul Higgins and Margaret McCausland, September 27, 1767.
Mr. McCarty and Widow Daley, September 18, 1771.
George Fitzgerald and Eleanor Chace, November 21, 1771.
Samuel Quinn and Hannah Brown, May 2, 1774.
Galamiel Gerould and Lydia Connery, July 14, 1774.

MARRIAGES AT KITTERY, ME., BY REVD. JOHN NEWMARCH.

John Dealin and Mary Rice, July 17, 1715.
Roger Mitchel and Bridget Couch, August 17, 1720.
Patrick Gooking and Mary Rogers, April 5, 1722.
James Mackartne and Mary Starrett, November 26, 1723.

FROM "THE BOOK OF ENTRY OF INTENTIONS OF MARRIAGE IN GEORGETOWN, ME."

Patrick Mehanney and Jane Grase, January 7, 1743.
Ignatius Jordan and Mary McFadien, April 10, 1747.
Timothy Roak and Margarate McCarty, August 19, 1747.
William Walis and Jane Kelly, July 16, 1750.
John Clary and Jane Mehanney, July 24, 1750.
William Kelly and Catrin Brown, October 29, 1750.
Andrew McFadien and Abegel Mustard, June 30, 1750.
George McKenny and Sarah Tarr, July 1, 1752.
John Whalan and Mary Spratt, May 26, 1751.
Andrew Pearsey and Ann Gillmore, October 18, 1752.
Edward Coffey and Catrin Kelly, February 19, 1754.
Stephen Kelly and Sarah Glover, July 8, 1754.
Samuel Meloney and Mary Sedgly, September 14, 1754.
Thomas Hegen and Mary Holland, November 16, 1754.
Pearse Denning and Hanah McMahon, February 5, 1755.
Matthew McKenny and Hanah McFadien, April 23, 1755.
Morris Fling and Elizabeth Conway, September 23, 1755.
Marke Welch and Hanah McMahan, October 29, 1755.
Thomas Carrel and Juda Briant, November 12, 1755.
John McKune and Mary McFarling, January 5, 1756.
Thomas McKeney and Hanah Harnden, January 3, 1756.

Joseph Mackintire and Sarah Wales, November 13, 1756.
Patrick Worl and Jude Cliff, October 29, 1756.

Marriages at Brunswick, Me.

Nathaniel Kilpatrick and Abigail Higgins, February 11, 1786.
Patrick Connelly and Dorcas Blake, May 14, 1789.

Marriages at Gorham, Me.

John McQuillan and Abigail Cook, May 4, 1784.
Samuel Tobin and Margaret Legro, April 2, 1789.

Marriages at First Congregational Church, Biddeford, Me.

John McGrath and Margaret Campbell, January 11, 1770.
Joshua Murphy and Sarah Smith, September 24, 1772.
John Dergen and Betty Brown, February 7, 1777.

Marriages at Topsham, Me., solemnized by Esquire John Merrill.

William Bourk and Mary Parker, June 29, 1776.
John Jones and Abigail Kenny, January 9, 1777.
John McManus and Elizabeth McDaniel, August 22, 1782.
David Cunningham and Elizabeth Potter, April 8, 1784.
Hugh Wilson and Mariah Duggon, February 27, 1785.
Hezekiah Bryant and Joanna Kelley, July 20, 1785.
William Hogan and Salome Stewart, June 22, 1786.
William Higgins and Sarah House, September 12, 1787.
John Dugan and Mary Orr, December 12, 1787.
Thomas Dugan and Cloe Trufant, March 23, 1788.
James Wilson and Elizabeth Macgraw, March 20, 1788.
Thomas Town and Susanna Haley, February 17, 1788.
Robert McManus and Elenor Combes, April 29, 1794.

NAMES SELECTED FROM THE MARRIAGE, BAPTISMAL AND OTHER RECORDS OF LIMINGTON AND LIMERICK, ME., AND VICINITY, AT VARIOUS PERIODS PRIOR TO THE REVOLUTION:

Ryan.	McCoy.	Higgins.
Corcoran.	Welsh.	Hagerty.
McCarthy.	McCaffrey.	Corbett.
Dugin.	Kelley.	Moore.
Fitzgeral.	Mulligan.	McCannen.
McMahon.	Magoun.	McCroah.
Crowley.	Tobin.	Daly.
Powers.	Kenney.	Quin.
Connery.	Burke.	Hogan.
Carroll.	Barry.	Sullivan.
Connelly.	McQuillan.	McGrath.
Costigan.	Murphy.	Connor.
McManus.	McNamara.	Mooney.
Carney.		

FROM YORK COUNTY, ME., RECORDS.

"Thomas Crowley and wife, Joanna, had a daughter, Arpira Sayward, who had a son, Samuel, born about 1668."

"17 March, 1679, Roger Kelly and Andrew Dyamont (Diamond) are empowered with any one of the magistrates of this Province to hold Court on Isles of Shoals."

"John Mulligan of Scarborough claims in right of his wife, Elisabeth Mulligan," etc., that they "sold a tract of land beginning at ye north of the river called Blew point" etc. . . . in the year 1651"—(Book of Eastern Claims, Vol., 5).

"Dennis Munrough claimed 50 acres at Falmouth by assignment of a deed of gift of Thomas Brackett"—(Provincial Records, April 7, 1685).

"Teage Clarke of Wells, Me.," is also mentioned in York County records of the year 1681 in connection with land transactions with Thomas Brackett.

EARLY SETTLERS AND LANDOWNERS AT BRUNSWICK, ME., COLLECTED FROM RECORDS OF DEEDS, DEPOSITIONS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS.

Andrew Dunning (from Ireland), 1717.
Thomas Flemin, 1717.
Patrick Hamilton, 1717.
David Givien (from Ireland), 1719.
Patrick Drummond, 1738.
Hugh White, 1739.
Charles Cassida, 1739.
John Drisco (Driscoll), 1739.
Moses Drisco (Driscoll), 1739.
James Hewey, 1739.
James Jordan, 1739.
John Jordan, 1739.
Isaac McKenny, 1739.
John Farrin, 1755.
John Givien (from Ireland), 1755.
Robert Givien (from Ireland), 1755.
James McManus, 1764.

EARLY SETTLERS AND LANDOWNERS AT TOPSHAM, ME., COLLECTED FROM RECORDS OF DEEDS, DEPOSITIONS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS.

Daniel Carr, 1717.
Captain Carney, 1731.
Andrew Kennedy, 1731.
Patrick Wall, 1735.
John Dunlap (from Ireland), 1738.
Robert Dunlap (from Ireland), 1731.
John Haley, 1768.

EARLY SETTLERS AND LANDOWNERS AT HARPSWELL, ME., COLLECTED FROM RECORDS OF DEEDS, DEPOSITIONS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS.

Gideon Conner, 1731.
William Condy, 1733.
Andrew Dunning, 1757.
——— Fitzgerald, 1748.
William Hasey, 1755.
——— Whelan, 1752.
Elisha Kenney, 1738.
William McNess, 1738.
Edward Melone, 1738.
William Magraw, 1740.
Michael Sennett, 1775.

PIONEER SETTLERS AT PITTSTON, ME.—FROM THE TOWN RECORDS, 1781 TO 1785.

Paul Kenny.	James McCausland.	Thomas Moore.
Stephen Kenny.	Henry McCausland.	Peter Darby.
Martin Hailey.	Andrew McCausland.	Philip Roach.
Joseph Hailey.	Daniel Ring.	Dan Kelly.
Andrew McLeo.	John Hailey.	Thomas Ward.

SETTLERS AT WISCASSET, ME., 1786 TO 1796.

Florence McCarthy.	John Ryan.	John Noonan.
James Kavanough.	William Murphy.	Peter McCalhim.
Hannah McSweeney.	Thomas McTaggin.	

MILITIA COMPANY RAISED AT BRUNSWICK AND TOPSHAM, ME., IN 1723, FOR THE INDIAN WAR. TOTAL ROSTER, 32 MEN, OF WHOM THE FOLLOWING ARE RECORDED AS "BORN IN IRELAND."

James McBride.	William Stevenson, Jr.	David Dunning, Jr.
David McCluer.	James Harper.	Andrew Dunning.
James Stevenson.	John Harper.	John Cochran.
James Stevenson, Jr.	David Dunning.	William Cochran.
William Stevenson.		

BRUNSWICK, ME., MILITIAMEN, YEAR 1727.

Maurice Fitzgerald.	Owen Denny.	James Dunning.
James McCoshlin.	Samuel McFarlan.	

BRUNSWICK, ME., MILITIAMEN, YEAR 1735.

Charles Cassiday and Philip Cooney.

BRUNSWICK, ME., MILITIAMEN, YEAR 1757.

Michael Maher.	Robert Giveen.	Andrew Dunning.
John Hacket.	James Dunning.	Robert Dunning.
Michael Carney.	John Dunning.	

FROM MUSTER ROLL OF CAPTAIN JOHN PARKER'S MILITIA COMPANY, ORGANIZED AT GEORGETOWN, ME., IN 1757.

Thomas McFaden.	John Dunn.	Dennis Rian.
Andrew McFaden.	Matthew McKenney.	John Quin.
Daniel McFaden.	MatthewMcKenney,Jr.	Mark Walsh.
Nathaniel McMahon.	George McKenney.	Michael Shion.
Michael McMahon.	Joseph McIntire.	Michael Doyle.
Francis McMahon.	Timothy McKurk.	John Wealan.
George McCobb.	William Kelly.	Thomas Carrol.
James McCobb.	Timothy Reardon.	

EMIGRANTS "FROM IRELAND" TO GORHAM, ME., DURING LAST HALF OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Hugh McLellan.	Dennis Larry.	John Butler Ryan.
Francis Morrissey.	James Larry.	Dennis Mulloy.
John Hearn.	Joseph Higgins.	Mich'l Guthrie.
Thomas Bolton.	James Gilkey.	Thomas Guthrie.
John Motley.	John McQuillan.	Robert Lowrey.

FROM ROSTER OF WARREN, ME., MILITIA COMPANY, RAISED FOR INDIAN WAR IN 1756.

Robert Mathews,	Hugh Carr.	Charles Conner.
"from Ireland."	John McCarter.	George Conden.
Owen Madden.	Thomas Carney.	Dennis Connary.
Michael Rawley.	John Cargill.	

PIONEERS OF NORRIDGEWOCK AND CANAAN, ME. (1778).

John O'Neil.	John Malloy.	George Fitzgerald.
John McLaughlin.	Thomas McFadden.	John Connor.
Sylvanus Kelley.	James McCrellis.	Thomas Barry.
John McGraugh.	Andrew McCrellis.	John Cragin.
John Costallow.	Lawarance Costagan.	Henry McKeny.
Michael Thornton.		

MASSACHUSETTS, TOWNS OF STOUGHTON AND CANTON—BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND INTENTIONS OF MARRIAGE FROM THE ORIGINAL RECORDS OF,

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

Births.

Timothy Kenny, son of Timothy and Anna Kenny, April 16, 1762.

Eunice Kenny, daughter of John and Mary Kenny, July 22, 1764.

Mary Madden, daughter of John and Charity Madden, August 7, 1765.

Rufus Kilpatrick, son of Samuel and Jerusha Kilpatrick, May 4, 1766.

Sarah Gill, daughter of Benjamin and Bethiah Gill, January 24, 1767.

Lydia Kenny, daughter of John and Ruth Kenny, November 7, 1767.

John Madden, son of John and Charity Madden, September 12, 1768.

Elijah Kenny, son of Silas and Lydiah Kenny, August 31, 1769.

Molly Gill, daughter of Benjamin and Bethiah Gill, May 30, 1769.

Sarah Kenny, daughter of Silas and Lydiah Kenny, December 2, 1770.

Andrew Kilpatrick, son of William and Deborah Kilpatrick, July 29, 1770.

Elizabeth Madden, daughter of John and Charity Madden, April 20, 1770.

John Kenny, son of John and Ruth Kenny, July 31, 1771.

John Gill, son of Benjamin and Bethiah Gill, March 11, 1772.

Charity Madden, daughter of John and Charity Madden, February 22, 1772.

Sarah Pendergrass, daughter of John and Olive Pendergrass, March 12, 1772.

Caty Madden, daughter of John and Charity Madden, February 2, 1775.

Nathan Kenny, son of John and Ruth Kenny, April 5, 1775.

Eunice Kenny, daughter of Nathaniel and Eunice Kenny, January 15, 1776.

David Kenny, son of David and Mary Kenny, November 28, 1777.

William Madan, son of John and Charity Madan, October 25, 1777.

Nancy Pendergrass, daughter of John and Olive Pendergrass, July 23, 1798.

Marriages.

Levi Horton and Anna Kenny, March 8, 1758.

Comfort Whyton and Grace McFadden, July 28, 1758.

Benjamin Carrell and Judith Ingraham, September 22, 1759.

John Coney or Cooney and Keziah Holmes, March 31, 1763.

Isaac Pratt and Mary Cooney, October 1, 1768.

Isaac Billings and Mary McKindry, May 20, 1769.

Timothy Reynolds and Rebeckah Tolman, June 15, 1769.

John Pendergrass and Olive Linkhorn, November 15, 1771.

James McFadding and Methebile Wentworth, August 29, 1772.

David Kenny and Mary Taunt, October 29, 1774.

John Dailey, and Hannah Attleton November 12, 1774.

John Fadden and Mary Billings, February 11, 1775.

Edward Sheil and Elizabeth Wilks, October 20, 1776.

Michail McDaniel and Abigail Wood, July 15, 1781.

Enoch Wentworth and Sarah Kenny, April 12, 1782.

Samuel Whitington and Ruth Kenny, August 31, 1784.

Samuel Kenny and Elizabeth Shaller, August 29, 1787.

John Kenney and Hannah Babcock, September 29, 1793.

William FitzGerald of Roxbury and Elizabeth Spare, 2d, November 22, 1794.

Enoch Penniman and Kate Madden, January 14, 1794.

William FitzJerald and Elizabeth Spurr, January 5, 1795.

Zebulon Beans and Betsey Kenny, September 2, 1797.

Joseph Fenno and Eliza Carrel, July 2, 1811.

Laban Jackson and Mary Hickey, October 18, 1812.

Clifford Belcher and Mary McKendry, October 14, 1813.

John Gerrald* and Ruth McKendry, December 14, 1817.
James Gill and Merriam French, October 17, 1818.

In 1814, the names of Patrick Lambert, Gregory Doyle, James Kavanaugh, Peter Ledwith and Thomas Riley were certified to be members of the Roman Catholic Church at Canton, by Bishop John Chevrus of Boston.

NEW YORK, ORANGE COUNTY, NEW WINDSOR—RECORD OF BAPTISMS AND MARRIAGES IN THE SESSION BOOK OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

Baptisms.

Patrick McDaniel, son of Hugh McDaniel, November 23, 1774.
Elizabeth McConnell, daughter of John McConnell, July 22, 1782.
Malcom McConnell, son of John McConnell, April 12, 1784.
"A child for John Keley," March 26, 1786.
"Two children for Henry Keley," March 26, 1786.
Caty Gillespy, daughter of Benjamin Gillespy, May 10, 1795.
Catherine McCauley, daughter of John McCauley, June 12, 1796.

Marriages.

David McCamley and Phebe Sands, May 10, 1774.
Timothy Curwin and M. Jeene, September 17, 1775.
Benjamin Kelley and Elizabeth Vollantine, March 26, 1776.
Thomas McDowel and Elizabeth Hodge, December 12, 1776.
Cornelius Devoe and Sarah Strachan, December 11, 1776.
Henry Jaquish and Molly Casaday, December 24, 1776.
William Maharry and Mary Fullman, March 10, 1777.
Zopher June and Elizabeth Lyons, July 18, 1777.

*Son of William FitzGerald, who married Elizabeth Spare on November 22, 1794. FitzGerald was a soldier of the Revolution. All of his descendants spell their name "Gerrald" or "Jerrald."

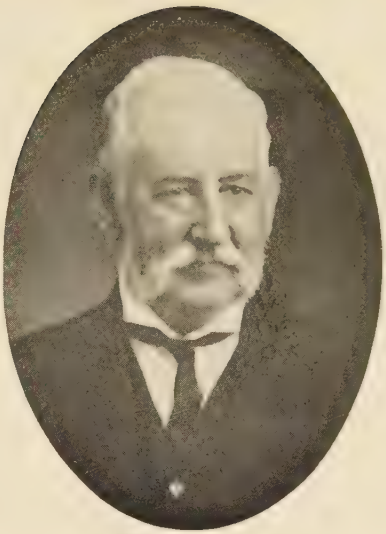
Barnibas Curwin and Elenor Ferigin, August 17, 1778.
Jedidiah Cary and Mary Maggee, October 1, 1778.
Michael Smith and Mary Barrett, August 24, 1778.
Matthew McMullin and Martha Lennox, January 3, 1779.
James Strachan and Martha McMasters, May 18, 1779.
John McConnel and Genny Lyons, May 30, 1780.
Daniel Keley and Hannah Lyonson, November 2, 1780.
Michael Syllaven and Anna Wood, March 15, 1781.
Scudder Newman and Mary Lynch, March 26, 1781.
Patrick Ford and Elizabeth Chase, March 4, 1782.
James McWilliams and Mary Martin, July 14, 1782.
William Bayly and Sarah Linch, August 15, 1782.
William Tallman and Isabella McMullen, November 14,1782.
Christopher McClue and Katurah Brown, December 10, 1783.
John Dunnehee and Fanny Weeb, July 25, 1784.
Nathaniel Brown and Mary McMullen, January 22, 1784.
James Lynch and Violet Willis, February 7, 1785.
Patrick McCue and Lena Kelve, August 24, 1785.
Peter Donely and Nancy Stilwell, June 25, 1786.
William Ryley and Peggy Frederick, January 1, 1787.
Henry Cropsey and Bridget McDonald, March 1, 1787.
John Vanduzer and Margaret McMullen, April 13, 1789.
Daniel Wright and Rachel Carney, April 20, 1791.
Peter Brown and Margaret McBride, January 2, 1791.
Samuel McClaughlin, and Vashti White, September 19, 1792.
Charles Burret and Elizabeth Kerraghan, November 9,1792.
James Burret and Mary Carnaughan, November 1, 1793.
Alexander Kernaughan and Jane Walsh, May 9, 1793.
Samuel Seaman and Mary McMehil, November 7, 1794.
Joanas Seamens and Hannah McCane, February 10, 1796.

RHODE ISLAND, NEWPORT—MARRIAGES FROM THE TOWN RECORDS.

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

Adam Casey and Mary Greenman, March 8, 1705.
James Carey and Bridget Pocock, December 1, 1705.
Humphrey Cockran and Deborah Hicksman, April 24, 1714.

VERY REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY,
C.S.C., D.D., LL.D.,
Vice-President of the Society for Indiana.



JOSEPH WINTER, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Australia.

MAJOR GEORGE P. AHERN (Ret.) U.S.A.,
Vice-President of the Society for the
Philippine Islands.

D. G. O'SHEA, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Montana.

Samuel Dunn and Anne Clarke, November 28, 1718.
George Kelley and Rachel Ladd, February 15, 1719.
John Casey and Elizabeth Hix, April 17, 1719.
James McSparran and Hannah Gardner, May 23, 1722.
William Cook and Katherine Fallon, August 20, 1723.
Patrick Brinan and Penelope Baker, July 8, 1723.
Francis Boilan and Elizabeth McIntosh, September 7, 1724.
Robert Kelley and Leah Coull, May 26, 1726.
John Casey and Mary Stanton, February 9, 1726.
John East and Jean Murphy, February 2, 1726.
John Hodgen and Elizabeth Coill, December 5, 1729.
John Brisks and Mary Bourns, November 14, 1731.
John Murfey and Mary Casside, March 1, 1732.
Joseph Weeden and Elizabeth Higgins, December 13, 1732.
John Bourk and Jane Huel, September 16, 1733.
Richard Moore and Hannah Clark, January 9, 1734.
Peter Bowden and Mary Rilee, September 12, 1734.
Edward Dalley and Catherine Reynolds, October 5, 1735.
Bryan Macdonald and Bethia Chase, October 20, 1737.
John Cottrell and Barbara Wickham, January 28, 1736.
James Gallagher and Bathseda Fairchild, March 21, 1736.
———Ba——— and Elijah Heffernan, April 25, 1737.
Ebenezer Murphy and Mercy Reynolds, December 13, 1739.
Michael Sullivan and Elizabeth High, March 19, 1740.
John Lashley and Katherine McKane, June 19, 1740.
Nathaniel Casey and Elizabeth Wanton, June 14, 1740.
William Dunbar and Jane Maguire, August 23, 1741.
John Courtney and Lydia Burley, November 9, 1741.
Robert Odlin and Mary Connor, September 26, 1742.
Patrick Farrell and Rachel Beere, January 14, 1742.
John Mulholland and Elizabeth Cooper, September 29, 1742.
Dennis Ward and Ann Burnett, April 4, 1742.
John Rourk and Ann Drower, January 23, 1742.
Joseph Towne and Mary Corbet, November 30, 1742.
Lawrence Coleman and J. Collins, December 10, 1742.
Patrick Rogers and Eleanor Dowling, October 29, 1742.
Patrick Delaney and Margaret McFarling, October 29, 1742.
Thomas Chadwick and Bridget Mehany, December 1, 1743.
Edward Murfee and Catherine Fitzgerald, October 25, 1743.

Henry Sowle and Barbara Cottrell, May 1, 1743.
Thomas Hermon and Mary Powers, November 1, 1744.
Timothy Eagan and Hester Wilson, September 1, 1745.
John Coady and Eleanor Keith, June 29, 1745.
James Murphy and Martha Pitman, June 29, 1746.
John Maccallen and Mary Avery, October 19, 1746.
Daniel MacGowan and ——— Donnelly, April 13, 1747.
John Viale and Elizabeth Donelly, April 13, 1747.
John Donelly and Jane Mence, August 12, 1747.
Jonathon Hart and Margaret Lawless, October 29, 1747.
William Byrn and Jemima Jant, May 11, 1747.
Joseph Murphy and Martha Pitman, April 13, 1747.
George Kelley and Elizabeth Cody, February 23, 1747.
James Roach and Elizabeth Fleming, July 24, 1748.
Patrick Durfey and Elizabeth Lacy, January 17, 1748.
James Young and Mary Dawley, September 7, 1749.
Robert Lamb and Mary Power, December 1, 1751.
Elisha Newcomb and Elizabeth O'Brien, January 15, 1751.
John Dunn and Sarah Squire, May 27, 1751.
William McKean and Ann Fisher, June 3, 1751.
Patrick Canfill and Miriam Powers, October 15, 1752.
Thomas McClure and Elizabeth Covil, March 12, 1752.
John Gill and Sarah Sweet, November 25, 1753.
Thomas Jones and Mary Higgins, September 9, 1753.
Nicholas Verrier and Mary Talley, May 27, 1753.
Thomas Collins and Elizabeth Durfey, November 27, 1753.
Richard Partellow and Eleanor Shean, October 20, 1754.
John Dyer and Mary Hickey, October 25, 1754.
Walter Chapman and Elizabeth Dunn, July 10, 1754.
Edward Connor and Patience ———, March 20, 1755.
William Connor and Margaret Bourke, May 25, 1755.
Thomas Cogin and Mary Holston, November 16, 1755.
Jeremiah Heffenan and Elizabeth MacKee, October 26,1755.
Thomas Collins and Margaret Bourke, May 29, 1756.
John Dwyer and Elizabeth McDaniel, October 10, 1756.
John Brown and Mary Kelley, March 13, 1756.
Edward Pye and Deborah Bourke, January 4, 1756.
Michael Ryan and Leah Kelley, August 12, 1756.
William Cowdrey and Mary Murphy, August 8, 1756.

William Sutleff and Eleanor Donahue, July 20, 1758.
John Megee and Phebe Fairchild, August 3, 1758.
——— Ross and Katherine McGowan, October 10, 1758.
John Wyatt and Martha Magrah, November 22, 1759.
Ephraim Abrahams and Mary Maguire, January 30, 1759.
Richard Durfey and Sarah Read, April 8, 1759.
John Roach and Abigail Comming, September 6, 1760.
James Bradley and Elizabeth Dwyer, September 21, 1760.
John Fairbanks and Ann Heffernan, April 27, 1760.
Gideon Casey and Eldridge ———, May 11, 1760.
William Moore and Peace Borden, March 16, 1760.
James Bourke and Eleanor Whitney, June 25, 1761.
John Dunn and Sarah James, August 21, 1762.
Joseph Lanahan and ——— ———, December 12, 1762.
Edward Kenney and Patience Chadwick, November 24, 1762.
Nathaniel Locke and Mary Burke, July 30, 1763.
Thomas Underwood and Sarah Lawless, July 24, 1764.
John Robinson, "of Ireland," and Mary Cowdrey, November 15, 1764.
Thomas Chadwick and Deborah Bourk, August 11, 1765.
John Casey and Hannah Weaver, July 4, 1765.
Andrew McCorrie and Ann Chase, October 27, 1765.
Robinson Kelley and Phebe Howard, January 30, 1766.
William Banon and Ann Humphrey, December 5, 1766.
Daniel Dunham and Amy Murphy, October 16, 1766.
John Casey and Hannah Coggeshall, January 11, 1767.
Lawrence Carroll and Susanna Holden, June 19, 1768.
Thomas Cox and Katherine Broderick, March 23, 1772.
David Hayes and Mary Whitehouse, March 2, 1772.
John Gainer and Susanna McMain, January 28, 1774.
Benjamin Dunham and Barbara Whalen, January 30, 1774.
Thomas Holland and Mary Dwyar, June 1, 1775.
Patrick Welsh and Grace Gregory, June 26, 1775.
Thomas Buckley and Sarah Pugh, June 14, 1777.
William Conroy and Elizabeth Brown, November 23, 1778.
James Dillon and Sarah Dupoy, October 13, 1778.
James O'Brien and Margaret Dunton, November 23, 1778.
John Evans and Jane Joyce, March 11, 1778.
Christopher Brien and Rose Drogheda, October 29, 1784.

John McLaughlin and Elizabeth Brenton, May 15, 1785.
David Read and Anna McMahan, October 27, 1793.
Eleazer Read and Elizabeth Murphy, September 1, 1795.

SOUTH CAROLINA, CHARLES TOWN (NOW CHARLESTON)—ST. PHILIPS PARISH, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND BURIALS FROM THE REGISTER OF, 1720—1758.

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

Births.

Elizabeth McCune, daughter of James and Mary McCune, May 18, 1722.

William Moore, son of Roger and Catherine Moore, October 12, 1723.

William Kilpatrick, son of James and Elizabeth Kilpatrick, November 25, 1727.

Thomas Collins, son of John and Hannah Collins, January 16, 1731.

Sarah Hearn, daughter of John and Elizabeth Hearn, October 24, 1735.

George Higgins, son of George and Anne Higgins, August 17, 1736.

Patrick Duffey, son of Henry and Deborah Duffey, January 6, 1736.

John Dunn, son of John and Katherine Dunn, September 24, 1736.

Mary Kelly, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Kelly, June 3, 1736.

Mary Roche, daughter of Jordan and Rebecca Roche, August 18, 1737.

Sarah McCarty, daughter of William and Mary Anne McCarty, November 27, 1741.

John McCall, son of John and Martha McCall, March 20, 1741.

Ann Powers, daughter of Richard and Esther Powers, June 23, 1742.

Peter Rutledge, son of John and Sarah Rutledge, July 15, 1742.

Jane McLaughlan, daughter of Daniel and Catherine McLaughlan, February 3, 1747.

Henrietta Carroll, daughter of Charles and Easter Carroll, January 19, 1748.

Ann McQueen, daughter of John and Mary McQueen, December 21, 1749.

Mary Corbett, daughter of John and Mary Corbett, August 23, 1749.

Dennis Desmond, son of John and Martha Desmond, August 17, 1755.

Martha Kean, daughter of Martin and Martha Kean, July 23, 1735.

Francis Roche, son of Francis and Anne Roche, September 24, 1748.

Catherine Desmond, daughter of John and Martha Desmond, October 10, 1758.

MARRIAGES.

James McCune and Mary Goold, May 14, 1720.
Roger Moore and Catherine Rhett, October 10, 1721.
Thomas Farley and Mary Morrice, June 2, 1723.
John Fling and Judith Butler, January 22, 1724.
Francis Larkin and Martha Card, December 11, 1727.
Richard Murphy and Hannah Anderson, February 10, 1728.
Robert Collins and Elizabeth Waters, March 4, 1728.
Henry Coyle and Anne Young, March 14, 1729.
James Dalton and Katherine Martin, October 6, 1729.
John Scott and Hannah Fogartie, May 20, 1729.
Paul Cherright and Rebecca Magee, March 5, 1729.
John Moore and Elizabeth Smith, January 14, 1730.
Michael Moore and Martha Curran, June 6, 1731.
John Sullivant and Hesther Nelson, September 23, 1731.
Daniel Murphey and Jane Wilson, February 22, 1731.
Jacob Craggs and Mary Welsh, June 29, 1733.
John Mcacgilvery and Elizabeth Hassard, December 13, 1733.
Jordan Roche and Rebecca Brewton, February 16, 1733.
Stephen Shrewsbury and Catherine Driskill, June 10, 1734.
George Higgins and Anne Collis, July 21, 1734.

Nicholas Mullet and Mary Brown, October 24, 1735.
Michael Scully and Elizabeth Sergeant, September 8, 1735.
John Roche and Jane Romage, April 23, 1737.
Thomas Crotty and Jane Mackgrew, April 16, 1737.
John Deveaux and Sarah Sullivant, February 25, 1737.
Joseph Botsford and Bridget Hughes, May 23, 1738.
Kennedy Obryan and Mary Wigg, November 16, 1738.
Lionel Chambers and Martha Logan, January 30, 1738.
James Donohow and Judith Clark, August 2, 1739.
James Collins and Mary Thomson, January 3, 1739.
John Mackoy and Elizabeth Lee, March 22, 1739.
Samuel Macquoid and Abigail Goble, September 3, 1740.
William Mackartey and Ann Dennis, December 19, 1740.
Richard Powers and Esther Morgan, December 25, 1740.
Timothy Marr (Maher) and Mary Dawson, January 13, 1740.
Felix Byrn and Deborah Mackey, December 8, 1740.
George Galphin and Bridget Shaw, July 1, 1741.
John Moore and Elizabeth Moore, May 7, 1743
Robert Colley and Mary Kelly, June 8, 1745.
Michael Roche and Anne Glazebrook, August 31, 1745.
Maurice Keating and Mary Jones, November 19, 1745.
Peter Timothy and Ann Donovan, December 8, 1745.
John Finley and Eleanor Smith, October 2, 1745.
Peter Larey and Elizabeth James, April 14, 1746.
Francis Roche and Anne Simmons, August 12, 1746.
John Fitzgerald and Grace Butlar, February 15, 1746.
Daniel Roulain and Catherine McLaughling, February 19, 1746.
William Hart and Mary Coursey, February 20, 1746.
Thomas Colson and Mary O'Brian, March 3, 1746.
Hugh Dobbin and Ann Crese, June 5, 1747.
John Corbet and Mary Clifford, April 19, 1748.
Robert Keown and Elizabeth Harney, June 14, 1748.
Thomas Poock and Priscilla Dunn, June 21, 1748.
Peter Logan and Ann Langdon, March 30, 1749.
Alexander McGilvery and Mary Laroche, October 12, 1749.
William Welch and Rebecca Amey, July 31, 1751.
Patrick Reid and Elizabeth Cossens, April 6, 1753.
Patrick Hinds and Sarah Brush, October 8, 1752.
Nathaniel Coughlan and Margaret Fryley, November 30, 1752.

BURIALS.

John McGinney, June 28, 1720.
Hugh Duffey, September 23, 1720.
Johanna Hayes, July 3, 1723.
Elizabeth Barry, February 9, 1726.
Roger McLemorrow, April 29, 1726.
Sophia Haley, September 29, 1726.
Thomas Delaney, December 20, 1728.
William Sullavan, February 9, 1728.
Thomas Dunn, February 17, 1728.
William Kelly, October 22, 1730.
Thomas Macarty, July 23, 1732.
Honora Murphy, July 26, 1732.
Mary Daile, August —, 1732.
Michael Manning, September —, 1732.
John Mackonaway, October —, 1732.
John McNary, December 7, 1734.
Edward McKever, January 19, 1735.
Patrick Burn, July 24, 1735.
Lawrence McKay, November 25, 1735.
John Sexton, September 17, 1736.
Patrick Owen, Spetember 19, 1736.
Rebecca Roche, May 26, 1737.
Elizabeth Corbet, July 13, 1737.
Patrick Kerry, December 21, 1737.
John McNeil, December 31, 1737.
Dennis Molloy, March 28, 1738.
Maurice Welsh, July 20, 1738.
Thomas Kilpatrick, July 8, 1738.
Thomas Hayes, July 18, 1738.
John Dunn, July 27, 1738.
William Dunn, August 8, 1738.
Eliza. Sullivant, August 10, 1738.
Michael Butler, August 18, 1738.
Patrick Stephens, August 26, 1738.
Mary Harris Fogartie, September 17, 1738.
William Dougherty, October 16, 1738.
John Dunn, August 3, 1739.
John Barry, August 25, 1739.
Dennis Read, August 27, 1739.
John Moore, September 1, 1739.
Walter Welch, September 3, 1739.
Thomas Mallone, September 5, 1739.
Arthur Strahan, September 5, 1739.
John Rine, September 15, 1739.
John Carney, October 6, 1739.

Michael Burn, October 11, 1739.
Margrett Fitzgerald, October 31, 1739.
Daniel Carial, January 27, 1740.
Roger Gough, April 4, 1740.
Peter Bullger, May 29, 1740.
Catherine Murphy, July 27, 1740.
Mercy Murphy, September 27, 1740.
John Keene, October 8, 1740.
James Feregin, October 10, 1740.
Patrick Conyers, November 1, 1740.
Anne Roche, February 18, 1740.
Michael Rice, November 5, 1741.
Joyce Ford, November 19, 1741.
James Gibbons, March 5, 1742.
David McCall, March 11, 1742.
Rebecca Roche, July 15, 1742.
Miles Brandon, September 18, 1742.
Daniel Magrah, September 23, 1742.
John Carney, October 10, 1742.
Hannah Conner, October 19, 1742.
William Mc donnel, October 28, 1742.
Mary Obryan, December 1, 1742.
Patrick Magee, December 1, 1742.
Kennedy Obrien, January 17, 1742.
Ludovic Mcgoun, January 18, 1842.
Rebecca Mehoney, February 11, 1742.
Edward Kelly, October 18, 1745.
Ann Higgins, May 30, 1746.
Francis Mongin, June 8, 1746.
Redman Kating, June 10, 1746.
Patrick Rhine, June 12, 1746.
David Hailey, June 25, 1746.
Margaret Oheax, July 2, 1746.
Edward Toole, April 8, 1747.
Felix Burn, November 11, 1747
William Powers, May 11, 1748.
Bernard Ferrell, May 28, 1748.
Luke Fitzgerald, September 23, 1748.
Dennis McBride, March 16, 1748.
Edward Fitzgerald, March 30, 1748.
George McDay, April 24, 1749.
Jane McLaughlan, April 25, 1749.
John Powers, June 11, 1749.
Michael Dalton, June 2, 1749.
Thomas Logan, August 7, 1749.
John Fitzgerald, August 24, 1749.
Ann Kelly, October 1, 1749.
John Fitzgerald, January 4, 1750.
John Murphy, January 29, 1750.
Mary Swiney, May 26, 1751.

——— Gallagar, January 2, 1752.
Mary Hearn, May 21, 1752.
Jordan Roche, May 29, 1752.
William Murphy, December 23, 1752.
Patrick Marrow, December 5, 1852.
Catherine Dalton, June 20, 1753.
George Milligen, October 21, 1753.

VIRGINIA, MIDDLESEX COUNTY.—EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTER OF CHRIST CHURCH.

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

Christenings.

Bryan, son of Bryan and Hannah Harkins, February 20, 1663.
Cornelius, son of Bryan and Hannah Harkins, August 25, 1666.
John, son of John and Jane Burk, June 4, 1682.
John, son of John and Mary Burk, April 2, 1684.
Katherine, daughter of John and Margaret Collins, February 22, 1685.
Katherine, daughter of Richard and Winifrid Ffarrell, April 12, 1685.
Ann, daughter of Anthony and Eliza Dowlin, October 18, 1685.
Charles, son of Zachariah and Mary Mullens, November 14, 1686.
Sarah, daughter of Richard and Winifrid Ffarrell, December 19, 1686.
Phebias, daughter of John and Eliza Mackguire, March 29, 1687.
Elizabeth, daughter of Patrick and Mary Goodridge, June 12, 1687.
Mary, daughter of John and Elizabeth Macguire, April 28, 1689.
Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony and Elizabeth Dowlin, August 21, 1690.
Thomas, son of Patrick Quidley (Quigley), January 25, 1701.
Penelope, daughter of Anthony and Eliza. Dowlin, October 12, 1692.
Lettice, daughter of John and Mary Burk, October 29, 1693.
Thomas, son of Richard and Katherine Strauhan, February 1, 1705.
Elizabeth, daughter of John and Elizabeth Hickey, April 1, 1705.
Richard, son of Richard and Catherine Straughan, May 12, 1706.

William and John, sons of Patrick and Emary Owen, May 23, 1708.
Katherine, daughter of Patrick and Anne Mannell, February 9, 1706.
Nicholas, son of Thomas and Mary Burk, November 29, 1708.
Charles, son of John and Elizabeth Hickee, April 10, 1708.
Ann, daughter of Patrick and Rebecca Deagon, February 8, 1712.
Thomas, son of John and Alice Duggin, August 8, 1714.
Robert, son of John and Prudence Reagen, November 25, 1715.
Thomas, son of Jeffery and Mary Burk, October 5, 1716.
John, son of Patrick and Rebecca Deagle, November 25, 1716.
Mildred, daughter of John and Mary Riley, January 27, 1717.
Judith, daughter of William and Margrett Farrell, June 2, 1717.
Frances, daughter of John and Prudence Reaguin, September 29, 1717.
William, son of William and Rebecca Roach, January 26, 1718.
William, son of William and Hannah Cain, April 20, 1718.
John, son of John and Mary Pendergrass, June 1, 1718.
Sarah, daughter of Thomas and Mary Burk, November 2, 1718.
Mary, daughter of John and Mary Conner, October 26, 1718.
Robert, son of Edmund and Mary Pendergrass, January 4, 1719.
Catherine, dauger of John and Prudence Reagin, July 26, 1719.
Mary, daughter of Hugh and Rebecca Roach, March 6, 1719.
Edward, son of Edward and Mgt. Farrell, March 27, 1720.
John, son of Henry and Judith Burk, March 12, 1720.
William, son of John and Mary Ryley, December 10, 1721.
William, son of Patrick and Mary Deagle, June 10, 1722.
Daniel, son of William and Hannah Cain, April 14, 1723.
Stephen, son of John and Mary Riley, December 6, 1724.
James, son of Patrick and Rebecca Deagle, May 30, 1725.
James, son of William and Hannah Cain, July 18, 1725.
John, son of John and Keziah Scanlan, December 26, 1725.
Elizabeth, daughter of John and Lettice Burk, May 26, 1728.
Catherine, daughter of John and Sarah Carrell, June 1, 1729.
John, son of Jeremiah and Eliza. Earley, July 17, 1729.
William, son of Martin and Catherine Ferrell, November 28, 1729.
Dorothy, daughter of Hugh and Anne Roach, June 7, 1730.
Anne, daughter of Michael and Anne Roan, February 21, 1730.
John, son of John and Sarah Carrel, May 2, 1731.

Thomas, son of Jeffery and Mary Burk, October 5, 1716.
John, son of Patrick and Rebecca Deagle, November 25, 1716.
Mildred, daughter of John and Mary Rily, January 27, 1716.
Judith, daughter of William and Margrett Farrell, June 2, 1717.
Francis, son of John and Prudence Reaguin, September 29, 1717.
William, son of Hugh and Rebecca Roach, January 26, 1717.
William, son of William and Hannah Cain, April 20, 1718.
John, son of John and Mary Pendergrass, June 1, 1718.
Mary, daughter of John and Mary Conner, October 26, 1718.
Sarah, daughter of Thomas and Mary Burk, November 2, 1718.
Robert, son of Edmund and Mary Pendergrass, January 4, 1718.
Catherine, daughter of John and Prudence Reagin, July 26, 1719.
Mary, daughter of Hugh and Rebecca Roach, March 6, 1719.
Edward, son of Edward and Margaret Farrell, March 27, 1720.
Samuel, son of Patrick and Rebecca Deagle, September 11, 1720.
John, son of Henry and Judith Burk, March 12, 1720.
William, son of John and Mary Ryley, December 10, 1721.
William, son of Patrick and Rebecca Deagle, June 10, 1722.
Daniel, son of William and Hannah Cain, April 14, 1723.
Stephen, son of John and Mary Riley, December 6, 1724.
James, son of Patrick and Rebecca Deagle, May 30, 1725.
John, son of John and Keziah Scanlan (d), December 26, 1725.
Elizabeth, daughter of John and Lettice Burk, May 26, 1728.
Catherine, daughter of John and Sarah Carrell, June 1, 1729.
John, son of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Earley, July 17, 1729.
William, son of Martin and Catherine Ferrell, November 28, 1729.
Dorothy, daughter of Hugh and Anne Roach, June 7, 1730.
Anne, daughter of Michael and Anne Roan, February 21, 1730.
Hannah, daughter of William and Hannah Cain, June 6, 1731.
Martha, daughter of Hugh and Ann Roach, October 10, 1731.
Mary, daughter of John and Mary Henesey, February 17, 1733.
Elizabeth, daughter of John and Sarah Carrill, May 19, 1734.
Edmond, son of Thomas and Sarah Laughlin, June 29, 1735.
Thomas, son of John and Amy Burck, September 14, 1735.
John, son of Patrick and Elizabeth Callihan, March 21, 1735.
Thomas, son of John and Mary Hennessey, July 11, 1736.
William, son of William and Mary Mullins, November 14, 1736.
Judith, daughter of Hugh and Anne Roach, September 29, 1736.

Elizabeth, daughter of William and Mary Mullins, August 6, 1738.
Mary, daughter of Richard and Rachel Griffin, January 21, 1739.
John, son of John and Mary Henesey, March 25, 1739.
William, son of James and Elizabeth Dunlevy, April 29, 1739.
Mary, daughter of William and Mary Mullens, February 24, 1739.
Hugh, son of Hugh and Anne Roach, February 16, 1739.
Martha, daughter of Edward and Martha Dillon, April 14, 1741.
Simon, son of Thomas and Sarah Laughlin, November 18, 1741.
John and Ann, children of David and Ann Condon, February 20, 1741.
John, son of Jonathan and Mary Hearin, February 15, 1741.
James, son of Patrick and Elizabeth Callahan, April 19, 1741.
Jane, daughter of John and Mary Henesey, October 4, 1741.
Mary, daughter of James and Eliz. Dunlevy, March 11, 1741.
William, son of John and Mary Henesey, November 7, 1742.
Jane, daughter of William and Mary Mullins, June 13, 1742.
William, son of Patrick and Elizabeth Callihan, August 17, 1743.
Joanna, daughter of William and Eliza Healy, March 18, 1744.
Sally, daughter of Janet Kelley, December 25, 1744.
Catherine, daughter of William and Mary Mullins, November 3, 1745.
Thomas and Elizabeth, children of William and Elizabeth Healy, February 12, 1746.
Mary, daughter of John and Joanna Dunlevy, July 8, 1747.
William, son of William and Elizabeth Healy, July 29, 1748.
James, son of James and Jane Dunlevy, June 6, 1758.
Martin, son of Thomas and Sarah Anne O'Harrow, April 16, 1783.
Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Dunlevy, December 22, 1785.

Marriages.

William Coterell and Rose Hollyday, February 2, 1678.
Richard Hogans and Katherine Clarke, September 9, 1679.
Edward Docker and Frances Dalley, April 18, 1681.
William fitz Jeffreys and Ann Dudenfield, August 3, 1682.
Richard ffarrell and Winifrid Watts, April 27, 1684.
Edward Canadey, and Alice Nicholls, December 30, 1686.

John Mackguire and Elizabeth Dourey, December 20, 1686.
Hugh Finley and Mary Picket, January 8, 1703.
John Dangerfield and Mary Conway, November 11, 1703.
Richard Straughan and Catherine Murrell, December 1, 1703.
James Jordan and Ann Burk, February 23, 1704.
Patrick Owen and Mary Chills, November 23, 1705.
William Ryon and Elianour Jackson, April 18, 1706.
William ffiney and Honour Reardon, May 8, 1707.
Hugh Roach and Rebecca Bremont, July 27, 1710.
Arthur Donnelly and Lettice Downing, January 2, 1710.
James Monnoughon and Elianor Martin, April 5, 1711.
Edward Radford and Mary Canady, August 23, 1711.
Patrick Deacon and Rebecca Cooper, January 27, 1711.
Ralph Watts and Eliza Mullins, February 5, 1711.
Edward Prendergast and Elizabeth Hickey, February 26, 1711.
John Hughes and Jayne Callahan, May 27, 1711.
John Ingram and Mary Crooney, February 16, 1712.
Thomas Kailing and Catherine Ball, September 30, 1714.
Jeffery Burk and Mary Ashton, December 19, 1714.
John Pendergrass and Mary Alford, May 2, 1716.
William Guttery and Lettice Burk, January 24, 1716.
John Conner and Ann Sittern, December 19, 1717.
William Rice and Catherine Caniff, December 26, 1717
John Mullinax and Bridget Hearn, May 1, 1718.
Henry Burk and Judith Trigg, August 13, 1719.
Thomas Gilly and Elizabeth Makarty, August 13, 1719.
Dennis O'Brian and Honor Bushnell, May 19, 1720.
Patrick Knight and Mary Pendergrass, January 12, 1720.
Richard Callahan and Elizabeth Nutter, March 21, 1722.
John Guttery and Mary Shay, September 23, 1722.
Patrick Miller and Elizabeth Hill, October 11, 1722.
Patrick Kelly and Catherine Nicholls, October 26, 1722.
William Gray and Mary McCauley, May 28, 1723.
John Burk and Lettice Donnolly, November 6, 1723.
Joseph Carey and Ann Sargent, December 3, 1724.
John Tugle and Catherine Kelly, October 8, 1725.
John Macknell and Catherine Hammett, May 6, 1728.
John Allstone and Catherine O'Neal, August 12, 1728.
Jeremiah Earley and Elizabeth Buford, October 16, 1728.

Patrick Boswell and Elioner Cummings, February 18, 1728.
Thomas French and Mary Callahan, January 20, 1729.
John Philips and Margret Cronan, March 31, 1730.
Patrick Welch and Catherine Redman, May 14, 1730.
Patrick Knight and Anne Conner, November 2, 1732.
Patrick Purcell and Sarah Davis, September 7, 1733.
John O'neal and Jane Mactyre, December 7, 1733.
Charles Dougherty and Sarah Parrot, February 26, 1733.
Dennis Obryant and Jane Floyd, April 19, 1735.
William Mullens and Mary Greenwood, August 27, 1735.
Roger Kain and Ann Johnson, August 10, 1735.
William Collins and Elizabeth Macktyer, ———, 1738.
John Dunlavy and Elizabeth Healey, November 17, 1768.
James Dunlavy and Elizabeth Falkner, February 17, 1769.
William Boldin and Mary Dunlevy, December 21, 1772.
Abner Cowdras and Sally Haily, December 31, 1772.
William Keeling and Judith Hipkinstall, February 4, 1773.
Benjamin Rhodes and Patience Kelly, December 18, 1776.
William Brown and Rhoda Callahan, August 18, 1781.
John Flippen and Elizabeth Carney, September 14, 1781.
John Dunn and Anne Cauthon, September 30, 1782.
William Renningham and Caty Kelligrew, March 29, 1782.
Thomas Daniel and Judith Tool, May 24, 1782.
John Mackendree and Ruthey Milby, September 29, 1783.
Thomas Burk and Susannah Blake, March 2, 1783.
James Healy and Ruth Bristoo, July 13, 1783.
John Downey and Rachel Sadler, January 8, 1784.
Thomas Healy and Sarah Mitchell, October 10, 1785.
John McWilliams and Elizabeth Green, January 20, 1787.
Charles Roane and Maretia Garrett, January 26, 1787.
Smith Horslee and Elizabeth Rilee, December 20, 1787.
John Norris and Agatha Garrett, December 22, 1787.
William Healy and Elizabeth Bristow, December 24, 1791.

BURIALS.

Richard Collins, August 4, 1678.
Christopher ffisher of Ireland, June 30, 1688.
Walter Cain of Slaigh in Ireland, July 3, 1688.
John Burk, March 14, 1714.

Mary Pendergrass, September 17, 1715.
Elizabeth Earley, July 8, 1716.
Morrice Griffin, December —, 1716.
John Mullins, January 21, 1716.
John Conner, April 4, 1718.
Ann Downey, October 17, 1718.
John Pendergrass, January 31, 1718.
Patrick Owen, March 11, 1718.
Joan Molloney, September 27, 1718.
Mildred Ryley, November 10, 1719.
William Hearn, December 14, 1719.
Timothy Callahan, January 5, 1720.
Charles Macarty, February 16, 1720.
Catherine Canaday, December 3, 1721.
Edward Canody, January 4, 1722.
William Roach, August 2, 1722.
James Mackmullen, November 15, 1722.
Arthur Donnolly, April 20, 1723.
John Hickey, February 8, 1723.
Patrick Kelly, May 8, 1724.
Daniell Cain, November 9, 1724.
Rebecca Roach, June 19, 1725.
Elizabeth Mullins, April 4, 1726.
William Cain, January 2, 1726.
John Cain, January 2, 1726.
Ann Farrell, October 1, 1726.
Thomas Mahaffee, February 8, 1726.
Robert Mahaffee, February 12, 1726.
Patrick Miller, August 24, 1727.
Patrick Miller, April 29, 1728.
Maurice Dempsie, July 8, 1728.
William Ferrell, November 30, 1729.
Sarah Maccoy, December 25, 1732.
Stephen Ryley, March 19, 1733.
John Burk, February 11, 1734.
John Carrell, January 3, 1735.
Sarah, wife of Patrick Russel, January 19, 1736.
Ann Calahan, February 2, 1737.
Anthony Collins, January 24, 1741.
John Henesey, March 4, 1743.
William Ryley, April 6, 1744.
Patrick Night, March 17, 1744.
Mary Dunlevy, October —, 1744.
Martha Dillon, April 26, 1746.
Garrett Dillon, September 11, 1746.
Sara Letitia Heffernan, July 12, 1796.

VIRGINIA, STAFFORD COUNTY, OVERWHARTON PARISH—EXTRACTS FROM THE REGISTERS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF, FROM 1720 TO 1758, TRANSCRIBED BY MR. POWHATTAN MONCURE, CUSTODIAN OF THE RECORDS.

COMMUNICATED BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

Births.

Mary McDaniel, January 6, 1740.
Mary Dunaway, January 6, 1740.
Eleanor Gallahan, April 1, 1740.
Thomas O'Cane, May 4, 1740.
John McDuell, June 22, 1740.
John Murphy, September 6, 1740.
Shela Duffy, November 28, 1740.
Thomas Gallahan, March 21, 1741.
John McCarty, March 27, 1741.
James McCarty, April 1, 1741.
James Dalton, July 10, 1741.
Simon Heaflon, October 1, 1741.
Elizabeth Gallahan, October 4, 1741.
John Heffernan, November 23, 1741.
Thomas Carney, December 18, 1741.
William McDonald, January 25, 1742.
Lydia Coffee, January 25, 1742.
William Doniphan, March 20, 1742.
Richard Kinney, April 9, 1742.
Hannah Foley, April 20, 1742.
Mary McDuell, May 4, 1742.
John Higgins, May 28, 1742.
Matthew Murphy, August 17, 1742.
Mary McColin, December 30, 1742.
Priscilla O'Daneal, April 1, 1743.
William Gallahan, April 26, 1743.
John Gallahan, July 9, 1743.
Benjamin Coffee, October 9, 1743.
William Kenny, December 22, 1743.
Traverse Carney, January 17, 1744.
William Cunningham, March 21, 1744.
Elizabeth Doniphan, April 18, 1744.
Thomas Lawless, September 10, 1744.
Elizabeth McCoy, September 29, 1744.
William Grady, November 11, 1744.
Absolm Carney, January 27, 1745.

Mary O'Cane, May 9, 1745.
Thomas Ryley, July 12, 1745.
Thomas Kenny, August 2, 1745.
Nancy Kenny, October 15, 1745.
Sarah Moore, November 6, 1745.
Ann Dalton, September 29, 1745.
William Ryan, December 4, 1745.
Nelly Gallahan, February 19, 1747.
Hugh Rayle, February 24, 1747.
Ann Doniphan, February 28, 1747.
Caleb Kenny, May 21, 1747.
Daniel Ryan, September 2, 1747.
James O'Cane, October 4, 1747.
Mary Carney, October 16, 1747.
Bryan Garret, November 28, 1747.
Elizabeth Courtney, January 1, 1748.
Richard McConechie, July 10, 1748.
Peter Murphy, November 4, 1748.
Alice Gallahan, December 16, 1748.
Barrett Foley, February 14, 1749.
John Ryley, March 4, 1749.
John O'Cane, March 30, 1749.
Sarah Kenny, April 15, 1749.
Elizabeth Kenny, August 30, 1749.
James Haffermon, September 20, 1749.
Alexander McCoy, October 20, 1749.
Jane Carney, December 21, 1749.
Mary Gallahan, January 1, 1750.
Murthough Macaboy, January 19, 1750.
Alexander Doniphan, March 12, 1750.
Danied O'Cain, April 1, 1750.
Isaac Dunaway, September 20, 1750.
Charles Ryley, October 11, 1750.
Nancy Dooling, October 31, 1750.
Sarah Garret, March 4, 1751.
Reuben Kenny, October 12, 1751.
Margaret Dooling, December 25, 1751.
Thomas Fitzpatrick, February 26, 1752.
Patrick Kendrick, January 10, 1752.
Margaret McDaniel, January 8, 1752.
Barnett Conwell, April 17, 1752.
Nanny Riley, April 17, 1752.
Charles Gallahan, May 20, 1752.
Matt Donophon, June 10, 1752.

William McCoy, October 15, 1752.
William Macinteer, November 7, 1752.
George Ryley, February 28, 1753.
Ann Cannaday, March 2, 1753.
Darby O'Cain, March 4, 1753.
Winifred Garret, March 21, 1753.
Mary Ann Dooling, April 5, 1753.
John Coleman, August 6, 1753.
George Ryley, October 5, 1753.
William Macculough, May 19, 1754.
Gabriel Macinteer, May 24, 1754.
Margaret Lynah, July 23, 1754.
Margaret Gallahan, October 8, 1754.
May Ann Kenny, January 9, 1755.
Ann Murphy, February 14, 1755.
Mary Gallahan, February 4, 1755.
James Dooling, May 9, 1755.
William Dawson, May 27, 1755.
Henry Dawson, May 27, 1755.
Henry O'Cain, August 4, 1755.
Priscilla Hayes, November 28, 1755.
James Ryley, January 21, 1756.
Jane Kennedy, March 29, 1756.
William S. O'Doneal, August 10, 1756.
Lydia Murphy, November 5, 1756.
Elizabeth Moore, December 23, 1756.
Anthony Carney, October 13, 1756.
Henry Corney, November 25, 1756.
Mary Reiley, March 20, 1757.
Betty Ryley, March 20, 1757.
Daniel McCoy, October 10, 1757.

MARRIAGES.

William Hacker and Ann Dillon, May 21, 1738.
Thomas Waters and Catherine Hayes, September 23, 1738.
Andrew Davison and Sarah Mcinteer, November 5, 1738.
Henry Foley and Ann Courtney, December 24, 1738.
Timothy O'Neal and Elizabeth Mathews, April 22, 1739.
Derby O'Cane and Susannah Smith, December 16, 1739.
William McDuell and Sarah Chambers, December 26, 1739.
James Whealy and Hannah Higgerson, July 8, 1739.
Daniel McDonald and Ellen Barrett, July 26, 1740.
James Stuart and Mary Dunaway, February 12, 1740.
Alexander Doniphan and Mary Waugh, June 17, 1740.

Alexander Peyton and Jane Heffernon, May 20, 1740.
William Patten and Joye McInteer, January 27, 1740.
William Wilkinson and Sarah Heffernun, August 21, 1740.
Stephen Phips and Rosamond Moyon, June 1, 1740.
James Marter and Sarah Dunaway, January 22, 1741.
William Heffernon and Sarah Martin, September 29, 1741.
John McGuirk and Rachel Wade, December 23, 1741.
Patrick Roath and Elizabeth Wise, October 9, 1742.
Philip Mathews and Catherine Cassity, January 4, 1742.
Benjamin Stringfellow and Mary Foley, June 15, 1743.
George White and Anne Doniphan, August 4, 1743.
Christopher Broderick and Catherine Hammel, December 19, 1744.
John Fling and Mary Briand, December 31, 1744.
Andrew Kenney and Ann Clarrnes, November 20, 1744.
Daniel Dunaway and Jean Judd, January 31, 1744.
John Foley and Sarah Poole, December 11, 1744.
James Hughs and Agnes MacCartee, May 6, 1744.
James Kendal and Mary Coffey, February 25, 1745.
John Cannon and Sarah Broderick, July 18, 1745.
Joseph Butler and Ann Carter, November 28, 1745.
Peter Gowing and Mary Sullivant, May 28, 1745.
Thomas Griffin and Mary Suddeth, July 18, 1745.
John Kelly and Mary Garrison, November 1, 1745.
William Thornberry and Elizabeth O'Daneal, July 10, 1746.
John Kenny and Elizabeth Hunter, October 12, 1746.
James Dillon and Ann Suddeth, July 24, 1746.
Richard Sayer and Ann Costello, September 30, 1746.
Simson Baley and Elizabeth MacCarty, December 24, 1747.
William Cannaday and Margaret Linee, January 16, 1747.
Robert Read and Dorothy Connally, November 10, 1747.
John Donaldson and Ann McMurry, December 31, 1747.
William McConchie and Bridget Whitecotton, November 10, 1747.
Bryon MacMachon and Jane Moore, December 30, 1747.
Mortbrough Macaboy and Elizabeth Pumphrey, December 27, 1747.
Farley McCoy and Jane Thomas, July 18, 1747.
Richard Nowland and Jane Wright, December 20, 1747.

John Lemmon and Eleanor McCarty, April 10, 1748.
George Kendal and Margaret Kelly, June 5, 1748.
Edward Groves and Mary Hearne, September 15, 1748.
John Herrod and Mary Devane, August 21, 1748.
Thomas Barry and Catherine Jones, August 5, 1749.
Joseph White and Elizabeth Gill, January 31, 1749.
William Foster and Nanny Jordon, June 15, 1749.
Samuel Mitchel and Bridget Berry, January 30, 1749.
Stephen Pitcher and Bridget Macconchie, December 1, 1750.
William Fuell and Johannah Boling, February 12, 1750.
Christopher Dawson and Jane George, February 16, 1750.
John Adams and Honora Carty, September 23, 1750.
Thomas Ashby and Mary Maccullough, November 14, 1751.
Nelson Kelly and Elizabeth Jeffries, November 4, 1751.
William Sebastian and Sarah Kelly, June 11, 1751.
Solomon Carter and Mary Maroney, May 26, 1751.
Benjamin Tolson and Hannah MacCothough, December 31, 1751.
John Anderson and Sarah Carney, November 28, 1752.
Benjamin Lokon and Elizabeth Dunaway, February 25, 1752.
John Fitzpatrick and Mary Waters, February 12, 1752.
Nicholas Foxworthy and Mary Jordan, January 26, 1752.
John Powell and Margaret McDaniel, February 10, 1752.
Joseph MacCullough and Martha King, February 9, 1752.
Peter Murphy and Elizabeth Manzy, February 9, 1752.
George Hinson and Sarah Sullivan, February 4, 1753.
Edward Kendon and Mary Waller, April 15, 1753.
Alexander Farrow and Ann O'Bannion, October 5, 1753.
Edward Gill and Sethe Cannaday, February 4, 1753.
Travers Cooke and Mary Doniphan, February 26, 1754.
Nicholas Dowling and Elizabeth Dunaway, June 30, 1754.
Isaac Downey and Mary Ann Tolson, May 25, 1754.
John Gill and Elizabeth Williams, March 3, 1754.
James Givin and Elizabeth Maccaboy, October 5, 1755.
Stephen Hansford and Margaret MacCarty, October 14, 1755.
John Brown and Jean Nowland, August 24, 1755.
Thomas Roach and Ann Cooke, December 28, 1755.
David Macquatty and Mary Skaines, May 6, 1755.
John Diskin and Frances McCarty, June 19, 1755.

James Gwinn and Elizabeth Maccaboy, October 5, 1755.
John Flitter and Bridget Riggins, March 16, 1755.
James O'Doneal and Theodosia Conyers, October 19, 1755.
John Ashby and Sarah Maccullough, February 26, 1756.
Enoch Benson and Mary Doyal, February 15, 1756.
Darby Driscol and Jean Noble, October 4, 1756.
William Patten and Isabel Kennedy, December 19, 1756.
Isaac Murphy and Catherine Ashby, January 1, 1756.
Thomas Riddle and Bridget Amely, February 5, 1758.
Jeremiah Spelman and Bridget Edwards, January 16, 1758.
William Halley and Catherine Jeffries, February 9, 1758.
Thomas Darlow and Margaret Lynns, April 9, 1758.

DEATHS.

Frances Coffey, January 5, 1741.
Edward Carberry, February 24, 1741.
Mary Murphy, October 1, 1741.
Edward Cavenaugh, January 11, 1742.
William McCarty, September 15, 1743.
Daniel Carney, January 28, 1744.
Peter Murphy Carty, December 1, 1748.
Ann Reiliegh, September 24, 1749.
Murthough Macaboy, January 1, 1750.
Thomas Cartee, June 18, 1751.
Daniel Dunaway, December 12, 1751.
Peter Going, May 22, 1753.
John "Owendownney," January 22, 1754.
Elizabeth Maccoy, June 5, 1755.
Nancy Dooling, October 24, 1756.

NORTH CAROLINA.

SOME EARLY MACCARTHYS, MCGUIRES, RYANS, FITZPATRICKS, O'QUINNS, SULLIVANS, BURKES AND LEARYS.

BY M. J. O'BRIEN.

The following extracts are taken from the Council Journals and land records of North Carolina. They need no comment.

On January 20th, 1712, Timothy Maccarty witnessed a deed between Tredle Keefe and Robert Patterson.

"Tim" McCarty and William Frost appeared in Court on April 16th, 1717, "to prove the last will and testament of William Smith." On the same day Gerard Lynch gave bond with William Fryley and James Fleming as securities for the administration of the estate of Kathleen King and the children of Henry King, deceased.

On February 3d, 1735, Darby McCarty, James McDaniel and several others petitioned the General Assembly "to be exempted from Publick Duty," and their request was granted.

On February 15th, 1739, Darby again appeared before the Assembly on behalf of his son, Dennis McCarty, praying "That Dennis McCarty might be exempt from all publick duties and payment of taxes while he shall be infirm."

Darby McCartie patented 100 acres of land in Hyde County on March 21st, 1743.

Andrew Carthey patented 400 acres in Anson County on September 29th, 1749.

On November 19th, 1744, Darby McCarty appeared before the Council meeting at Newbern and petitioned for 640 acres of land in Hyde County. He also secured a grant of 600 acres in the same county on March 3d, 1746, in company with James and William McCoy, Daniel Sullivan, Bryan Conner and Daniel Quillen.

George McCarthy is on record as the patentee of 300 acres in Craven County on November 27th, 1744. McCarthy was clerk of the Committee of Claims of the General Assembly in that year. Richard McClure was clerk to the Committee of Public Accounts and Michael Higgins was in the public service in the same year.

Geor e McCarthey, John McCarthey and George McCarthey, Jr., each received a grant of 400 acres in Anson County on April 6th, 1749.

Bailey McCarty of Hyde County made his will on March 5th, 1751, and left his property to his brother, Dennis McCarty, and his wife, Elinor.

Dennis McCarty made his will in Hyde County on April 6th, 1758.

Florence McCarthy was appointed Ensign of the North Carolina Continental Line on May 5th, 1777. Patrick McGibboney and Robert Gillespie were ensigns in the same company.

Darby Maguire and James Bray signed as witnesses to a deed from Governor Berkeley of Virginia, assigning the Island of Roanoke to Joshua Lamb of New England, on April 27th, 1676. The original deed is on file in the Superior Court of Gates County at Gatesville, N. C.

John Jordan conveyed 200 acres of land to Philip Maguire of Chowan County on July 20th, 1719.

Richard McGuire conveyed to Matthew White, on April 2d, 1722, 100 acres on Indian Creek, and Philip McGuire sold 100 acres to John Evans on April 5th, following.

This Philip McGuire, or Maguire, was an extensive dealer in real estate, as his name appears very frequently on the land records down to the year 1739. Among other McGuires whose names I have taken from the land records are John, Michael, Mary, Nancy, Sarah, Elizabeth, Fanny, James and Samuel, at various periods down to the end of the eighteenth century.

Thomas Ryan received a grant of lands in Bertie County on March 24th, 1741. On May 4th, 1749, he was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury at a Court held at Cashy Bridge. His will was probated in Bertie County on January 29th, 1753. Among the legatees mentioned in it were David, James and George Ryan and the son-in-law of the testator, Cornelius Campbell, and his daughters, Mary Ryan and Elizabeth Campbell. Several other Ryans, descendants of the first-mentioned Thomas Ryan, appear on the records of wills and deeds of Bertie County down to the year 1762. One of them married a Bryan, of the family of that name from North Carolina, ancestors of the Hon. William J. Bryan, now Secretary of State of the United States.

Bryan Fitzpatrick conveyed to Thomas Holliway "320 acres on ye sound of Roanoke and on ye south side of the same" on August 1st, 1707. The will of Bryan Fitzpatrick of Alligator Creek was probated on March 26th, 1709. He named "my son Cornelius, son Verney's child, John Fitzpatrick, my son Dennis, my daughter Elizabeth and my wife."

Cornelius "Pitch Patrick" is mentioned in the Colonial Records as having been appointed on July 14th, 1713, by the Council, appraiser of the estate of Francis Carswell. Cornelius Fitzpatrick, "the younger," petitioned the Council in 1715 for permission to take over certain lands on Alligator Creek which had been patented by his father, but which he did not cultivate. By his will, dated August 1st, 1716, he divided his property among his wife, Elizabeth, his son, Bryan, three daughters and his cousins. This Bryan Fitzpatrick was a prominent man in that section and I find his name on a list of Jurymen of Tyrell County in the year 1740. Among other Celts on the same list were Cornelius Callahan, John Duggin, William Duggan, John McCaskey, John Martin, Edward Griffin, William and Richard Kenneday and Dennis Glisson (Gleason). Another of the Clan Fitzpatrick, Edward, proved his "rights to importation" before the Council of North Carolina on May 23d, 1741. On November 19th, 1744, he received a grant of 600 acres in Craven County, and among those whose applications came before the Council on the same day, and whose land grants were later signed by the Governor, were Patrick Menture, James Conner, William Kennedy, William Gillam, Nicholas Rutledge, James McWain, Robert Courteney, John, William and George Moore, Henry Gibbons, Neal McNeal, John Carrel, David Dunn, Patrick Stancland and John and James Collins.

Daniel "ogwin" appeared before the Council at Edenton on October 18th, 1722, with a petition for a re-grant of lands patented by him in 1714. His name also appears as O'Quinn.

The names of Patrick O'Quinn, Bryan O'Quinn and Daniel "Ogwin" are included in a list of jurymen for Bertie and Edgecombe Counties of the year 1740.

In the Colonial Records (vol. 4), under the caption "Journals of the Council," we learn that "Tarlbe" O'Quinn received a grant of 640 acres of land in Edgecombe County on February 25th, 1744.

There was another Patrick O'Quinn in Bertie County, for I find an entry under date of February 3d, 1746, reading "John Brown qualified as Executor to will of Patrick O'Quinn."

Patrick O'Quinn of Northampton County made his will of

November 23d, 1751, and appointed his sister, Charity Gleason, executrix.

After 1751, no more of the O'Quinns appear in the records and the names of their descendants are all down as Quinn. One of them, Michael Quinn, was appointed Captain of the North Carolina Continental Line on August 1st, 1777.

In August, 1702, Richard Prince came before the Court at Edenton and "proved rights of importation for himself twice, and for Daniel Sullivant and wife, Alice, and Eliza Lucas and Jeremy Sullivant." On the same day, "Michael Macdonnell appeared for freedom with Michael Macdonnell, Jane, his wife, and Mary and Francis Macdonnell."

On December 14th, 1736, Bridget Sumner, a widow of Nansemond County, Virginia, conveyed to Jethro Sumner and his wife, Margaret, "her half interest in 200 acres of land, taken to be in Nansemond County until after the survey, when it appears to be in North Carolina, said tracts being in Maiden Hair Neck, sold by John Keaton, son and heir of John Keaton, to Daniel Sullivan, and at his death given to Daniel Sullivan, his only son and heir, and after the death of said Daniel became the property of Margaret and Bridget Sullivan, his only sisters and heirs." The original of this deed is on file at the office of the Register of deeds at Edenton, N. C.

At a Court held at Bath, N. C., on April 28th, 1741, Darby Soulevent, John Sullevent, Cullum Flinn and Thomas Tuley, with other inhabitants of Wickham Precinct, presented a petition "to have a Court settled by Act of Assembly in Wickham Precinct."

Daniel Sullivan patented 200 acres in New Hanover County on March 13th, 1746. Among the applicants for lands who appeared before the Council in company with Daniel Sullivan, I find Bryan Conner, John McCoy, Daniel Quillen and Darby McCarty, and on the following day James and William McCoy and Edward Powers.

The First Census of North Carolina (1790) contains the names of thirty-eight "heads of families" named Sullivan, Sullivant, Sullaven and Sullivent, besides a number of similar names which appear in the will books, and in the birth, marriage and death registers of various churches.

Richard Burke and his wife, Mary, conveyed some undescribed lands in North Carolina to one Early on August 20th, 1702.

William Burke and wife, Mary, sold to William Dackenfield, on June 4th, 1704, 200 acres at the mouth of Rockyhock Creek.

Under the will of James Burns of Bertie County, dated January 8th, 1733, his daughter, Elizabeth Early, and his grandchildren, James Early and James and William Burke, were named as the sole legatees.

Myles Burke married Mary Powers in North Carolina on May 10th, 1775, and Mary Burke married Peter Powers on June 23d, 1778. A number of other Burkes appear on the records of North Carolina, descendants of William Burke. Three of them were soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

The early records of North Carolina contain several references to the Learys. In the records of the Superior Court at Edenton appears this undated entry: "Cornelius Lurry and wife, Elizabeth, executors of Paul Latham, who intermarried with widow of William Leary." The item immediately follows an entry concerning one Captain Thomas Cullen, dated March 20th, 1680. This was Cornelius Leary, no doubt. John Lary was "ordered to chose his guardian" on the same date.

Under the will of John Bentley of Perquimans County dated April 15th, 1695, his brother Richard and his cousin, Elizabeth Leary, daughter of Cornelius Leary, were named as legatees.

Richard Leary witnessed a deed on July 13th, 1712, between Isaac Wilson and Richard Swinson covering lands on Kendrick Creek in Perquimans County.

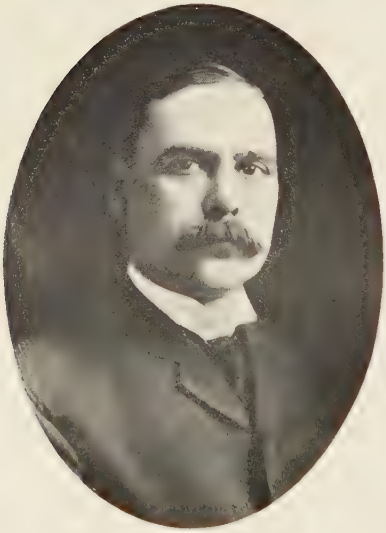
William Leary was on the grand jury of North Carolina in the year 1715, and Richard Leary was a member of the grand jury in 1726.

Sarah Long of Perquimans County, in her will dated July 8th, 1715, mentioned among other legatees Cornelius Leary, son of Richard and Sarah Leary.

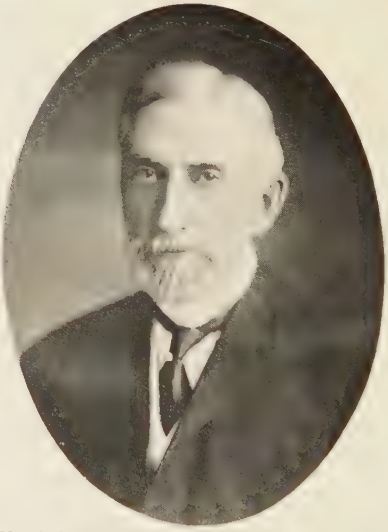
The following undated entry appears on the Court records of Chowan County on file at Edenton Court House: "Before the Court: Daniel Phillips, assignee of Thomas Learey of Bermuda vs. Cornelius Leary and wife, Elizabeth, Exx. of Paul Latham deceased." Paul married Anne Leary, widow of William.

HON. T. ST. JOHN GAFFNEY,
Vice-President of the Society for Germany.

EDWARD J. DOONER, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Pennsylvania.



HON. EDWIN O. WOOD,
Vice-President of the Society for Michigan.



HON. THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, B.L., LL.D.,
Vice-President of the Society for Italy.

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Jacob Leary made his will on November 1st, 1731, and there are also on record the undated wills of John and David Leary.

Richard Leary of Tyrrell County made his will on April 20th, 1738, leaving his property to his wife, Sarah, his sons, Cornelius, James, John, Thomas, and Richard, and his daughters, Sarah, Mary, and Rebecca.

Under the will of Cornelius Leary of Tyrrell County dated March 30th, 1742, his estate was divided among his brothers John and James Leary, his sisters Sarah, Mary and Rebecca and his mother, Sarah Leary. The witnesses were Richard Leary and James Sutton.

Thomas Leary appeared before the justices at Edenton Court House in 1742 in a suit as executor of the will of Thomas Worley. Leary died in 1760, intestate, and the Court appointed Cornelius Leary administrator of his estate.

William Leary took his seat as a member of the General Assembly of North Carolina which met at Edenton on March 15th, 1743. He was succeeded by his brother, John Leary, who was elected from Currituck County in 1744.

The will of Darby Leary of Bertie County is on file in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court at Windsor, N. C., dated March 15th, 1787.

A number of other Learys are mentioned in the North Carolina records at various times down to the end of the century, who, no doubt, were descendants of some of the Learys above referred to.

There is absolutely nothing on the Colonial Records to show where any of these early settlers came from, but their names are a sufficient indication of their nationality.

SOUTH CAROLINA, NEWBERRY—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE IRISH SETTLERS AND REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS AT,

BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

Williamson, in his *History of North Carolina*, relates that "at an early date a settlement was established at Fair Forest, near Cedar Springs, S. C., in the vicinity of Newberry, which was

known as Ireland, or the Irish Settlement, on account of the large number of settlers from the Emerald Isle." Some of these people became quite prominent in that territory, and that traces of them are still to be found is seen from the fact that such towns as Carroll, Kelly, Powers, Darraughs, Gaffney, Maybinton, Moore, Higgins, O'Neal, Sullivan, Maddens, McCarter, Rileys, Hibernia, Belfast, and Coleraine appear on old maps of this section of the State.

In 1737, a colony of Irish immigrants came to Newberry, but immediately removed to the banks of the Wateree, near what is now the town of Camden. They were by far the most notable body among the early immigrants to that section. In official abstracts of the original grants and deeds covering lands in that section, I find such names as James McGowan, Michael Branham, Benjamin McKinnie, John McConnel, Thomas and Patrick McCormick, Daniel and William Bready, Thomas Leadom, Bryan Rork, John Collins, Daniel McDaniel, William Kelly, Edward McGraw and Thomas Hanahan. Edward Malloy, Oliver Mahaffy and Michael Brannon came there in 1749, and in the next year Timothy and Walter Kelly, James Haley, Cornelius Melone, Timothy Plunkett, Bryan Toland, Thomas Finnin and John Cain located themselves in the scattered settlements between the Wateree and Lynches rivers. During the Revolution, such names as O'Quinn, Cotter, Cassity, Dunn, Downey, O'Cain, FitzPatrick, Shannon and Lynch appear in the records, while among those who are mentioned as at Camden in 1780 is Malachi Murphy, one of the artificers who assisted in erecting the fort for the defence of the town against the assaults of the British. But the most prominent family in this neighborhood were the Canteys, descended from the brothers, John and William Cantey, who came from Ireland at an early date and located in Kershaw County. John was a resident of Goose Creek, above Charleston, and first comes to notice for his conduct in the defence of Charleston against an attack by the French and Spaniards under Feboure in 1704. In Carroll's *Historical Collections*, vol. 1, we read how "Captains Cantey and Lynch brought companies to the relief of the City." The enemy landed a party on Waldo Neck, and Captain Cantey was sent to watch them with 100 chosen men and succeeded in capturing them at their

camp fires. He was in the Indian wars in 1712, and many are the stories that are told of his successful forays against the redmen. Several of the Canteys are mentioned in the State Records in connection with the Indian wars, land transactions and official business of the Colony. The Cantey lineage, in all its branches, has been conspicuous for its chivalrous military spirit. It has produced many superb soldiers, and three noted Confederate generals were descendants of the original John Cantey.

The *Annals of Newberry*, by Judge John Belton O'Neall, give us further insight to the composition of the early settlers in that district. In this rare old volume are found frequent references to the Irish of that vicinity, whose names are found in the First Census of South Carolina. Indeed, there are so many Irish names mentioned in the *Annals of Newberry*, that, without much departure from the truth, the volume could aptly be described as a story of Irish endeavor in the pioneer days of that particular section of the Palmetto State.

The author was a grandson of Hugh O'Neall, one of the original settlers of Newberry County. His grandfather was Hugh O'Neall, a native of Ireland and a midshipman in the English Navy. According to the family annals, while his ship was at anchor in the Delaware, in the year 1730, he jumped overboard, swam ashore and landed near Wilmington at the little Swedish town of Christiana. There he lived many years. He married Annie Cox and had seven sons, William, James, Hugh, Henry, John, Thomas and George, and a daughter, Mary. The family removed to Winchester, Va., and about 1766, after the death of their father, all, with the exception of James and George, removed to South Carolina. Henry O'Neall went to Florida after the Revolution and settled at the mouth of the Saint Mary's River, where some of his descendants still reside. James and George O'Neall, who remained in Virginia, served in the Revolution—James as a Major in the Virginia Line and George as a common soldier. Both served through the whole war. They carried their democracy to the limit. "Ignorantly supposing," says Judge O'Neall, "that the O' in their name was some aristocratic distinction, instead of meaning 'the son of,' both struck it off and wrote their name 'Neall.' I should be proud (writes the

Judge in his reminiscences), if their descendants would resume the O' which rightfully belongs to their name."

If they did not have the Irish pride of race, they surely had the Irish dash and spirit, but, strange to say, two of their brothers in South Carolina, Henry and John, sided with the Tories. When Henry accepted a Major's commission in the British army, it is said he visited his brother, James, in Virginia and proposed if they should ever meet in battle they should treat each other as brothers. But the stern Republican would accept no such amnesty. "In peace, brothers; in war, enemies," was his prompt reply. The rest of the family in South Carolina were firm patriots and suffered much at the hands of the British. William O'Neall was an extensive miller and farmer on the Bush River, near Charleston. His son, Hugh, is mentioned as participant in several fights with Tarleton's troops in South Carolina. The family was in Charleston when the town fell into the hands of the British in 1780. In a volume called *Random Recollections of the Revolution*, published in 1838, many of the atrocious acts perpetrated by the Tories are related as they were taken down from the lips of the aged Hugh O'Neall. "From 1780 to 1783 it was a bloody partisan war between Whigs and Tories. Blood and plunder were the watchwords of the Tories as they swept through the country. Their idea was to terrorize the people, and the latter had to resort to reprisals and punish the Tories when they got the chance. William O'Neall's property was confiscated and everything destroyed by a detachment of Tarleton's troops. Their houses were burned and the women and children turned out with no covering save the forest and the heavens. These scenes passed before the eyes of the youthful Hugh O'Neall. His brave ancestral blood boiled almost over at the wrongs and oppression which he witnessed and to which he was called upon to submit." After the war, the family returned to their home and rebuilt the mills. They had a large amount of real estate and were a numerous and prosperous family. Hugh married Anne Kelly, daughter of Samuel and Hannah Kelly, natives of Kings County, Ireland. In 1800, he embarked in mercantile business on a large scale for that time, and lived to see his family grow up around him, prosperous and independent. He died in 1848.

James O'Neall's company was raised in the immediate vicinity of Washington's birthplace. He is represented as a very brave soldier. An instance of his daring and intrepidity is related by Judge O'Neall. At the battle of Brandywine on September 11, 1777, when the American army was in full retreat, it was found that an attempt was being made by the British cavalry to cut off a part of the retreating columns. To prevent this it was necessary that a certain pass should be gained and held against the enemy. If this could be done, the British would be compelled to make a sweep of several miles before they could again strike at the retreat. O'Neall's company volunteered. They were athletic young men, accustomed to Indian warfare, and capable of any kind of service. They sprang forward like deer, reached the desired ground ahead of the British, and formed a hollow square to meet the expected attack. The British General, seeing he was foiled, wheeled his squadrons and made an attempt to reach the army by the longer route. O'Neall's company rejoined their regiment in safety and aided in checking the pursuing enemy and covering the retreat. Next morning, Washington, reviewing his line, called for the forlorn hope. Captain O'Neall stepped forward at its head. Washington lifted his hat and, with streaming eyes, said: "God bless you, boys. I never expected to see you again."

Judge O'Neall tells us that the earliest known settlement in the vicinity of Newberry was in 1752, and that the first Gael to locate there was the Samuel Kelly before mentioned. He came from Camden with one John Furnas and made a settlement on the Bush River and the Beaver Dam, which is described as some of the richest land in the State. Kelly opened the first store in that section, at Springfield, and also became extensively interested in lands on the banks of Mudlicks Creek and the Saluda River. I find his name in the First Census of the Newberry District, as well as those of two John Kellys, Samuel Kelly, Jr., and several families named Killey. Other Kelly families are included in the returns of the neighboring counties. Some of Samuel Kelly's descendants still live at Springfield. "Often here," says one of the local historians, "from 1820 to 1848 was seen the rare spectacle of four generations of the Kellys living under the same roof." The names of some of the Newberry Kellys are found on

the Revolutionary rosters. John Kelly was a lieutenant and served through the whole war. His brother, Edmund, also served in the army. James Kelly of Newberry served in a regiment raised in the beginning of the Revolution, called Thompson's Rangers. He was one of a band of riflemen who were stationed on Sullivan's Island in Charleston harbor, and who took part in the memorable repulse of the British fleet on July 28th, 1776. Another of the Kellys, Abram, also distinguished himself at Sullivan's Island. Abram served under Marion in Captain Boykin's Rangers and is mentioned as at several engagements. It is related that, when the supplies of the American artillery stationed on Sullivan's Island were nearly exhausted, "Abram Kelly gathered up the broken bombs fired by the enemy, thus keeping them supplied."

"Newberry was settled," says the historian, "very much by three classes of people—Germans, Irish and immigrants from North Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania." There were two distinct Irish settlements, one at a place called Stone Hills, where the descendants of some of the pioneers still reside, and the other about Frog Level, which extended along the road to Charleston. Some of these settlers received grants of land on what was called "King's bounty,"—that is to say, they obtained bounty warrants for 100 acres for the head of a family and 50 acres for each child. These were also called "head rights." Among the original settlers are mentioned Gabriel McCoole, the five O'Neall brothers, Joseph and John Reagin, Samuel Teague, Thomas Hesket, John and Hannah Kelly, and the Belton family from Queens County, Ireland, from whom the town of Belton, S. C., received its name. The Reagins were a numerous family in this vicinity. Among the "Heads of Families" in the First Census, I find Morgan Regan, John Regin, Iona Ragan, John Ragin, Joseph Ragen, and Darby, Reson, Daniel and John Raygin.

The district was first named Newberry County in 1783 by a Board of Commissioners who were appointed for the purpose of dividing up and renaming several districts in that portion of the State. Among the commissioners I find the names of Andrew Pickens, Colonel Thomas Brandon and Levi Keysey. Judge O'Neall says the latter's name was Casey, and this seems to be verified by the fact that in the Census Returns his name is put

down as Levi Casey. Several other Caseys and Casys are also recorded, but none named "Keysey." Levi is referred to as General Casey, and as a Justice of the Peace for Newberry County from 1785 to 1797. A General Casey served in the Congress of the United States from South Carolina some years later.

William and John Malone are also mentioned among the pioneers of this section. In 1777, William was appointed clerk of the first County Court in that territory, and was to hold his commission "during good behaviour." In 1794, he resigned the office. Others of the family whose names appear on the First Census from that district were Daniel, Lewis, Thomas and William Malone, Jr. One of the first cases recorded by County Clerk Malone was that of "Daniel McElduff *vs.* Elizabeth and William Turner" in an action for recovery of debt. McElduff was an Irishman. He was a noted partisan and was taken prisoner and sent to England, but was released after the close of the war. Other Irish people whose names appear on the Newberry Court records were William and Hugh McGlammery and Patrick Bradley—known as "Paddy" Bradley, one of the wits of the neighborhood—who, in 1797, were fined for assault and contempt of court. The records say "Brigadier-General Casey issued orders for their apprehension."

Among the Irish settlers of Newberry are also mentioned McQuerns, Drennans, Youngs, Fairs, Carmichaels, and Hunters, all of whom located at Stone Hills. The historian of the district remarks: "As a body, none better deserved the character of good citizens than did they. By hard and industrious labor as mechanics and agriculturists, they laid the foundations of that competence which they respectively acquired. The best proof that can be offered of their worth is that the sons of many of the Irish settlers became honored men in the communities where they lived or located." We find among them ministers of the Church, lawyers, doctors, military commanders, merchants and farmers. In the Frog Level district were Connors, McCrackens, McMorises, Glenns, McKees, McCreless, Neals, McNeills, Flemings, Flanagans, Boyles, Dugans, Kellys, Madigans, O'Neills, McConnells and Greggs, all natives of Ireland. Some of these were as remarkable for their thrift and industry as the Stone Hills settlers. An Irish immigrant who arrived at the settle-

ment after 1798 was Samuel McCalla. He was a United Irishman and was captured at the battle of Vinegar Hill. He owed his life, as he used to tell his neighbors, "to a lady who pulled the epaulettes from his shoulders and the white cockade from his hat not five minutes before he was captured." Samuel Spence, also an United Irishman, came with him from Ireland. Referring to Spence, the local historian remarks: "Many and many an unfortunate Irishman he fed, clothed and found employment for until he could do better. Few men will be found who will so well fill the place of the good citizen and honest man."

In a settlement between the borders of the Enoree and Duncan's Creek are found McGowens, Mangums, McAdams, Griffins, Kellys, Coggans, Gillams, Duns, Higginses, Rials, Cains, Clarys, Lynches, McGinns, Cooneys, McCluskys, McCarts, McGraws, Mooneys and Courtenys. On the fork of the Broad, Enoree and Tiger rivers, on a tract of land six miles square, a settlement was founded, and among the pioneers of the district are mentioned families named Nolan, Murphy, Kelly, Duff, and William and Matthew Maybin from Ballymena, County Antrim. The Maybins landed in Charleston in 1771, whence they passed on to a place since called Maybinton, where they located permanently. The brothers fought in the campaign of 1776 against the Cherokees, after which they joined Sumter and were present at the battle of Hanging Rock on August 7th, 1780, where William was made prisoner and died on board a prison ship at Charleston—"that charnel-house of liberty to which British pride, tyranny and cruelty consigned so many of the gallant spirits who fought and bled for Carolina." Colonel David Glenn was a native of Ireland and emigrated to the Carolinas in 1773. He and his wife were among the last of the emigrants permitted to leave Ireland before the American Revolution. They landed in Savannah and thence came to South Carolina and settled on the Enoree, at a place known as Glenn's Mills. Glenn at once took the part of the patriots. He fought at the battle of Cowpens on January 17th, 1781, where he was Adjutant of Cavalry and afterwards was attached to General Morgan's army. He also fought at the battle of Eutaw on September 8, 1781. He represented the Newberry district in the first Legislature of South Carolina, which met at Charleston after the war. The Boyce

brothers, John and Alexander, were noted pioneers of this section. They came from Ireland in 1765, and located at a place called Mollohon. John joined the South Carolina militia, commanded by Colonel Thomas Dugan. Alexander received a commission as Captain and was at the siege of Savannah, where he fell at the head of his company in an attempt to carry the British line. John also fought under General Levi Casey, then a lieutenant, and is mentioned as at the battles of Cowpens, Kings Mountain, Eutaw and other skirmishes. He lived long after the war, in Charleston, where he brought up a large family, one of whom, Kerr Boyce, became a millionaire merchant at Charleston.

THE LOST TOWN OF CORK, MAINE.

An Early Attempt by Robert Temple and Emigrants From Ireland to Establish a Settlement in the Kennebec Wilderness.

BY M. J. O'BRIEN.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that part of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay now embraced in the State of Maine was a great centre of colonial activity, chiefly because of its many fine harbors, rivers, forests and protected valleys, which attracted European settlers to its shores. Perhaps no other portion of Maine affords a more interesting field for research than the section bordering on the delta of the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers and their affluents, known as Merrymeeting Bay. This capacious bay, teeming with fish and fowl, and the bountiful supply of timber with which its shores were covered, presented many natural advantages to the settler and commended the surrounding country not alone as a favorite camping ground to the Indians, but as a site to the early colonists as a permanent home.

While the historians of colonial times usually give all the credit to England and to Englishmen for the early colonization of New England, whose results have been attended with such important consequences to America and the civilized world, Ireland and her sons can also claim a certain part in the settlement and develop-

ment of this territory, as is evidenced by the town, land, church and other colonial records, the names of the pioneers, as well as the names given to several of the towns, villages and early settlements of Maine and New Hampshire. Among the latter, we find such old towns as Limerick, Waterford, Auburn, Westport, Newry, Belfast and Bangor in Maine, and Dublin, Antrim and Derry in New Hampshire.

In a chronological collection of events, under the title of "1,400 Dates of the Town and City of Bath, Maine," published by Levi P. Lemont in 1874, we are informed that in the year 1640 one Christopher Lawson acquired from the Indians a large tract of land on the banks of the Kennebec and named it "Ireland," and that, "in 1720 Robert Temple purchased the Lawson plantation and settled it with families from Cork, in Ireland, and it still retains the name of Ireland." In the Collections of the Maine Historical Society (vol. 4, 2d series, p. 240) this place is named "Cork." These statements aroused my curiosity and suggested the idea of placing the location of Cork, with the result that, after much research, I have gathered together much interesting data concerning this early and almost unknown Irish settlement. I find that Lemont was incorrect in assigning Cork to the Lawson plantation, instead of to a tract of land on the opposite side of the Kennebec river.

According to "An Account of the Temple Family," contained in the New England Genealogical Register (vol. 10, p. 73), Robert Temple was born in Ireland in the year 1694 and was the son of Thomas Temple, also a native Irishman. Thomas's father was also a Thomas Temple, who died in Ireland in 1671. The father of the last mentioned Thomas Temple was from the County of Warwick in England and came into Ireland as an officer in Cromwell's army. In Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," the name of John Temple is mentioned with many other English adventurers among whom the lands of the ancient Irish families in the County of Tipperary were apportioned, pursuant to an Act of the English Parliament of April 23, 1653. The lands assigned to John Temple were situated in the Barony of Eliograthy, County Tipperary. This was the original ancestor

in Ireland of the Temple families of Cork, Kerry and Tipperary, and it is thought the Robert Temple who settled in Maine was of the Cork branch of the family. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, in "The Emmet Family," shows that on February 9, 1727, Robert Temple's sister, Rebecca, married Dr. Christopher Emmet of Tipperary, grandfather of the distinguished patriot brothers, Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet. In after years, in New England, the descendants of Robert Temple became more closely related to the Emmet family. Robert Temple, eldest son of Robert of Cork, Maine, married Harriet, daughter of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. Their daughter, Anne Western, in 1784, married Christopher Temple Emmet, a brother of Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet.

Sewall, in "The Ancient Dominions of Maine," says that Robert Temple was a "Scotch-Irishman" from the North of Ireland, but I believe that assertion may safely be disregarded for two reasons: first, it is an habitual fault with nearly all our historians to designate the early immigrants from Ireland under the misnomer "Scotch-Irish," and second, the Temples all appear to have remained in the Province of Munster. As if in confirmation of this last statement, I find that when Robert Temple lived at Charlestown, Mass., he had six slaves, four of whom he named after places in the South of Ireland, viz., "Bandon," "Mallow," "Kerry" and "Limerick," the first two being towns in the County of Cork.

Robert Temple conceived the idea of establishing himself as a great landed proprietor in this country, and in the year 1717, when only 23 years old, he sailed for Boston, whence, after a short stay, he made a tour through Connecticut and the eastern portion of Massachusetts. Two years before that time, a number of English landed proprietors, organized under the name of the Pejebscot Company, had laid the foundations of several towns in the Sagadahoc Peninsula and in the section of country for some distance north along the eastern shore of the Kennebec, the most important of which was the settlement of Georgetown. At Georgetown, Temple met Colonel Thomas Hutchinson and other members of the company, who had acquired an extensive tract

of land from the Indians along the shores of Merrymeeting Bay, and was invited to associate with them in the foundation of new settlements and introducing colonists who would be willing to share with them in the undertaking.

Temple received 1,000 acres for his own use, and after he had made a visit to the mouth of the Eastern river, where the first of the proposed settlements was to be located, he returned to Ireland. In the following year he chartered five ships and brought over some hundreds of people, who were landed at a place now called North Bath, whence they were transferred to the location on the other side of the Kennebec which had been selected as the site of the new Irish settlement. Some became tenants on Temple's one thousand acre tract, some were assigned to adjacent lands, while others, after a short time, seem to have struck out for themselves and located at various places in the delightful and inviting region to the eastward of Merrymeeting Bay and along the banks of Eastern river. Here a fair-sized settlement of about 150 houses was soon laid out, with all the elements of European civilization of the time, and the town of Cork began with much promise as a cis-Atlantic rival to the fair city of the same name in the Emerald Isle. In accordance with the custom and the necessities of those days of surprise and peril, the plantation of Cork had its garrison—the castle of the town—erected and occupied by the patron of the colony himself, and, while the original name has become completely lost in the mutations of time, yet the location of this early colonial settlement is to this day recognized by the inhabitants, by the familiar name of "Ireland."

Robert Temple himself gave an account of this project in a letter dated at Charlestown, Mass., April 17, 1753, addressed to "The Plymouth Proprietors." After relating his intentions in first coming to this country with his "servants and effects" in the year 1717, he describes his journey through Connecticut and Massachusetts and the compact entered into with the Pejebscot Company, by which, he says, he was to act as its agent in transplanting immigrants and settling them on their lands on the Kennebec. He goes on to say: "In order to which I was con-

cerned in that year in chartering two large Ships and in the next year in chartering three more Ships to bring Families from Ireland to carry on the Settlement, in consequence of which several Hundred People were landed in Kennebec River, some of which or their Descendants are Inhabitants there to this day. But the greatest part removed to Pennsilvania and a considerable Part to Londonderry for Fear of the Indians, who were very troublesome at that time. After I had settled some Families on the East side of Merry-Meeting Bay, to which Place we gave the Name of Cork, Colonel Hutchinson was pleased to give me a Deed for 1000 acres of Land at the Chops of Merry-Meeting Bay where I first landed a large Number of those Families, and Colonel Winthrop (not I) gave that Place the Name of Temple Bar." This letter was published "by a Vote of the Proprietors of the Town of Brunswick" on May 28, 1753, as portion of "A Defence to the Remarks of the Plymouth Colony," and may be found in a quaint little book under that title published at Boston in that year. There is a copy of the original in the New York Public Library, and from its time-stained pages I have made the foregoing extracts.

The exact location of Cork seems to have been entirely misconceived by some historians of this region. As already stated, Lemont assigns it to the neck of land confined within the limits of the Township of Bath, now known as North Bath, but long known to the old families of that section as "Ireland." This was where the Lawson plantation was located. William Willis (in Maine Historical Collections, vol. 6, p. 15), in referring to the Temple settlement, also assigns it to the Bath tract. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that both are incorrect, for Temple himself described it as "east of the bay and the river." Further definite information respecting the situation and beginning of the town of Cork may be found in the Massachusetts Archives (vol. 29, pp. 57 to 63), in which it is referred to as "on the eastward of that river" (the Kennebec). In the Suffolk County Files of the year 1765, Samuel Denny, a noted Justice of Lincoln County, avers: "* * * by giving 1,000 acres to Captain Robert Temple to or for encouraging Passengers from

Ireland, who settled on said tract (which he had already described as on the eastward side of the Sagadahoc or Kennebec river), by settling some people that said Temple had been instrumental in bringing from Ireland, who sat down on the Southern side of the Eastern river, which they called Cork." And in the York Court Files of the year 1754, one Robert Poor, an immigrant of 1716 to Arrowsic, refers to "the two shiploads of passengers who came from Ireland, who soon after their arrival were placed down still higher up the said river or bay, on the South side at Eastern river, and the place called Cork."

From this testimony it appears that the Northern boundary line of the town of Cork was Eastern river, on the South was Chops Point, or Temple Bar. Its length on the water front, from the Chops to the Eastern river, was about five and a half miles.

In apparent security and under the protection of their patron, the Irish immigrants settled down on the lands allotted to them, and with commendable enterprise soon made clearings in the forest and erected a cluster of rude, log houses, on a spot supposed to have been about the first bend of the Eastern river, a short distance north of the place now called Hatch's Corners in the town of Dresden, where the Eastern river falls into the Kennebec. But, the bright skies of their hopes were soon overcast by angry clouds. Against the settlements about the bay the Indians entered an emphatic protest. They resented these beginnings and believed them to reveal a purpose of the white men to push further inland and encroach upon their ancient hunting grounds. How quickly the hopeful outlook of the families in Cork and adjacent lands was changed into bitter and calamitous forebodings is shown by a letter, dated July 23, 1720, from John Penhallow of Georgetown to Colonel Hutchinson, informing him that the white men had been obliged to flee to the shelter of the garrison at Richmond, on a threat by the Indians that they would massacre all of the trespassers if they did not remove. They took particular umbrage at the settlements called Summerset and Cork and those upon Swan Island, and demanded that these be immediately evacuated and leave the

natives in undisputed possession. The plantation called Summerset is said to have been named by one Andrew McFadden, after a place of that name on the river Bann, in Ireland.

The Government's reply to the demands of the Indians was the despatch of a body of soldiers for the defence of Swan Island. They stationed another company at an outpost further up the river at a convenient distance from Cork, and then recommended to the people to return to their homes and erect such defences as seemed best adapted to the tactics of the savages if they should resume their threatening attitude. Penhallow relates that he had conferred with the Indian chiefs and entered into a treaty with them, whereupon, the fugitives from Cork returned to their homes. (Massachusetts Archives, vol. 29, p. 68).

In the meantime the natives had returned to their hunting grounds; there was a short interval of peace, and during the spring of 1722 the settlers laid out several new clearings, cut down the forest and the underbrush and in many ways sought to make their position more secure. In the laudable endeavor of exploring the country, or perhaps, through the excitement of adventure some of the more venturesome spirits of the settlement made gradual advances into the limits and jurisdiction of the Indians. This, evidently, was "the last straw," for their action in thus encroaching upon forbidden ground soon brought its terrible penalty. The savage fire of the redskins was aroused and on the night of June 13, 1722, they swept down on the settlement, burned the houses, killed or drove off all the cattle, made several of the people captive and treated those who made any show of resistance in a most barbarous manner. Terror and panic seized the people; they fled in all directions before the savage foe; some took refuge in the fort at Richmond, and others sought safety at Georgetown, Swan Island and the settlements to the South.

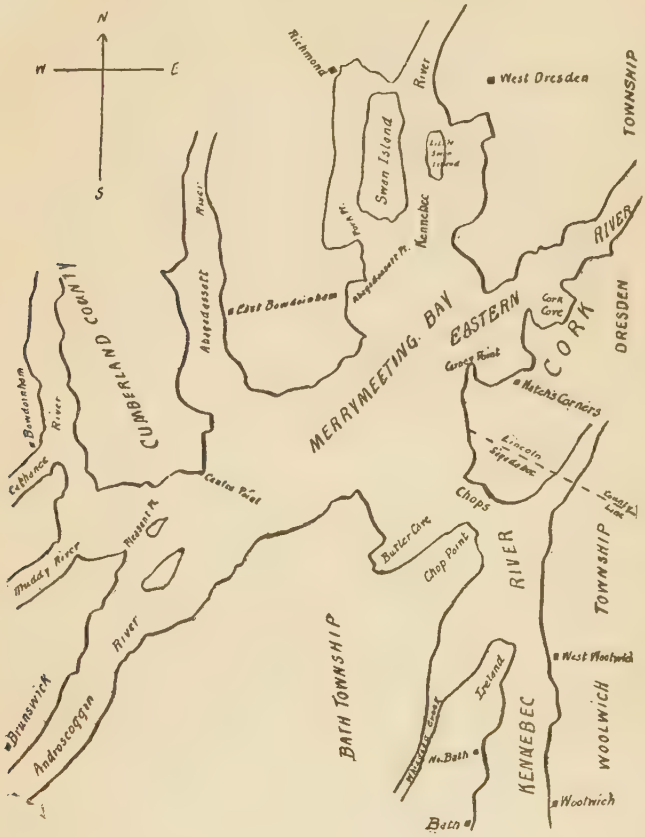
There is very little information to be found in the old records to indicate whether these unfortunate people returned to the homes from which they had been so rudely driven, but that the

town of Cork was not yet entirely abandoned, may be assumed from the fact that in the winter of 1722 we find Captain Temple in command of the garrison. He had 56 soldiers in all under his command, some of whom were the servants he had brought with him from Ireland. But, in the spring of 1724, it seems certain that he abandoned his grand idea of an estate on the Kennebec, for he retired from the scene in that year. So his dreams went up in the smoke caused by the fires of the savages, and the little community, already reduced to a fraction of its original strength, and worn out by the privations and hardships of six years of frontier fighting, gradually dispersed and sought security for their families in the more peaceful settlements on the coast.

Thus the ephemeral Irish colony passed into oblivion, yet the name of the vanished town still remains to bear witness to it. Near the mouth of the Eastern river, where along the shore a few cabins of the Irish were built, a point and curve in the shore line form a cove, which now, in local use, bears as it has borne through generations, the name of "Cork Cove." Shallow and sedgy as tides and river current have silted its bed during nearly two centuries, here the men of Cork moored or drew up their boats or at last embarked, leaving behind forever the rude homes they had begun to prize. Local opinion finds the origin of the name of this Cove of Cork in the entrance upon the adjoining land of a sturdy Irishman named John O'White, about the era of the Revolution. But, this error is manifest from the fact, that a score of years previous to that time this name, existing and well-recognized, appears in the record and laying out of the tract, as well as the construction (in 1761) of the first county road along the river front from Fort Shirley to Woolwich.

Although the settlement seems never to have been entirely deserted, there are no records extant from which the names of the settlers who first established themselves at Cork may now be obtained. Nor can any trace be found of their descendants, and the farms along the Kennebec and Eastern rivers are now occupied, for the most part, by the descendants of German immigrants who came there in 1757 and called the place Dresden, which

name it still bears. Beyond the tradition among the older folk that the spot was called "Ireland," no one can be found in the neighborhood who has any knowledge of its early history, and in the prosaic lives led by these simple country folk, the thrilling and romantic episode of its first occupation by white men, of



MAP OF THE KENNEBEC DISTRICT SHOWING THE LOCATION OF CORK.

another race, seems to have no interest whatever. Those who remained after the immigrants whom Temple says removed to Pennsylvania and Londonderry are shown to have scattered toward Georgetown and neighboring settlements and in all probability some of those bearing Irish names, who are found on

the early records of those places, were among those who came with Temple in the immigration of 1718. Some of the names recorded in the town books and church registers indicate an Irish origin, while, in many other cases, such prenomens as Malachi, Brian, Patrick and the like, attached to surnames which may be of English or Norman origin, suggest an Irish nativity or descent. In some cases I observe that the Town Clerks were not always uniform in their orthography, since the same name, when repeated elsewhere, betrays a desire to get at the result by the phonetic method, as being the briefest road. Some of these are recognized on the town records in the capacity of Selectmen, Assessors, Constables, etc., and several bearing military titles during service in the French, Indian and Revolutionary wars.

Robert Temple, the young adventurer, who sought to gain a home and estates in the Kennebec wilderness, failed of his purposes, overborne as they were by the calamitous events of war. But, his talents and influence may have had greater worth in the growing metropolis of Massachusetts, with whose honored citizens and most distinguished men he was intimate, and with the families of some of whom his own was joined. After his surrender of Cork he repaired to Boston and settled down on a farm at Ten Hills, Charlestown, where he lived for 26 years. He died on April 14, 1754, and is buried in one of the vaults of Christ Church, Boston.

"THE IRISH DONATION"—1676.

When the Good Ship "Katherine" Sailed from Dublin to Relieve the American Sufferers in "King Philip's War." A Chapter from Colonial History.

BY MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN.

A chapter of our colonial history that is little known, or which perhaps is forgotten by many, is that relating to the war between the New England Colonists, and the Indians, in the years 1675 and 1676, and which is known as "King Philip's War." George Madison Dodge, in his great work on the Indian wars in New England, quotes from the ancient account-books of the "Treas-

ROBERT P. TROY, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for California.

JAMES J. SULLIVAN, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Colorado.

WILLIAM J. O'HAGAN, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for South Carolina.

JOSHUA BROWN, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Society for Tennessee.

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urer-at-war of the Colony of Massachusetts," and enumerates the soldiers who fought against King Philip. Some of these distinguished themselves in what is known as "the Great Swamp Fight" at Narragansett, and for their gallant services on that occasion they afterwards received grants of land. A number of interesting names, taken from these rosters, are appended hereto. I am unable to find any reference to the nationality of these soldiers of America's first known army; but, that some, at least, of those selected were Irish, there can be no doubt.

In the New England Historical and Genealogical Register for 1848 is found some remarkable testimony of the sympathy of the people of Ireland for the sufferers in this cruel war. "King Philip's War," it says, "was bloody and devastating in the extreme. The colonies suffered more in proportion to their numbers and strength than was experienced during the Revolutionary struggle. The war was brief, but had its havocs and its terrors, which many historians have tried to describe! Six hundred of the inhabitants, the greatest part of whom were the very flower of the country, fell in battle or were murdered, very often with circumstances of the most revolting cruelty. We may as well suppose that half as many more fell victims in the progress of the war. It was a loss of her children to New England not inferior to 20,000 at the present day (1848). Twelve towns in Massachusetts, Plymouth and Rhode Island were utterly destroyed and many more greatly injured. Six hundred dwelling houses were burned. One man in eleven of the arms-bearing population was killed and one house in eleven laid in ashes."

In these times of distress and misery the people of Ireland promptly came to the relief of the sufferers in New England, which event is known in history as "The Irish Donation." No other country but Ireland is recorded as having come to the rescue of the famished Colonists, and whether or not the fact that there were natives of that country resident in the ravaged districts, may have been the incentive to their humane action does not appear, but, at any rate, the question of nationality or religion did not interfere with a proper distribution of the charity. The Rev. Mr. Watterson, in the introduction to his pamphlet on the "Voyage of the *Jamestown*"—(the vessel which carried relief to Ireland during the famine of 1847)—remarks, characteristically:

"It is an interesting fact that the people of Ireland nearly 200 years ago thus sent relief to the Pilgrim Fathers in the time of their need, and that what we have been doing for that famishing country is but a return for what their fathers did for our fathers, and the whole circumstance proves a verification of the Scripture: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

The ship *Katherine*, of Dublin, brought the relief. It was directed that it be distributed "among the poor distressed by the late war with the Indians," and it was further directed that there was to be no distinction as to religious belief; all were to share according to their needs. "That it be divided between the three united colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut in such portions as the committee shall adjust." The value of the consignment is uncertain, but, from the fact that the cost of the freight was the very large sum (for those days) of four hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and that a committee of three men was sent out with it from Dublin, we may safely assume that, with traditional Irish generosity, it was liberal in the extreme. As a colonial historian remarks, "the donation at the time was as generous as its reception was welcome to the distressed ones in New England."

The *Katherine* sailed from the mouth of the Liffey on or about August 17, 1676, for Boston, which was designated as the place from which the distribution was to be made. A controversy arose between Massachusetts and Connecticut "on account of the Irish Charity." The Council of Massachusetts, in a letter to Connecticut, dated January 4, 1677, "supposed the latter colony had received its share." The letter states that Massachusetts "had sent orders to the several towns of that colony and found 660 families, consisting of 2,265 persons, in distress, besides thirteen towns from which returns had not been received," and they desired a similar account from Connecticut and Plymouth, "by which," they said, "we may proportion what is divisible among us." On February 28, Connecticut wrote Massachusetts desiring the latter to send them "our proportion of the Irish Charity." The correspondence continued, and on May 10, Connecticut again wrote Massachusetts "justifying their conduct in regard to the late war," and stating that "a

list of those in distress had been sent that they might receive their proportion of the Irish donation." Toward the close, however, they remarked: "But God has given supplies to our people; we remit to you our right in the Irish Charity."

At a session of the General Court of Connecticut in the same month (May 1677) the following act was recorded: "The Court upon good reason moving them do remit their part in the Irish Charity to the distressed persons in the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies." So it appears Connecticut received no part in "The Irish Donation," but relinquished her share to the two colonies which had been much more distressed by the war.

After a long account of "the Irish Donation," of which the foregoing is the substance, there follows a list of all the places, as well as of the number of persons among whom the relief was bestowed. In Massachusetts alone, exclusive of Boston, 47 towns were succored, 510 families, or 2,351 persons all told!

Thus did Ireland exhibit her intimate familiarity with things American and extend her sympathy to others when informed of their distress, one hundred years before the opening of the Revolution which emancipated the people of this land from the same tyranny under which she herself groaned! It was a splendid mission on the part of Ireland. The old land sent over a ship of stores long before the Stars and Stripes were thought of, and the most unmerciful episode in connection with it, that the various territories did not receive their full beneficence, is positively pathetic—but Ireland always meant, and still means well.

And yet, what a cruel travesty on history it reads like now, when we scan the official records of the New England Colonies and find that the Irish refugees were often called "convicts," and it was thought that measures should be taken to prevent their landing on the soil where they and their sons afterward shed their blood in the cause of their fellow colonists! In the minutes of the Provincial Assemblies and in the reports rendered by the General Courts, as well as in other official documents of the period, are found expressions of the sentiment which prevailed against the natives of "the Island of Sorrows." Only twenty years before the outbreak of King Philip's War, the Government of England was asked to provide a law "to prevent the importation of the Irish papists and convicts that are yearly

powr'd upon us, and to make provision against the growth of this pernicious evil." And the Colonial Courts themselves, particularly in New England, on account of what they called "the cruel and malignant spirit that has from time to time been manifest in the Irish nation against the English nation," prohibited "the bringing over of any Irish men, women or children into this jurisdiction, on the penalty of fifty pounds sterling to each inhabitant who shall buy of any merchant, shipmaster, or other agent any such person or persons so transported by them." This order was promulgated by the General Court of Massachusetts in October, 1654, and is given in full in the American Historical Review of October, 1896. It was, however, never effective.

Evidently, at that time, England had "the ear of the world," as she has had for so long so far as the unfortunate Irish are concerned, for the Irish were called "convicts," just as the political prisoners of recent years were styled, and as she would brand them to-day were it not that the world is daily becoming more and more enlightened as to the cause of Irish disaffection. With the "convicts" and the "redemptioners" came the Irish Schoolmaster, the man most needed in America. And the fighting man, he too was to the fore, for when the colonies in after years called for volunteers to resist the encroachments of the British, the "convicts" from the Irish jails and their descendants were among the first and the most eager to answer the call!

Names selected from the rosters of Colonial soldiers who fought in King Philip's War, 1675 to 1676.

Humphrey Barrett
John Barrett
James Barrett
Richard Barrett
Timothie Breed
Timothy Burkes
Richard Burk
James Brearly
Alexander Boyle
Richard Brien
Timothy Bray
James Brayley
John Bolen
John Brandon
Philip Butler
Joseph Butler
Stephen Butler
Thomas Buckley
Charles Cahan
John Cane

John Casey
Philip Cartey
Peter Cary
Robert Corbett
Nicholas Cottrell
John Clary
Hugh Collohane
Tymothy Collins
Thomas Cummings
Timothy Conhill
Philip Delaney
John Dowgin
John Doud
Samuel Dalton
John Ford
James Ford
Joseph Ford
Edmond Fanning
Thomas Fanning
Thomas Geary
John Gill
William Gill
John Goff
Matthew Griffin
Hugh Gollihu
Daniel Gowen
Peeter Gurney
John Gleason
William Gleson
Philip Gleson
John Harrington
James Harrington
Daniel Harrington
William Healy
John Heale
Silvester Hayes
Nathaniel Healy
Mortho Hurley
Thomas Kenny
John Kenney
Henry Kenney
Philip Keane
John Keene
William Keene
John Kennedye
James Lowden
Edward Larkin
James Murffey
James Murphy
Brian Morphy
Daniel Maginnis
William Mekeynis
Daniel McKenny
Alexander McKenney
John Makenny
Henry Magoon
Daniel Meginny
Daniell Moore
Richard Moore
Joseph Moore
Benjamin Moore
John Moore
Edmond Moore
John Malony
John Maloone
Peter Mellandry
Cornelius Merry
Darby Morris
Patrick Moroone
Patrick Moraine
Larance Magery
Nicholas Manning
Thomas Manning
Edward Neland
Jeremiah Neall
John Rily
John Reylie
Thomas Reny

John Roach
Dennis Sihy or Shiy (Sheehy?)
Richard Sutton
Jeremiah Swaine
Daniel Shaw
Daniel Tracy
Thomas Talley
Jeremiah Toy
Thomas Welch
John Welch
Philip Welsh
James Wealsh

WILLIAM BARTON ROGERS.

Founder of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, His Father, Patrick, and His Brothers, Henry, James and Robert.

BY DR. MICHAEL F. SULLIVAN OF LAWRENCE, MASS.

W. B. Rogers was born in Philadelphia on the 7th of December, 1804. His father was Dr. Patrick Rogers, a "United Irishman," who escaped to America,—his arrest being ordered by the Government,—afterward professor of chemistry and natural philosophy in William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va. His mother was Hannah Blythe, of Scotch and Irish stock, who came to the United States from Ireland to the home of Thomas Moore of Philadelphia, a relative. Moore, a "United Irishman" was obliged to leave Ireland to escape the wrath of the Government, Philadelphia at that time having many Irish refugees.

Dr. Rogers had three other sons who attained fame in the medical and scientific world: James, Henry and Robert, who with William, were often referred to as the "Brothers Rogers." They were all Americans by birth and education, but strong lovers of the land of their parents.

Robert Rogers, the grandfather of W. B. Rogers, was referred to by Dr. Rushenberger in a memorial to the "Brothers Rogers" in Philadelphia, November 6, 1885, as "a well-to-do Irish gentlemen, liberal in his views, hospitable, convivial and duly appreciative of education and learning."

Mrs. W. B. Rogers, in her life of her husband, mentions the great rejoicing in Ireland after the battle of Lexington, in the resistance to British rule by the Americans, the grandparents of W. B. Rogers taking a prominent part in this rejoicing.

Dr. Patrick Rogers received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Pennsylvania in 1802 and immediately began a lucrative practice, but later became a lecturer on medical and scientific subjects,—chemistry being his favorite topic,—his being perhaps the first series of popular lectures in chemistry given in this country,—certainly the first, or one of the first,—to which women were admitted. Here may be mentioned another brilliant Irishman, Dr. William James MacNevin, "who, as professor of chemistry in the Medical Schools of New York City, was one of the first and ablest teachers, in America, of those discoveries and doctrines which raised chemistry into a science and prepared it for future illimitable extension." The same outrageous laws in Ireland that forced Dr. MacNevin to leave his native country for America also drove another genius, Dr. Patrick Rogers, to America, and what was Ireland's loss was America's gain.

Dr. Patrick Rogers removed to Baltimore in 1812 and, in addition to lecturing, he built up a good practice. He was elected Physician to the Hibernian Society in 1816. In May, 1819, a strong friendship sprang up between Dr. Rogers and Thomas Jefferson, when Dr. Rogers was urged for a professorship in the University of Virginia.

In 1819 his qualifications and ability were appreciated, when he was elected Professor of Philosophy and Chemistry in the College of William and Mary, Virginia. Dr. Rogers died in 1828, much honored and respected.

Little is known of the childhood or boyhood of W. B. Rogers or his brothers; their earlier instructions were given by their father.

James left William and Mary College to study medicine in the University of Maryland in Baltimore, and graduated in 1822. The same year, W. B. Rogers, when only seventeen and one-half years old, delivered an oration at the celebration of the third Virginiad at Jamestown, Va., and at this youthful age was an assistant to his father, who, in sending a copy of his new book on philosophy to Thomas Jefferson, mentions with pride the help his son William has given him.

In the winter of 1825, William, it appears, gave much of his time to the study of the classics.

In 1826, William and Henry opened a school at Windsor, Maryland; in addition to teaching, William delivered a series of lectures on scientific subjects with great success.

William, in writing to his father from Baltimore, 1828, tells about the opening of the new railroad on July 4th, and how a procession of all the trades will be had and that old Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who, in consequence of his public services particularly in the Revolution, will be called upon to break the first ground for the railroad, with a silver trowel and pick.

The Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, a life-long friend, in writing of Dr. Rogers, writes as follows:

"In 1824 Prof. Dr. Rogers' family consisted of four sons, viz: James, William, Henry, and Robert, all of whom, in after life, became distinguished scientists and professors." Mr. Stuart, in writing of Dr. Rogers, whose pupil he formerly was, says, "He was six feet in height, and massively framed, fine and healthy looking, with snow white hair. His face was distinctively Irish in its general appearance. His manner was deliberate and dignified. Dr. Rogers was a very learned man."

After his death, his son, W. B. Rogers, who was professor of natural philosophy in Maryland Institute, and known to the world as a successful teacher, was chosen as his father's successor.

Both James and Henry finally obtained and filled the places they coveted,—the former the lectureship on chemistry, the latter, that on natural philosophy. In 1830 Henry was elected to the chair of natural philosophy in Dickinson College, Pa., when he was but twenty-two years old.

There was much criticism in 1830 on the doings of Congress, and none more severe than that of young Prof. W. B. Rogers, who, in writing to his brother Henry on February 13th, 1830, says:

"Who that is inspired with just ideas of the true interests of society can witness the proceedings of our Congress, the assembled learning and talent of our country, without disgust and shame?

"Their hall of Congress is the hall of selfishness. There the agents of several states assembled not to digest schemes of diffusive moral benefit, but by argument or intrigue to drive interested bargains for their constituents, and all the proceedings are little better than a miserable scramble after wealth and

power.—Witness these engrossing questions—the Tariff in which each section of our Country is agitated by hope and fears concerning its own prosperity."

Henry, while in London, 1833, writes to William as follows: "Parliament is at full tide of debate, and a crisis of deep interest is close at hand for England, and above all, for poor unhappy Ireland. The miseries in that devoted land pass conception. The conditions of Ireland would appall you.

"O'Connell is taking a very elevated stand, and has already waged a most tremendous attack in the King's Address. He will either effect the Repeal of the Union or Ireland will be in open insurrection before another year.

"I heard O'Connell, not only in the House of Commons, but in an immense assembly of the National Union, and certainly none but a son of poor despised Ireland could display such eloquence, at times so tremendous and terrific and at moments so melting and tender. He looks a very Hercules. O'Connell is making a desperate and powerful opposition to the Irish Coercion Bill, as it is called, and should you see in the papers the despotic nature of the yoke to be imposed on that country you will not wonder at the frenzy it excites among the people.

"Still, I fear the bill will pass, and what new act will follow in this fearful drama, the fates who brew the mischief only know.

"O'Connell's influence in his country is supreme. If he escapes the vengeance of his foes, and runs his career unharmed, I am pretty sure that liberty in Ireland will triumph."

In 1835, W. B. Rogers was elected to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Virginia.

He was then in his thirty-first year and had been seven years professor of philosophy and chemistry in the College of William and Mary. Professor Rogers was also appointed by act of Legislature of Virginia, State Geologist, and with the assistance of his brothers James and Henry, did valuable work for Virginia.

In the summer of 1840, William and Henry made a valuable survey in Canada and New England, in the interest of the Government of those places. During the Second Annual Meeting of the Association of American Geologists in 1841 in Philadelphia, Prof. Henry Rogers presided at the meeting. W. B. Rogers, in a letter to his brother Robert in 1841, shows his

broad-minded spirit in condemning the bigoted spirit shown by some of the religious papers, when a Catholic and a Jew were elected to teach in the University.

John L. Hayes, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass., writing on June 4th, 1882, says: "In April, 1842, I enjoyed, as one of the youngest members, the meeting of the American Association of Geologists and Naturalists, held in the city of Boston and met many distinguished scientists, as Silliman, Jackson, Emmons, Hall, Beck, Bailey, and the brothers William B. Rogers and Henry Rogers. The brothers Rogers must be associated together. The genius of the brothers Rogers had, like the Egyptologist with the papyrus roll, unfolded the inverted and contorted strata, spread and smoothed them out, as it were, in an open book, and showed them to the eye of science as originally horizontal deposits, continuous with rocks of the great western coal fields."

It may be safely asserted that the Rogers brothers have made the most original and brilliant generalizations recorded in the annals of American geology, equal to the great expositor of this subject, de Beaumont of France. In the autumn of 1847 James B. Rogers was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1847 the brothers, William, Robert, and James were now well established in professorships, and Henry was lecturing on scientific subjects in Boston.

In 1849 William resigned his professorship at the University of Virginia, and on June 20th of the same year, married Miss Savage and sailed for Europe.

His description of the Irish coast and Ireland shows warm and patriotic feelings for the land of his father and mother.

He says: "The first sight of the Irish coast fills my heart with pleasure indescribably sweet and sad. I felt that its heathery hills and verdant slopes claimed my filial love and spoke to me in my dear father's voice. God bless and prosper that beautiful but helpless land!" In December, 1849, William was again solicited to take up the position of professor of the University of Virginia.

In January, 1852, Prof. W. B. Rogers paid a great tribute to Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, who like himself was of Irish

blood. James B. Rogers, after one of the most fruitful of scientific lives, died in June, 1852.

William B. Rogers resigned his professorship at Virginia, and removed to Boston. His desire was to give more time to scientific and research work. His lectures were well received, many thousands attending them; his lecture in December, 1855, at Lawrence, Mass., filled the City Hall.

With this chapter, we enter upon the history of an enterprise which was to be the supreme effort and achievement of William B. Rogers's life—namely, the foundation and establishment of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As early as 1848, William and his brother Henry had prepared a plan for a polytechnic school in Boston. Many attempts were made to get the Commonwealth interested in the formation of such a school, and Professor Rogers was requested to write a memorial to the Legislature in 1860, in behalf of a committee, which memorial seems to have been successful and must be regarded as foreshadowing the establishment not only of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but of the full group of buildings occupied by the Institute, the Boston Society of Natural History, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Boston Public Library.

In 1859 Professor Rogers made an extensive geological expedition along the coasts of Maine, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

As a result of his examinations, science was much benefited, if we are to judge by reports in American and foreign scientific journals.

His skill in description was picturesque and lucid. On his return to Boston he became active to carry out his intentions for organization of the Institute. In September, 1860, he submitted, as Chairman of the Committee, a plan entitled "Objects and Plan for an Institute of Technology," including a Society of Arts, a Museum of Arts, and a School of Industrial Science, proposed to be established in Boston.

On October 5th, 1860, this was adopted by the general committee, and thus became the basis of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of today. Professor Rogers, in writing to his brother Henry says, "My plan is very large, but is much liked and I shall probably submit it, by request, to a meeting of

leading persons." It is evident from his letter that he had in mind a broad and thorough system of teaching.

A large meeting of prominent educators and business men was called and a thorough, active organization was formed with Professor Rogers as chairman, and under his guidance a constitution and by-laws were drawn for the government of the Institute. The act of incorporation was made in November, 1860. It may be well, now, to mention that there were objections, or rather doubts as to the need of two Institutes, on the part of those in New York, who desired to have the school placed in New York City. The Act to incorporate the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was approved by Gov. John A. Andrew, on April 10th, 1861.

As the result of persistent work of Professor Rogers, the Legislature of 1861 passed a bill for appointment of a State Inspector of Gas and Gas Meters, and Governor Andrew appointed Professor Rogers. Dr. Rogers's modesty was always appreciated, and it was not a surprise when he urged the Governor to appoint John R. Rollins of Lawrence, for the position, but the Governor insisted, and he filled the position with ability. On May 6th, 1862, the first meeting of the Institute was held and Professor Rogers was chosen President. Associated with him during all its struggles for organization, were many of Massachusetts' most eminent scientists and educators.

In 1864, Professor Rogers, in writing to his brother, mentions the "admirable lectures of Henry Giles, the noted Irish-American lecturer and essayist, delivered in Boston."

Professor Rogers, never very strong, was obliged to take ocean trips, and was much sought by foreign colleges for addresses on scientific subjects. His correspondence with James Russell Lowell and Eliot, later President of Harvard, shows the esteem in which he was held by these gentlemen.

On June 1st, 1870, he resigned as President of the Institute on account of ill health; and, while addressing the graduation class of the Institute in 1882, suddenly dropped, and was dead in a short time.

Few men in any walk of life had more glowing and graceful tributes paid them by men of eminence and prominence, than William B. Rogers, the son of an Irish emigrant and patriot.

JOHN DOYLE.

Reproduction by Anna Frances Levins

William B. Rogers and his brothers lived splendid and useful lives, and no better monument could be placed to the credit of any man than the internationally known Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

LETTER OF JOHN DOYLE.

The following letter was written by the father of the late John T. Doyle of Menlo Park, California, upon his arrival in the United States an emigrant from Ireland. The original letter was given by Miss Doyle, a granddaughter of John Doyle, to Richard C. O'Connor, Esq., of San Francisco, Vice-President-General of this Society. In sending to the Journal a copy of the San Francisco *Monitor* of February 8th, 1913, in which the letter was published, Mr O'Connor writes:

"John Doyle was a native of Kilkenny, Ireland. He was the son of Edmond Doyle, who had joined the United Irishmen in 1798, whose home was wrecked, and whose family was scattered among various relatives. John Doyle leaves many descendants and relatives scattered through the Eastern States, and I have no doubt the letter will have much interest for them. It will also be interesting to the general public for the description it gives of the difficulties of the conditions which emigrants had to face in the early years of the last century as contrasted with the conditions which they have to face to-day."

See article on John T. Doyle, Journal, Vol. XI., p. 141.

136 Chambers Street, NEW YORK,
January 25th, 1818.

Has an absence of six months my dearest Fanny, and being transported so many thousand miles from you, weakened your attachment for John, you know your love was my greatest boast and my only fortune, did I not court it by all the means in my power and reject every human consideration for the sake of preserving it, you never heard me repine at any misfortune that crossed me for your sake while I was sure I possessed your love. If I was to judge for myself, and the unhappiness of my mind since I parted with you and my little Edmond, that time which is said to destroy and weaken all love and affection, has only added strength to mine—Oh, how long the days, how cheerless and fatiguing the nights since I parted with my Fanny and my little angel. Sea sickness, nor the toils of the ocean, nor the starvation which I suffered, nor the constant apprehension of our old crazy vessel going to the bottom, for ten tedious weeks, could ever wear me to the pitch it has if my mind was easy

about you. But when the recollection of you and of my little Ned rushes on my mind with a force irresistible, I am amazed and confounded to think of the coolness with which I used to calculate on parting with my little family even for a day, to come to this *strange* country, which is the grave of the reputations, of the morals, and of the lives, of so many of our countrymen, and countrywomen. And here my dearest love, before I relate any other particulars, suffer me to utter one prayer, which is, for every human blessing that is conducive to real happiness on this earth and eternal happiness in heaven, to you and my angel, and that the hand which writes this, and the heart that dictates it, may both wither and receive the punishments which I should deserve if they ever show, above common civility the respect and uncommon love which my heart confesses at this moment it has for you, to any other woman living, until I shall put it again into your own hands. I have informed you already of the cause of my sudden departure from Dublin in a letter which I wrote from on board and gave to a gentleman who left the ship in the bay of Dublin to drop in the postoffice for me; lest, however, that letter has missed, I shall now briefly inform you that having found a vessel bound to Philadelphia ready for sailing I thought it wiser to engage my passage in her than to wait loitering in Dublin for the brig *Anne*. In this ship called the *Sally* I accordingly agreed for my board and passage and paid the captain thirteen guineas. I was in Dublin exactly two nights and one day, after paying my expenses there and my passage I found that I had remaining only one dollar. This I thought I should husband until I would get to our port, knowing that it would be a sorrowful thing to be dropped down in a strange country without having a half penny in my pocket, but alas! how weak is all resolution when combated by actual want. We had a crowded ship, she leaked as we afterwards found, through every part, the passengers were forbidden to go ashore and we were told every moment that the officer would come aboard to pick out the tradesmen. At length he made his appearance and the business proved to be a mere matter of form as he did not administer an oath to one of the passengers. We were now absolutely prohibited to go ashore on pain of losing our passage, and these were the circumstances I was found in, my dearest love, when I calculated on having leisure to write to you an endearing letter expressing my feelings on parting with you, as I did not then know but it might be forever. All things being ready we at length weighed anchor and parted from the custom house dock with a fair wind at 1 o'clock on Thursday, 31st of July. It would be useless to attempt describing the enchanting bay of Dublin, but those who were in a frame of mind for enjoying it declared that its beauties exceeded belief. The wind soon turned against us and we experienced some dreadful gales in the Irish channel where we remained beating about for nine or ten days under dreadful apprehensions, anxiously praying to God to give us a wind that would carry us into the great Atlantic Ocean or to increase its fury so much as to compel our captain to turn back to Dublin, in the event of which the majority of the passengers resolved to forfeit their money and bid farewell to going to America for ever. Some good person's prayers were at length heard and the wind shifted in our favor which soon brought us into the Atlantic. (At this critical time I consoled myself with the thought of having yours,

Mary's, and Alley's prayers.) Soon might the most ignorant of us know that we were now got into quite a different sea, its enormous swells, the deep blue color of its waters and the myriads of porpoises, dolphins and occasionally the whale, the shark, and flocks of flying fish, filled the minds of some with grand ideas and delight, while others particularly the women it overwhelmed with terror and dismay. The wind soon changed against us and throughout we had a bad passage; the ship was now found to leak so much that it was beyond the power of the crew to keep her dry, the passengers were now called up and informed that it was necessary she should be pumped night and day without ceasing or else we should all be lost, and this we were expected to do without the assistance of the sailors—having now no law we divided ourselves into classes and from that day never ceased till we pumped her into port. We steered considerably too much to the southward and on the 31st of August in consequence made the Island of St. Michael's, 1,000 miles from Portugal and subject to that government. Before this we lost our main top and main gallant mast in a strong gale which catched us on this coast. The passengers' provisions at this time were nearly exhausted, so was the captain's, for he came to sea with a very miserable store. They did not stint themselves till it was too late and what was worse, at the best they were provisioned but for eight weeks. Add to this, that being hearty young men they were little accustomed to management or to cookery, and could not restrain the keen appetite which the sea air generally gives. We flattered ourselves here that we should get a complete refit in every respect. Our joy was more like the transports of madmen than anything else. There was nothing too ridiculous for us to believe in favor of St. Michael's. Pooh! There was bread, flour, rice, wine, brandy, sugar and coffee to be had in St. Michaels's for a song. One could smell the grapes, lemons and oranges at the distance of nine miles from shore. Another could distinguish the different habits of the monks and friars as they walked in the streets. More could distinguish the dress of the ladies if they were to be believed and would actually take off their hats, make their bows and scrapes and salute them in the most enraptured manner—in fact, the passengers, you might say, were delirious with joy, and in the midst of it a simple countryman from the County Monahan, whose teeth were sore with eating the flinty biscuit, exclaims on seeing what afterwards turned out to be a heap of large stones: "God's blood and wounds, isn't that a heap of potatoes I see on shore?" It caused us to laugh immoderately, we knowing him to be in a longing way for the Murphys. We hoisted a signal of distress and in about two hours two large boats left the shore and came to us. They contained each, besides the men who rowed, twelve soldiers with loaded muskets which threw a small damp on our joy. They behaved, however, extremely polite and civil. They brought an interpreter with them whose English only served to confound us. The captain let a select number go ashore to get necessaries and to execute the commissions of all the rest. To my great joy I was pitched upon as one of the number and in a moment was charged with a bag full of tickets and dollars to buy this for one, that for another. I brought my own poor dollar with me to buy some wine and brandy, for which I all along had the most unnatural desire. I experienced every want greater than the rest as in fact the captain

starved me and had not a morsel or a drop of anything on earth but the little tea and sugar which you packed for me at home. The water was so rotten from the badness of the casks, that parching dry as I used to be after eating the salt junk and biscuit, I could not bear it in my mouth. We set off in the boats and arrived in the town of Villa Franka, which was the most enchanting spot that I ever beheld; the number and splendor of the churches and convents, the seemingly happy condition of the people and the total want of anything like real poverty with the clearness of the atmosphere perfumed with the fragrance of an innumerable number of trees bearing the richest and most delicious fruits and growing up without any attention in the streets in which they were planted. As the people here never show their goods in the windows and their doors constantly kept shut with our ignorance of the language we could hardly procure anything but fruit, sugar, and spirits, and more so as our hurry served to confuse us and almost rendered the short time which was allowed us useless, we therefore left the enchanting town of Villa Franka with dissatisfaction and regret, cursing our captain for hoisting his signal for us to go aboard so soon, the wind having shifted in our favor. I fear, my dearest love, that I have already given too long a detail to allow me to relate our subsequent misfortunes and the many remarkable incidents that occurred before we made the coast of America. However I can not avoid mentioning a few which dismayed and terrified us all—doubtless because we were so unacquainted with so strange an element. An old swaddling preacher, who labored to convert us, died of the sea sickness and in a few hours after was sewed up in an old blanket with stones at his feet and was heaved overboard as a reward for his pains. In a few moments after the blanket was seen floating on the sea emptied of its contents and with it a large monster making the most awful and tremendous roaring ever heard who kept company with us for two days. We sailed through a part of the dreadful Bay of Biscay where we suffered dreadful terror, spoke many vessels on the passage, one of which was out of provisions for fifteen days, the forlorn crew exhibited the greatest misery than can be conceived—it was totally out of our power to give them any help, but fortunately they fell in with another ship on the same day who supplied them. We were chased for ten hours on a Sunday by a South American patriot privateer who fired thirteen shots after us, one of which struck our stern. We, however, made all the sail we could and never lay-to until the *Patriot* so far out-sailed us that she had our lives completely in her power. We then backed our sails and the privateer dashed up to us in the most majestic manner. As she sailed around our vessel we could distinctly see her men standing at their guns with lighted matches ready to pour in on us a broadside if we made any resistance. They lowered their boat which brought our captain with his papers aboard them, and finding us not to belong to the Spaniards, they used us with the utmost politeness and after an interchange of civilities in which presents were given on both sides, they parted with us. The captain of the *Patriot* was an Irishman. He informed us that they captured four Spanish merchantmen in seven weeks, the value of which exceeded £30,000. The violence of the sea sickness brought her labor on a poor woman with child and in despite of every want she was safely delivered by herself and the child done

very well. It was almost miraculous how a fever did not break out in the vessel from its filthy state and our sailing so much to the southward through warm latitudes. If it had broken out we should all have fallen victims to it as we had not a morsel of medicine in the ship. Oh! how often I wished for John Brooks to be with me to enjoy the luxury of seeing the sun going down at sea in a southern climate. It used almost to strike me motionless and without the power of uttering a word but "Oh! Oh!" while my eyes were endeavoring to penetrate it. If it had this effect on me what would it have had on my dear beloved friend John, whom I fear will never forgive my ingratitude in leaving home without bidding him farewell, but if he judges me from this act he does not know me, as after you and your sisters and brothers there is no person I wish so well or would do more to serve. This was not all, for the last act of the tragedy was performed by heaving a poor aged man 81 years old, who remained sick from the first time we put to sea till we got within two days sail of the coast of America when he died and was thrown out to the great regret of everyone in the vessel. There was in the ship to regret him, his wife as old as himself, and thirteen near relations. So much for the present of my voyage.

We were safely landed in Philadelphia on the 7th of October and I had not so much as would pay my passage in a boat to take me ashore. My distress and confusion for the want of three or four pence was very great, and such was the jealousy and miserableness of the passengers that there was not one who would lend another even that sum. I, however, contrived to get over, and God is my witness that at that moment, I would as soon the ground would open and swallow me up. It was not long till I made out my father, whom I instantly knew, and no one could describe our feelings when I made myself known to him, and received his embraces, after an absence of seventeen years. The old man was quite distracted about me. He done nothing that entire day but bringing me about to his friends. Their manner of receiving me was quite amusing; one would say you are welcome, sir, from the old country; another, you are welcome to this free country; you are welcome to this wooden country; you are welcome to this free country—you are welcome to this land of liberty. Pray sir, are you not happy to have escaped from the tyranny of the old country? When you would deny the tryanny and give the preference to home, they would look amazed and say, "What sir, would you not rather live in a free country than in slavery?" In short they imagine here that we can not act or speak in Ireland but as the authorities please. Their ignorance and presumption are disgusting, their manners worse. As to politeness and good nature, they are totally unknown and though they all pretend to be well acquainted with the affairs of Europe they are utterly ignorant of all transactions there, or at the best know them imperfectly. If my father's love could do me any good I did not want for it, for it amounted to jealousy. The morning after landing I went to work to the printing and to my great surprise I found that my hand was very little out. There is an immensity of printing done in America, still it is not as good as other businesses, and I think a journeyman printer's wages might be averaged at 7½ dollars a week all the year round. In New York it may not be so much as they are often out of work. The bookbinding may be put upon a footing with the printing; they execute their

work here remarkably well. I worked in Philadelphia for five and one-half weeks and saved £6, that is counting four dollars to the pound (in the currency) of the United States the dollar is worth five shillings Irish at all times. They give the name of shillings to one-eighth of a dollar which are common here, but which is only equal to our 7½d. This name is what blinds many immigrants to the value of their money here and about the price of dollars and flatters them with the idea of such enormous wages. I wrote to poor Lewis who gave me the most pressing invitation to come to New York where I now am, and where I every day experience from them some fresh kindness. My father put every obstacle he could in my way to prevent my going to New York but when he found that all he could do would not change my mind and that his entreaties to stay with him were in vain, he parted with me drowned in tears to such a pitch that he was unable to speak and since my arrival here he is every week writing to me to go back. I found the printing and bookbinding overpowered with hands in New York. I remained idle for twelve days in consequence; when finding there was many out of employment like myself I determined to turn myself to something else, seeing that there was nothing to be got by idleness. The trifle which I had saved was going from me fast. I drove about accordingly and was engaged by a bookseller to hawk maps for him at 7 dollars a week. This I done much to his satisfaction but when the town was well supplied he discharged me and instead of paying me my entire bill he stopped 9 dollars for maps which he said I made him no return for. I had to look for justice but was defeated for want of a person to prove my account. I lost the 9 dollars which I reckon to be 45 shillings. However I got such an insight into the manners and customs of the natives whilst going among them with the maps as served me extremely. I now had about 60 dollars of my own saved, above every expense. These I laid out in the purchase of pictures on New Year's Day, which I sell ever since. I am doing astonishingly well, thanks be to God and was able on the 16th of this month to make a deposit of 100 dollars in the bank of the United States. Thus you see, my dearest Fanny, God has at length done something for us; every penny of it is my own hard earnings and I am now convinced that it is only by deserving His blessing that we can hope or expect to merit His favors; *apropos*, I must inform you that I made a solemn promise to God while at sea that if it was His goodness to spare my life till I get ashore I would make a hearty confession of my sins, which I thank Him for having granted me time and grace to perform, and this I mention, my love, because I know that it will be a source of pleasure to you; though living happy in the midst of my brother's family whom you know that I always loved and being as yet very successful in dealing in the pictures and indeed I may say in everything I have taken in hand since I came to America, I feel, particularly in the evenings, when I return home, a lonesomeness and lowness of spirits which oppress me almost to fainting. Oh my dearest Fanny if I could but convince you now that I am so many thousand miles from you of how insipid and distressing society and particularly of women is to me, you would pity me of all creatures and fly to fill up that vacancy in my mind and spirits which my absence from you occasions. But if absence alone occasions this, what must I feel when I reflect on

the peculiar delicacy of your situation particularly at this very moment when I am writing. Time, distance and absence increase my apprehension and fears. You may be after making an addition to my happiness, which naturally makes you the dearer to me, if possible, or you may with your young infant be lost to me forever. But if my poor prayers could be of any avail your life and happiness would never have an end. All the Masses that I have heard, all the prayers that I say have been offered for you, and if a sincere heart could make them acceptable, mine must undoubtedly have been heard. You knew my wish respecting the name which the child should be called if a boy. And if a girl either after yourself or my poor old Mary which notwithstanding all our childish piques, she may rest well assured that there is no woman in the world after you, which I love so well or ought to think so much of. And this also I flatter myself with, that my poor little Alley could not help loving me because she is naturally tender, loving and goodhearted. I sometimes burst out laughing to myself when I think of her dry little ways and the manner she settled her mouth when she is not well pleased. I could wish very much that Greg was to come to America. His business is one of the very best here. He might be sure of earning £3 sterling a week throughout the year steady, perhaps more than that. He being a good hand there is no question but he would get the best of encouragement and steady employment.

I have enquired particularly about his business at the fountain head and what I say he may rely on. The cabinetmakers sometines earn so much as 18 dollars a week which is £4:10 sterling. John Brooks would not do so well here as this country affords very little encouragement to the arts; still as he is a good portrait painter, he could make out a genteel living here, but that is the utmost, and even were he disposed I would by no means encourage him to come. There are poor houses charity schools and even soup houses here which shows that there are a number of destitute poor; of course there is misery in every part of the world, but none of the real actual poverty and distress which is in all parts of Ireland. This letter I have written in several portions as leisure would allow, but this being the birthday of my darling little Ned, it has roused me to put the finishing hand to it. I have kept it up by treating all the children, and taking two tumblers of punch. But some things my dearest heart has troubled me ever since I left Kilkenny and will keep me uneasy till I hear from you, to know how John Meighan acted, also about Mr. Murphy if you released the parts Mr. Loughnane had with the money Colonel Butler owed; if the colonel paid the full amount of his bill; whether Jack Kelly paid the £7 7s and Father Ned Walsh the £1 10s which they owed; how Jack Dowling the butcher and others to whom we were indebted treated you; but above all how you got your health since I came away. Of course, my dear Fanny, I am naturally desirous to know what sickness you got in your confinement, every particular respecting the birth of the child even to the day and hour. As my heart leans so much to Kilkenny I must be interested to know what rumors were spread after I left home, if Davy Cahill returned. I strove all I could while in Philadelphia to make out Mr. Grant's uncle but in vain. I forgot his surname and no one could make it out on the letter so as to be certain what it was. Also whether you got the calfskins from Jack

Ryan and if those things which I told you to dispose of went for anything—the rest of my tools I would wish you should be particularly careful of. Give my sincere love to John Glindon, your brother, as well as to Simon and Greg, and let me know if John came to Kilkenny. Anything you think which I have forgot, be sure I shall be glad to hear it. As yet it's only natural I should feel lonesome in this country, ninety-nine out of every hundred who come to it are at first disappointed. They need never expect to realize the high expectations they have of it. Still it's a fine country and a much better place for a poor man than Ireland. It's a money-making country too, and much as they grumble at first after a while they never think of leaving it, though they could get a passage home every day for a trifle if they wished it. I have seen a great many of the Kilkenny people here, and they are all in good health except James Maxwell with whom the climate does not seem to agree. It gives me great courage to find that I have now more to the good and made more of my short time than most of them who are here two or three years. The fact is some of them earn a good deal, but they indulge too much in drink.

A man who can make a living at home has no business to come to the United States; thus for instance Conry can't do so well here as in Kilkenny, and he is quite sorry for having ever left it. I am sorry to have to inform you that Catherine Hart's brother, I am informed, was drowned about a year ago. One thing I think is certain that if the emigrants knew before hand what they have to suffer for about the first six months after leaving home in every respect they would never come here. However, an enterprising man, desirous of advancing himself in the world will despise everything for coming to this free country, where a man is allowed to thrive and flourish, without having a penny taken out of his pocket by government; no visits from tax gatherers, constables or soldiers, every one at liberty to act and speak as he likes, provided it does not hurt another, to slander and damn government, abuse public men in their office to their faces, wear your hat in court and smoke a cigar while speaking to the judge as familiarly as if he was a common mechanic, hundreds go unpunished for crimes for which they would be surely hung in Ireland; in fact, they are so tender of life in this country that a person should have a very great interest to get himself hanged for anything! It is I think an observation of your own that there is no love without jealousy, thus I often think my dearest love that you should not have parted with me with dry eyes or giving me some token of your love, which of our faults was it, my forgetting even to get the little gold heart which hung so long on my neck placed there by your own hands or your neglecting to restore it on that breast from which for its safety it was taken. Oh my dear Fanny what would I not now give for that precious little heart which would constantly remind me of my first ardent affection for you, and which you hung on my neck in token of your purest love for me. Thus my dearest jewel my whole life is employed in thinking of you and I suppose I may now say of my little angels, kiss them a thousand times for me, keep my name familiar with Ned. If anything should happen him I could never after do any good.

I can not say more but for ever and ever your loving husband.

JOHN.

NEWTOWN BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT,
Elmira, New York.
Dedicated August 29th, 1912.

Reproduction by Anna Frances Levins

THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

August 1st, 1912.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Field Day for 1912 will be celebrated at Elmira, New York, on August 29th, 1912. On that day the people of this great Commonwealth will assemble to honor and perpetuate the memory and splendid record of one of the most famous officers of the Revolutionary War, Major-General John Sullivan. The State of New York, largely through the efforts of men whose names grace our roll of membership, appropriated the sum of twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the gallant and intrepid General who not only cleared the surrounding country of marauding Indians, but won the Battle of Newtown, the third in importance in the struggle for independence.

The monument will be unveiled at Elmira on August 29th, 1912.

At a meeting of the Executive Council held on March 23rd, 1912, President Lee appointed a committee of three to correspond with those in authority at Elmira with the view of having the Society represented at the ceremony. The following invitation has been received:

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 27th, 1912.

HON. THOMAS ZANSLAUR LEE,
President American Irish Historical Society,
49 Westminster Street,
Providence, R. I.

Dear Sir:—

As Chairman of the Newtown Battlefield Monument Dedication Committee, recently appointed by Lieutenant-Governor Conway, as Acting Governor of this State, to arrange for the dedication exercises to be held on August 29th, 1912, and with the hearty approval of the entire Committee, I take pleasure in extending to the American Irish Historical Society a cordial invitation to participate in the dedication of the Sullivan Monument, so called, and the attending celebration.

Very truly yours,
W. H. LOVELL, *Chairman.*

At the suggestion of Hon. Alexander C. Eustace of Elmira, Chairman of the Historical Committee for the Sullivan Monu-

ment dedication, President Lee submitted additional names and following letter has been received:

July 27th, 1912.

Hon. Patrick F. McGowan,
224 East 12th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. McGowan:—

I beg to inform you that the Newtown Battlefield Monument Dedication Committee recently appointed by Lieutenant Governor Conway, as Acting Governor of this state, to arrange for the dedication exercises to be held on August 29th, 1912, has duly approved of the below named gentlemen, suggested by the officers of the American Irish Historical Society, as a subcommittee to represent that Society upon the occasion of the dedication of the Sullivan Monument, so called, and the attending celebration.

I shall appreciate it if you will cause these gentlemen to be communicated with severally, informing them of their selection as members of such subcommittee.

Very truly yours,

A. C. Eustace,
Chairman of Historical Committee.

Hon. P. F. McGowan,	New York City.
Mr. P. F. Magrath,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Hon. Thomas Z. Lee,	Providence, R. I.
Hon. John D. Crimmins,	New York City.
Mr. J. I. C. Clarke,	New York City.
Mr. Edward H. Daly,	New York City.
Dr. Francis J. Quinlan,	New York City.
Hon. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick,	Boston, Mass.
Mr. Edward M. Tierney,	New York City.
Colonel D. C. Robinson,	Elmira, N. Y.
Mr. Robert J. Donahue,	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Mr. John Hannan,	Ogdensburg, N. Y.

It is seldom that the Society has such an opportunity to participate in so important an event, and every member who can should take advantage of it. The patriotism of the people of Elmira commands our warmest admiration, and a large attendance of our members will demonstrate our appreciation. To honor the memory and perpetuate the glorious record of this splendid type of our race should appeal to every member of the Society.

There will be a large military display by United States troops, the National Guard of New York, of New Hampshire and of adjoining States which will escort the Governors who have promised to be present. The various patriotic and civic societies will also form a very important part of the parade.

We trust that the Field Day for 1912 will be a Red Letter Day for The American Irish Historical Society.

Yours sincerely,

P. F. McGOWAN, *Chairman.*
P. F. MAGRATH,
J. I. C. CLARKE,
THOMAS Z. LEE,
JOHN D. CRIMMINS,
EDWARD H. DALY,
FRANCIS J. QUINLAN,
THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK,
EDWARD M. TIERNEY,
D. C. ROBINSON,
ROBERT J. DONAHUE,
JOHN HANNAN,
Committee.

THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, August 14th, 1912.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The American Irish Historical Society has decided to participate in the exercises attending the unveiling of the monument to be dedicated to Major-General John Sullivan at Elmira, New York, on the 28th and 29th of August, 1912.

The headquarters of the Society during the celebration will be at the Hotel Rathbun, Elmira, where Parlors C and D with two smaller rooms on the same floor have been engaged for the use of our members. The rates at the Hotel Rathbun are from $3.00 to $5.00 per day, and at the Hotel Langwell from $2.50 to $3.50 per day, both hotels American plan.

On the evening of the 28th a mass meeting will be held at the Lyceum Theatre which will be presided over by Mayor Daniel

Sheehan of Elmira, New York. Among the speakers will be Governor Dix, Lieutenant Governor Conway, General Daniel E. Sickles, Major-General Wood, United States Army, and the Governors who may be in attendance from other states.

On Thursday morning, August 29th, the big military parade will occur. Regular Army troops and National Guard troops of New York and of other states will participate.

On the afternoon of August 29th the services of dedication will be held at the monument. State Senator Murtaugh will preside and the speakers will be Governor Dix, Major-General Wood, and Lynde Sullivan, Esq., of Boston, a descendant of Major-General John Sullivan, and the head of the Sullivan family. A poem written for the occasion by Joseph I. C. Clarke, Vice-President General of our Society, will be read. The monument will be unveiled by four ladies representing the Chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution in the counties of Chemung, Schuyler, Tioga and Tompkins.

On the evening of the 29th (instead of the 28th as formerly announced), there will be a banquet at the Rathbun Hotel.

If our members wish to live up to the purposes for which the Society was organized, some little sacrifice should be made to be present at the dedication of the Newtown Battlefield Monument (the official title) on August 29th.

The State of New York, and Elmira in particular, grateful for the services rendered by Major-General Sullivan, have erected this silent instructor in patriotism for the benefit of the youth of our country. This son of an Irish schoolmaster, inspired with patriotism and civic pride, distinguished as lawyer, orator, general, senator, magistrate and governor, used all the gifts and talents with which he was so richly endowed, for the service of his country. His was one of the very first aggressive acts for independence and in opposition to the tyranny exercised by England over the colonies. In June, 1777, Peter Livius, Chief Justice of Quebec, wrote to Sullivan as follows:

> *You were the first man in active rebellion and drew with you the Province you live in. You will be one of the first sacrificed to the resentment and justice of Government. Your family will be ruined, and you must die in ignominy.*

This expression of bitterness from a loyalist is a tribute to the

early activity and influence of this young patriot whose life is a part of our country's history.

To assist in perpetuating its record, to pay a well deserved tribute to the memory of one of our race, and to attest, by our presence at this celebration, our love for the principles so dear to the heart of Major-General John Sullivan, is the duty of every member of The American Irish Historical Society.

Members desiring to participate will kindly notify the Secretary of the Committee, Mr. Edward H. Daly, to that effect on or before August 24th, 1912.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

P. F. McGOWAN, *Chairman*,

P. F. MAGRATH, J. I. C. CLARKE,
THOMAS Z. LEE, JOHN D. CRIMMINS,
FRANCIS J. QUINLAN, THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK,
EDWARD M. TIERNEY, D. C. ROBINSON,
ROBERT J. DONAHUE, JOHN HANNAN,

EDWARD H. DALY, *Secretary*,
52 Wall Street, New York City.

THE PATRIOTISM OF SULLIVAN.

[ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. PATRICK F. McGOWAN, AT THE MEMORIAL MEETING AT ELMIRA, N. Y., MAYOR SHEEHAN PRESIDING, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 28, 1912, EVE OF THE DEDICATION OF THE SULLIVAN MONUMENT.]

Mr. Chairman:—

The patriotic societies, and I mean the women's societies in particular, of the United States, have been largely instrumental in keeping before us the names and deeds of the heroes of this Country. Like the Vestal Virgins of old, who kept alive the sacred fire, our good women of America have kept alive the fires of Patriotism. The past, the present, and the future owe to them a debt of gratitude for their splendid work. Their coöperation means success, their participation, the refinement that should surround every undertaking of this kind. The formation and continuation of these organizations impose a duty that is a pleas-

ure to the membership of all Societies, whether composed of women or men, or of both.

The American Irish Historical Society which I have the honor to speak for, joins most heartily in this celebration and begs to thank those in charge for their cordial invitation.

We take a just pride in the fact that we are of the same race as the noble man whom you are about to honor.

General Sullivan was an American to the very heart's core, and I can say the same of all the members of The American Irish Historical Society, whether their ancestors have been here for hundreds of years or not.

The patriotic people of this Country, when they learn what has been done by the citizens of New York, and particularly by those living in this section, must appreciate the civic pride and patriotism that prompted the building of a monument to one of the bravest generals of the Revolutionary War.

If what we like determines what we are, then the people of Elmira must be credited not only with a keen appreciation of the services rendered by a brave soldier, but with a love of country and its history, and with a desire to perpetuate the name and deeds of Major-General John Sullivan.

When the historian refuses to do justice to a brave man, it is he and not the subject of his history, who is belittled.

Let it be said to the credit of most writers that the glory of the achievement of this great man has not suffered at their hands, and, so far as I am aware, only one historian attempted to belittle or to ignore the splendid service rendered to his Country by this patriot, lawyer, soldier, and statesman.

Perhaps that one's view was colored by his resentment of the fact that the little green Isle had sent us a schoolmaster who, in turn, gave us a great leader both in war and peace.

It may not be out of place at this time to state that, contrary to the general opinion, Ireland furnished more schoolmasters for years than any other country, and at one period, nearly as many as all others combined.

Centuries of oppression had subdued the warrior and made him a teacher, but the blood of the fighting race was in his veins and was transmitted to his son, who, at the first opportunity,

was ready, aye anxious, to offer his services and his life in the sacred cause of liberty.

General Sullivan was born on February 17th, 1740 (a month later might have been better), and died at the comparatively young age of fifty-five. When we remember his years, we wonder how he accomplished so much in so short a time,—but "that life is long that answers life's great end."

When the news reached Durham, Sullivan's home, that the people of Rhode Island had seized and carried off all the arms and ordnance belonging to the Crown, it occurred to the logical mind of the young New Hampshire lawyer that arms without powder were of little value.

With a small number of patriots, openly and in daylight, in the face of the fire from field pieces and muskets, he entered and captured the fort, secured one hundred barrels of gunpowder, some guns and small arms, and pulled down the Royal flag, the first time in American history.

The powder was hid in the cellar of the Meeting House until it was put to use at Bunker Hill.

This first act of overt rebellion took place four months before Concord and Lexington. Sullivan did not seek to hide his identity or connection with the transaction, but openly defended his action in the public prints of that day.

Peter Livius, Chief Justice of Quebec, but who had been Chief Justice of the Province of New Hampshire, wrote to Sullivan, as follows;

"You were the first man in open rebellion and drew with you the province in which you live. You will be one of the first sacrificed to the resentment and justice of government. Your family will be ruined and you must die in ignominy."

Sullivan left Congress in June, 1775, and reported to Washington, who recognized the military genius of the man who fought with bravery, some times with recklessness, but always with loyalty to his chief and his Country.

When Congress asked General Washington's opinion of the man who had served so well, he said from his own knowledge, that Sullivan was "active, spirited and jealously attached to the cause. That he does not want abilities, as many members of Congress could testify that he had a little tincture of vanity;

that he had a limited experience, 'like all of us,' but that justice required him to acknowledge Sullivan's genius."

His promotion to be a Major-General followed.

Sullivan was a great constitutional lawyer, though the term was little used in his time.

He believed in State Government.

When the State Government was formed, his counsel was sought in the framing of the Constitution, although he was then in the field.

John Adams, in his diary, reported a set of articles which were drawn by Mr. John Sullivan of New Hampshire, and two declarations of which, the one of rights and the other of violations, printed in the Journals of Congress for 1774, were two years afterwards written into the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776.

How few are aware that the great soldier whose military glory we seek to perpetuate was also a statesman of such ability that John Adams and his associates were willing to incorporate his ideas into the greatest document ever produced by a free people, the immortal Declaration of Independence.

If we are to judge by the correspondence, between Mr. Adams and General Sullivan, there existed a strong friendship and respect.

Mr. Adams tells us that when he expressed in Congress, the doctrine, strange and terrible as it seemed to the majority who heard it, Mr. John Rutledge of South Carolina and Mr. John Sullivan of New Hampshire were the Congressmen who heard it with the greatest pleasure.

In December, 1775, he wrote Mr. Adams, urging the Declaration of Independence. His language speaks plainly the impatience he feels.

"Let me ask if we have anything to hope from mercy of His Majesty, or his Ministers. Have we any encouragement from the people of Great Britain? Could they exert themselves more if we had shaken off the yoke and declared ourselves independent? Why, then, in God's name is it not done? Whence arises this spirit of moderation,—this want of decision? Do the members of your respectable body think that the enemy will throw their shot and shell with more force than at present? Do they think

the fate of Charlestown or Falmouth might have been worse, or the King's Proclamation more severe, if we had openly declared war? Could they have treated our prisoners worse if we were in open and avowed rebellion than they do now?"

General Sullivan was not always victorious, but he paid with interest what his ancestors owed to British tyranny. He was distinguished for gallantry at Germantown and Brandywine. He was in command at Rhode Island in 1778. General Lafayette stated that the battle of Rhode Island was the best fought action of the war. Sullivan's masterly retreat was a test of military ability. He saved his soldiers in accordance with what was not only Sullivan's policy, but that of Washington. In 1779 he led the expeditions against the Six Nations which resulted in their final dissolution and brought safety and peace to the settlers.

The thanks of Washington and of Congress as expressed in General Orders and appropriate resolutions are the best evidence of their appreciation of his services.

After his splendid victory in this State he wrote to General Washington—"I am under the painful necessity of leaving a service to which I am by principle and interest attached. My health is too much impaired to be recovered, but by a total release from business."

He returned to his neighbors and family broken in health but he brought to them a priceless document from his beloved leader, Washington: "I flatter myself it is unnecessary for me to repeat to you how high a place you hold in my esteem. The confidence you have experienced and the manner in which you have been employed on several important occasions, testify the value I set upon your military qualifications, and the regret I must feel that circumstances have deprived the army of your services."

But the necessity and desire for a rest, long enough to recover his health, was denied him.

The people of New Hampshire insisted that he return to Congress and the General, believing that he could serve his old comrades in the field, by his work in the legislative body, accepted the office and was once more in Congress.

There was need of clear-sighted statesmanship among the lawmakers where his military experience, coupled with a knowl-

edge of the needs of the army, made him a valuable acquisition.

He was made Chairman of the Committee upon the War.

He supported the policy of Washington and frequently his voice was heard in defence of the Army and its expenditures.

Again we have the testimony of Mr. Adams who, in describing Sullivan's speech and its effect, opposing a motion for a second address to the King, stated that he spoke—

"In a strain of wit, fluency and eloquence, unusual even for him, filling with dismay those who favored reconciliation." How that old patriot must have chuckled when he saw the effect of Sullivan's words upon those willing to bow the head and bend the knee to George the Third.

Upon his retirement from Congress he was made Governor of his State and while holding this office was appointed by Washington as judge for the District of New Hampshire, which position he held until his death.

The following personal letter sent by the President on September 30th, 1779, with the commission, is additional evidence, were any needed, of his qualifications;

"In my nominations of persons to fill office in the Judicial Department, I have been guided by the importance of the object, considering it of the first magnitude and the pillar upon which our political fabric must rest. I have endeavored to bring into the high offices of its administration such characters as will give stability and dignity to our national government."

In the face of this evidence it is impossible to understand the special hostility and bitterness of Mr. Bancroft toward General Sullivan. Only once does he mention him favorably. The tribute to his personal bravery at the battle of Brandywine is grudgingly paid. But when we read of the unjust attacks made upon the Father of his Country, the false accusations and plots against him, we are rather surprised at the moderation of this would be detractor.

To build a nation such as ours required brave generals and able statesmen and thank God we have had both. We had an auxiliary force without whose support we might be like Ireland, dissatisfied with the yoke and struggling for Home Rule, or like divided Poland, the prey of ambitious Powers.

HON. JOHN F. MURTAUGH,
Vice-President of the Society for New York.

Were it not for the encouraging advice of the heroic women of the Revolutionary period, and their willingness to endure hardships, yes, starvation, if necessary, that the troups might be fed and the cause of freedom prosper, I doubt if we would be enjoying the prestige of being a nation second to none on earth, as we are at present.

It is the duty of every man and woman to continue the work begun by the sacrifice made by the men and women of the Revolutionary period. The young nation stood ready to welcome all who fled from the oppression of the Old World and who desired to cast in their fortunes with the New, realizing that the foreign-born and the children of the foreign-born have always been a source of strength in time of need—a fact that is sometimes lost sight of by the snob and the upstart, but is a fact, nevertheless.

Our schools, where all are welcome, where all are trained, and where all are treated alike, have planted the intelligence that has made us great.

This intelligence should strengthen our characters, and make us a nation of manly men, eliminating all that is weak and cowardly. In the dark days of the Revolution there were, as always, faint hearts with some influence who advocated peace at any price. Fortunately, their advice did not prevail, and such advice never will prevail when peace is coupled with dishonor in free America; and we thank God that in the early days of the Republic, when the voice of the tyrant and the craven was raised, it was opposed by the ringing tones of a Sullivan.

Address by Hon. John F. Murtaugh.

State Senator John F. Murtaugh, now Vice-President of the Society for the State of New York, introduced the bill providing for the appropriation for the Newtown Battlefield Monument. He is known as "the father of the Monument" and presided at the dedication exercises.

In introducing the Governor, Senator Murtaugh said:

"We are here today to dedicate this monument that will perpetuate for future generations the memory of one of the most important battles of the Revolutionary War. Thirty-

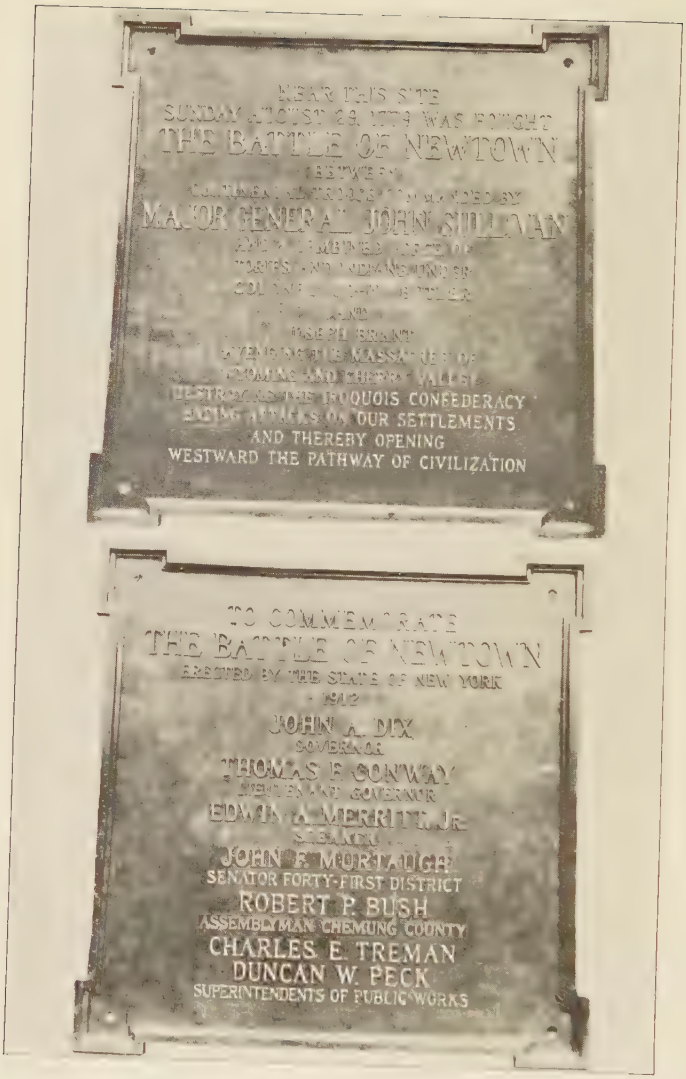
three years ago, a generation of men, who have nearly all passed away, assembled at this spot and with appropriate ceremonies unveiled and dedicated a monument which has during the last thirty-three years become a landmark in this valley and served to keep alive the memory of the battle that was fought by our forefathers under General Sullivan against the combined forces of the Indians and the Tories.

"The men of the past generation who gave their time, energies and money that upon this hill should be erected a monument that would stand as an emblem of the bravery, endurance and patriotism of the men of 1779 did their work well. During the last three decades, the old monument stood as a sentinel overlooking the valley, as a silent preceptor and continual reminder guarding the fires of patriotism, inspiring the love of country and perpetuating that spirit that made us a free and independent people, and one of the great nations of the earth.

"The monument unveiled today, erected at the expense of the State, indicates that the present generation still honors and remembers the sterling deeds and patriotism of their forefathers. The unselfish generosity of the citizens of this vicinity, men and women, who gave freely of their time and resources that this monument and park should be erected, deserves a grateful place in the memory of the present and succeeding generations. People such as these make city and nation patriotic and great. They are the backbone, the rock to and upon which the nation must anchor, for they have placed the love of patriotism above the love of gold; the love of country above the sordid gain of the passing moment.

"If you were to follow the winding course of the river in the valley below us down through the mountains and valleys, through Pennsylvania to Easton, and the course of the Susquehanna to Otsego Lake and peer through the dim past of one hundred and thirty-three years, you would there find assembled as brave and as peerless an army as ever began a march or fought a battle. Thirty-five hundred Americans, under Sullivan, Clinton and Poor, moved westward to devastate the country and subjugate the people of the Long House.

"Their strong arms and mighty muscles hewed down the



TABLETS ON NEWTOWN BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT,
Elmira, New York.

Reproduction by Anna Frances Levins

trees and cut roads through the primeval forests, while their brave hearts defied the treachery of the Indians and the horrors of starvation. That brave army knew no fear and took no rest until here in the fields below us, on the 29th of August, 1779, they met the savage Iroquois and the cruel Tory on the field of battle, and when the evening sun set over the west hill on that eventful day, the camp fires of the American army blazed and the American flag waved in triumph on this hill top and the Battle of Newtown went down in history won by the American people.

"Such was the Battle of Newtown, and such were the trials and experiences of the forefathers and settlers of this valley. The descendants of those brave and loyal men have no reason to be ashamed of their ancestry who fought to establish here American principles and American institutions. Nor of that ancestry who left their safe and peaceful Eastern homes, migrated to this western frontier, cleared the primeval forests, erected their homes, and gave to the city, state and nation brave soldiers, able statesmen and patriotic citizens.

"As we stand here today, citizens of the greatest Republic known to history, enjoying peace and prosperity, breathing the air of liberty and freedom, it is but right that we should remember the patriotic deeds of the forefathers and join in commemorating this important patriotic and historical event.

UNVEILING THE SULLIVAN MONUMENT.

An Impression of August 28–29, 1912, at Elmira, N. Y.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

We entered the valley of the Chemung as the August afternoon was turning golden. The train winding by the river bank revealed the beauties of the scene in quick succession. Right and left above the broad green lowland majestically rose the mountains. Beyond in dim distance shadowy peaks filled out and crowned the picture in the cloud-strewn blue of the skies.

It gave us something of the sensation that must have come to General John Sullivan and the fighting men of his battle-line as they entered that New York valley one hundred and twenty-three years before to a day—the sensation of uplift tinged with awe which ever takes the soul when lofty mountain and deep broad valley can be held in a single glance. Not that the mountains here are alp or sierra, but they close in the scene with mountain might that suffices for the eye and the mind. In its firm, large outline it must be the same as it was then when the besom of freedom was sweeping before it the treacherous Tory and the lurking redskin "in the name of God and the Continental Congress" as Ethan Allen, at the head of his Green Mountain boys, phrased it at Ticonderoga one fine May morning in 1775.

"And there stands Battle Mountain," said one beside us pointing through the right hand window of the car. A bold green clad peak it was, rising clear from the valley, a green-gray in the distance, and on its crest one could perceive, so clear the air, the outline of the obelisk that we would dedicate to Sullivan and his brave command on the morrow. Surely a commanding position, a silent uplifted sentinel of ivory in the setting sun,—a spear-point raised to Heaven in eternal affirmation of the glory of the brave who stand to live or die for Freedom. More than that, it stood as proof upon the mountain brow that the times we live in are not unworthy of the sacrifices that the bold men of the Revolution made for us so long ago. Sullivan is not forgotten along this valley; nor will he be. Washington, who sent him on his grim campaign, is not forgotten. The men of the many infant states who followed Sullivan are not forgotten. We are coming from the ocean front of the continent to show that we remember. The low thunder of the train becomes rhythmic with the memory of Sullivan's drums of 1779.

If one dream that way on a train one must close one's eyes, for the scene shifts quickly, and the new vision brings new thought. The farther hills seem moving as we move, the obelisk is out of sight. Instead, the lower buttresses of Battle Mountain rise before us, much as they rose before the eyes of Sullivan and his men at the close range in which battles were fought in his time. But there were changes which Sullivan might have anticipated. His was the foreseeing vision, and he might well have

pictured the valley rich with culture, and ripe with August's yellowing tones bespeaking golden harvests, the hillsides shorn of their tall upstanding timber, the valley dotted with villages, and here and there a sign of factory smoke and, afar, a city rising in the dying light, its window-panes a glory in the slant rays of the sun. He was on the warpath struggling with guns and horses and stores through the tangle of the wood or the shallows of the streams—a difficult push through the wilderness with the dark word Vengeance ringing in his ears. We were thundering on easy wheels along shining tracks, with honor to the heroes of 1779 in our hearts, and knowing that if ambush awaited us as it awaited Sullivan, it would not be the traps set by men of hideous mien with frowns and guns, but would be the ambush of vociferous friends with smiling faces. And so it was.

Elmira, so pleasantly, so admirably situated, so genially alive, awaited us in festive garb. Flags flaunted everywhere, and a delegation of the Citizens' Committee, led by local members of The American Irish Historical Society, greeted us and whirled us to the hotel. There more friends were found, and state and county and city dignitaries gathered for the Sullivan Monument unveiling, gave us a welcoming hand. The halls were thronged. Our tireless secretary, Edward Daly, moved about with that quiet efficiency which characterizes him. Dr. Quinlan, our former President-General, beamed behind his glasses. Patrick F. Magrath and Edward M. Tierney of Binghamton, Senator John F. Murtaugh and Daniel Kennedy of Elmira were the centre of a merry group. John Moore of Elmira loomed large. John Lenehan and Edmond Curry, Colonel William H. Donovan from Lawrence in the Old Bay State, and Laurence Clancy of Oswego chatted amiably. Mayor Sheehan and the local secretaries went from group to group. The morrow, the weather, the monument, the coming of Governor Dix and his staff, the arrival of the military, the coming of the artillery, the route of the procession, the meeting of the evening at the Opera House and who would speak there, it all bubbled and thrilled in the air with the gentle excitement of the hour.

Writing now, months after the event, this scene comes back with clearness, mostly it seems to me, because two figures stand out with awful stillness from the shifting groups. I can see the

dark sparkling eyes and the silver hair of Patrick F. McGowan as he greets my wife and me with outstretched hands and radiant smile and can hear the hearty ring of his tenor voice. He had arrived before us, and the event of our journey's end—the dedication—was his unfailing topic. Born organizer, he had grasped all the details, and poured them forth so cheerily. Beside him, tall of form, of earnest, thoughtful face and gentlest manner, stood the leading lawyer of Elmira, Alexander Christopher Eustace. To few men is it given to impress the stranger, to capture the most sceptical and to charm the captive without visible effort as it was given to this man. He was but the acquaintance of quarter of an hour—had met us as we stepped from the train—but he was to remain a friend for life. Alas! how short a time that was to be. Some friendships ripen quickly, for some clear minds put forth their riches without stint when they recognize those who can stand the acid test. Within three months the malady was to seize him that three months later was to close his life in pain, but the memory of the warm-hearted, open-handed, cultured, shrewd and kindly man is one that does not pass away. And it was but yesterday that most of us, who met that night of bustle and anticipation at Elmira, passed, to the moaning of the organ, with bowed heads and mourning hearts down the aisle of St. Ann's behind the lily-laden coffin of Patrick F. McGowan. The great of the City were there, his fellows of the Board of Education, the poor who loved him and were weeping for him, but none who honored and loved him more than those who had made him President-General of The American Irish Historical Society last January.

Perhaps this casting of a mourning moment across the story of a glad celebration may be untimely, yet the human note is in it, and it is the tale of the inevitable. Thoughts of the dead who were fine and just as they lived have a balm of their own. Life often moves the easier, certainly the kindlier, for them.

The meeting of the evening of the 28th was held at the Opera House before a thronged audience. The Reverend Dr. Griffis, historian of the Revolutionary battles of New York State, made a forceful address telling of Sullivan's expedition and giving from authentic sources credit where credit was due. Mr. McGowan spoke with charm and sincerity in the

same vein, and his oratory won the warm applause it deserved. Other speeches followed, and then, through the streets still unwontedly astir, we wended our way to rest.

Whimsical as an April bride came the morning of the 29th of August. The sun arose amid gray clouds that now seemed heavy with rain and now parted to give a tantalizing glimpse of the blue sky. Elmira was nervous about it. Rain they had had in floods, and day after day. Would the clouds hold off or would the rain come down? Up and down the streets were marching military and civic bodies with flags and banners and bands playing before them, all getting to their places in line for the morning parade that the Governor was to review from a grandstand. Here were "the regulars," there the militia. And in columns the societies of Elmira. One ancient order had dressed its men in Continental uniforms of John Sullivan's day, and though they balked at presenting embodiments of the wretched Tories, there was quite a division in Indian costume with feather head-dress and beaded mocassins, flourishing harmless tomahawks. They left no doubt that they were "bad Indians" by the warwhoops, howls and other diabolic noises that they emitted as they marched. Then down came the rain, and proceedings were held up for a while. All Elmira was in holiday garb, and the folk from up country who had come to town in thousands were also in their Sunday best. And so, scurrying to shelter, they left their places along the lines of the parade. The grandstand was deserted. The Governor and the distinguished people were kept under cover.

Then, of a sudden, out came the sun; the rain ceased, and back with a glad rush came the expectant crowds. It was no more than a trick of Mother Nature's to give a little extra zest to the day. The Governor was whisked out with his military staff in an automobile to the grandstand, and the march past began. Jollity reigned. In and out of the streets the procession moved, the small boys marched beside the tramping troops as small boys always do, and everybody took wholesale delight in the antics of the dreadful Indians, the grimness of the Continentals and the marching step of the military. Our party enjoyed it all from the comfort of an automobile. Everybody was happy.

Rest and luncheon followed, and then the great event loomed

before Elmira. Never has Heaven sent a more beautiful afternoon. The Citizens' Committee, aided, guided, indeed, by the regular army officers, had laid out a perfect plan for transferring the multitude from the valley town to the mountain summit seven miles away. Those who would walk or march were early started on the road to Battle Mountain. Later those using horse vehicles took the road, and last the automobiles, the Governor and those escorting or accompanying him last of all. Thousands of participants took another, and no less romantic way. They came from each end of the valley in local trains which halted at a little station at the mountain's foot, and there set out to clamber up the sheer mountainside, spreading out in gayly colored groups and giving a magnetic vitality to the scene.

Never shall I forget that wonderful drive from Elmira. The stream of large automobiles that passed first through the city's flag-hung streets, then into the broad outlying avenues and so into the countryside, was long and brilliant with uniforms of men and the bright summer costumes of the ladies. Joy was on every face. Gradually the road began gently rising as we faced the mountain along the tree-lined avenues. We were moving swiftly now. Presently we reach a point where the Federal soldiers ruled the road from the mountain foot to the summit. We learn that of old the road to the top was a fearsome path for vehicles. The old Memorial Tower that had been finished in 1879, and which the new light gray granite obelisk was replacing, had fallen down because its foundations were on the mountain soil and not on the mountain rock, and the road to the summit was in keeping with the Tower. Now a military road laid out by the engineer corps of the army, with broad curves and easy gradients, had been built. Across the road they stood, the imperturbable privates of the engineers, and, until the courteous, firm-faced officer in charge had given explicit directions, no motor car could pass. What speed to make, where the automobile was to go when it reached the summit to be parked with other automobiles, were duly made known and then the real ascent began.

Oh, what crystal air we breathed and what enchanting glimpses we enjoyed as the serpentine path wound over to the valley side of the mountain. Above, the blue sky with drifting armies of white clouds, below, the broad valley of the Chemung

a magic carpet of living greens, shot through with the twining band of river silver that made long green islands at our feet, and carried the eye for twenty miles, it seemed, between the green-clad mountains on either side to the fortress hills beyond, that shut in the view. One reveled a moment in the revelation of such beauty, and it was gone. The motor, panting like a living thing at its toilsome ascent, carried us away from sight of the valley and ever up. It is memorable to me that Patrick McGowan shared that ride with Alexander Eustace, his wife and mine, and that the joy of it lifted their hearts and shone in their faces as it did in mine. Again, now higher up, the valley came into view, and the greater height lent more austerity to the picture. Majesty was about it, the mountains standing out in separate stateliness, and the range of vision extending farther and farther still, the green less vivid but more intense with the purpling of the distances.

At another turn we see the steep mountainside dotted with hundreds of holiday decked figures climbing from the valley up to the road upon the shoulder of the hill. Still on, still higher we mounted, and at last the gray white shaft of the monument, still encumbered with derrick and tackle, rose sheer before us. We were at the summit. Our motor passed from the road down an open space to the right, and there we dismounted and passed on foot through the military lines to the tribune by the monument. The stars and stripes fluttered everywhere in the light breeze, not only from flagstaffs, but veiling the base of the monument and draping the tribune which from the height of a man looked down on the open space along the mountain crest where ten thousand gaily garbed mountain climbers had gathered. On the tribune itself were seated the Daughters of the Revolution who had taken the decorations in charge, and who, in their bright colors and comeliness, were the finest decorations of all.

A battery of unlimbered guns, the artillerists like statues beside their pieces, had been passed a moment before. And now they spoke in thunder that woke the echoes among the hills around. Remembered we then how, in the fight that Sullivan waged around the mountain's base, where the Tories had built their long entrenchment, the Indians had arisen terrified at the sound of his cannon, and fled before the flanking party could

come down upon them. It was a battle sound upon Battle Mountain, and it told us that the Governor and his staff and the dignitaries of town, state and nation were close behind.

Little time was lost in preliminaries. Governor Dix was led to his seat; the staff, the dignitaries, the orators, the committees found places, and Senator Murtaugh, the chairman, arose to a loud hand-clapping from the assembled multitude in front. After a brief address he presented the Governor who was again and again applauded and modestly read his speech which dealt in direct fashion with the significance of the day and paid honest tribute to the heroes of the hour. The flags were loosened from the base of the monument, revealing the inscriptions. Cheers, cheers, cheers! There were addresses of force and fervor, but none was listened to with greater interest than that of Lynde Sullivan of Boston, a direct descendant of John Sullivan, for what he said threw new light upon his ancestor's character, standing in his time and fiery genius. It was nearing my turn, and that peculiar anxiety—sometimes amounting to nervousness—which comes to all platform speakers as their moment to rise draws nigh, took possession of me. I found myself measuring the voice of the orator who was delivering the fervent closing periods of his speech. Does he reach all that great crowd spread, fan-shape, out upon the mountain-top? Perhaps; but I never can. Are they listening? Yes, and his voice is not so very loud. My heart sinks. A flag flaps nearby and I am conscious of a change of the breeze. My heart rises and it beats faster. There is applause, and I hear my name. I rise in a sudden emotional thrill and somehow I am standing there before them all, the proofs of my poem in my hand. The glory of the hour has taken mad possession of me. It comes on me in floods from the sky; it urges me from every white cloud sailing the blue; the mountains across the valley are sending me a message, and the voice of America seems to inform it all with an exaltation beyond words to describe. My lungs swell with an indrawn breath as near to ecstasy as man can measure. I feel intensely that it is my hour to live, to bear living witness there upon the mountain height, above the vale where struggle had been fierce that America might live, and where now the peace of the mighty is dwelling in sylvan beauty made golden in the sun. It is but an instant, but it is

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE, ESQ.,
From a snap shot taken during the reading of the dedicatory poem at
Battle Mountain, August 29th, 1912.

Reproduction by Anna Frances Levins

the summit of life for me, and worth the toil of years to have that rapturous draught at my lips and to drink it in.

Sympathetic faces are looking up at me from the vast throng, and I launch my verses in a burst of joy that finds quick response . . . and so to the end.

It is well to have your hand shaken, to hear pleasant words from those about you, but I am scarcely conscious of it all. I am in the daze of the mountain delight, and a child might lead or a giant smite and it would be all one to me now and until the sun has set. A handsome young priest is uttering a benediction and a prayer. His warm round tones have a bell-like sound. I feel that my replies to those about me sound hollow and far away and are unconvincing to me. Rather would I stand alone on this height and seek to draw that breath of joy again.

SULLIVAN, 1779.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

READ AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEWTOWN BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT, ELMIRA, NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1912.

A spirit walked the smiling hills of morn,
And over the waving forests at her feet
The wild harps of the summer winds played sweet;
And the rivers sang, now loud, now low,
While the valleys echoed to their flow.
The lakes flashed silver laughter back
To the flaming sun on his mounting track,
For joy that another day was born.

The spirit gazed from her calm, clear eyes,
And she saw the morning mists arise
To melt like a pray'r in the August skies.
The wild sharp scent of the mountain pine
Like the breath of Freedom her bosom filled,
As dewdrops clinging to branch and vine
Shed diamond spray by the night distilled.
And higher she rose in the fields of air
Till the broad expanse touched the ocean's rim,
Then northward turned her glance to where
The mountains lifted their foreheads dim;

West with the prairies spread beyond,
Then southward glanced where, bole and frond,
Arose the wide-plumed palm.
And it all breathed joy in its morning hymn,
And her lips replied in a golden psalm:—

"Lord of the worlds, the stars, the suns,
Within whose web existence runs,
And all stands open to thy ken,
If thou hast given this world to men,
Let it, O Father, ever be
A world of the true, a world of the free,
Where hearts may love and souls aspire,
And Faith pile high its altar fire,
Knowing no other God than thee."
Bathed in the glory that upon her shone,
The spirit still prayed bravely on:

"And, Lord, this virgin land implores
That kingdoms perish from its shores.
Already combating in Freedom's name,
My sons advance in blood and flame.
Strengthen their arms, make bold their feet;
Be with them, Lord and Master,
Through onset or retreat,
Through victory and disaster,
Till they reach the shining goal—
My land, America, one and whole;
Equal the rule from sea to sea,
The men, the land, the waters free."

Hark! to the spirit rise the calls
Of the forest and the waterfalls:
"O mighty spirit, what dost thou see
From the Susquehanna to the Genesee?"

"I see through a tangled, wooded glen
The glint of weapons shine,
And a long array of stalwart men
Marching in warlike line.
They stretch 'twixt the hills from crest to crest,
Their sweat is thick upon brow and breast,
Their muskets trailing low.
They peer through the forest round about
For pitfalls of the foe.
Their horses tug at the traces stout
Of cannon rumbling slow.

And swarms of boats and rustic floats
Up the babbling river come,
And I catch the thrilling of bugle notes
And the rolling of the drum.
On through the thickets a way they trace;
They pause at the river's bars.
They follow a man of the Fighting Race,
And he follows a flag of stars."

* * * * *

Thus Sullivan, with battle-flag outflung,
Marched grimly by the banks of the Chemung;
Vengeance his mission, a mandate to destroy:
Death to the slinking murderers who crept
By night upon our settlers as they slept,
And slew them—woman, girl and boy—
By the blazing of their log-built homes,
Carved from the age-old wilderness
Where the Susquehanna foams.
Savage and Tory in a pact of shame:
Plunder and scalps for the Indian braves,
A dance of murder, a path of flame,
And the pride of trampling white men's graves.
For the Briton a grip on the mighty West,
An empire! if Freedom should win the rest.

But Washington clear in his ample view
(While he faced the English beside the sea)
Four thousand men from his scant force drew,
This their warrior warrant to be:
To pierce the wilderness through and through;
To hunt out the recreant Tory crew;
To burn and waste where the Indians hived
Till they knew that no murder-treaty thrived
Where the flag stars shone and the eagle flew.
For leader he singled a true-souled man,
Brave of the brave—John Sullivan.

There be those who strive for the hero's meed,
And storm the hilltops of endeavor
With the onrush of one blazing deed,
And win to live forever.
And there be those of a hundred fights,
As bold of hand and high of spirit,
Who charge with eager feet the heights
Of victory and merit,
Only to find high fortune fail,

And foes and forces new assail.
Yet, beaten down, such grace inherit,
That at the foot, still constant, true,
They bare their sabres to ascend anew.

John Sullivan was of these last.
No thrice-crowned child of battle-rapture he,
But when he threw his law books by
And life and fortune for his country cast
That she should rise up free,
His sword shone dazzling in the front of war,
And over many a field
He saw the Briton and the Hessian yield
Or 'fore his onset turn and fly.

But of the great emprises nigh his grasp
Saw hazard snatch them ere he might enclasp.
All the more hero let him stand,
Whose splendid best went out to save our land.
His the long story of the Irish race,
Unconquerable though beaten oft,
And crushed and starved beneath the heavy chain,
Yet sent us battling sons of brawn and brain,
Who led and bled to hold our flag aloft;
And, having fought till victory won release,
Still led and ruled along the paths of peace.

Oft at his stern-browed Leader's feet,
He learned to hearken to the true-man's call:
That men upon the battledores of fate
Have but their Souls, their lives.
Hither and thither thrown; advance, retreat;
Smiting or falling, laden, ay, with gyves,
They must be single-minded to be great,
The cause they follow is their all.

The column writhes along its hard-won trail
In swelter of the noonday heat,
When a forest scout comes hurrying down
On noiseless, moccasined feet.
"At the river's bend an Indian town,
A score of rough-hewn huts tricked out
With barbarous colors, blue and brown,
But none make answer to our shout."
And Sullivan's face went death-like pale,
On his brow a deepened frown.
"Burn it to ashes; let the flames outspread

Till their fields are bare," he hoarsely said.
'Twas quickly done,
And the smoke still hung o'er the blasted vale,
When Sullivan gloomily rode ahead
In the blood-red setting of the sun.

War, the great curse of man,
If oft the only cure
Of man-wrought and intolerable ill,
And rightly waged to make the right endure,
And bring the world to God's great plan,
Sees horrors that we shrink from thinking o'er,
Things worse than killing or the lust to kill,
Until its very name we must abhor,
Cursing not warriors, but the cause of war.

Night, and the burning embers mock the stars;
Morn, and the ashes all are gray;
The soldiers toiling on the forest way;
The boatmen poling at the river's bars.
Sudden the rifles' stinging crack,
Shot after shot on the hot, dense air.
The scouts once more come hurrying back
Through the forest's dark defiles.
"The game we're hunting's at bay up there.
They've built them a breastwork of brush and logs.
From river to creek on a rising ground—
A thousand of Indians and Tory dogs."
And Sullivan shortens his rein and smiles.

The riflemen, gaunt, lank pioneers,
Are rushed to the front, a sparse, fierce line.
"Amuse them, lads, till the trap is sprung."
A hill is found for the cannoneers
To sweep the curve of the Chemung,
And Poor and Clinton are marched to the right
Behind the woodland screen
To strike the foe in the flank.
The rifles ring by the river bank
In stealthy, deadly frontier fight.
The aides are moving to and fro,
While Sullivan hastily gathers his might
To strike the frontal blow.

Behind the heavy barricade,
Four hundred Tory picaroons
Have here the chance they boastful prayed,

Till now unheard,
And with them, hapless dupes of fate,
A thousand Iroquois crouch and wait
Theyandenaga's word,
On white men's throats to pay the red man's debt
In scores of lives.
They fondle their crown muskets, and they whet
Their scalping knives.
A cannon booms; another and another rolls,
Till the valley quakes with the thundrous roar—
Thunder the red man never heard before.
The crashing round-shot and the rattling grape
Tumble the breastwork till its timbers gape,
Taking their toll of souls.

Tory and Indian rise and flee pell-mell,
As Poor comes charging on the frantic rout—
A chase and a race for a hiding place
Till the scattering mob on-stumbling blind,
A grave or a shelter in the forest find.

Sullivan views the quick-swept field with scorn;
The buglers call in the outflung men;
The torch is laid to the Indian's corn.
The column takes the rough trail again,
Through the virgin forest it hews a path,
And the breath of the young Republic's wrath
Goes up in a cloud of smoke by day,
And pillars of fire by night,
Like Israel in the wilderness of old,
Filling the wild things with affright,
While the red men far through the forest flee.
So, Sullivan out of the savage wold
Comes on the valley of the Genesee
In its glory of tasseled gold,
Swaying in beauty, mile after mile outrolled.

Leader and men stand fast and gaze,
In pity and amaze,
For this their goal where vengeance might expire—
The red man's homeland doomed to flame and spoil,
Silent of man but eloquent of toil.
Pity still whispers, bidding Duty fail,
But Duty sounds its loud insistent call,
And swift the bannerets of ruthless fire,
Have down the smiling valley waved.
Fields, houses, granaries and orchards, all

Are blotted out beneath the smoky pall.
Deep from the forest rises one long wail.
Vengeance is sated and the West is saved.

* * * * *

The hovering spirit through the clouds of dawn,
That o'er the valley of destruction loom,
Drops tears of pity in a gentle rain
For her forest children, homeless now or slain.
And when the sun wheels wondrous up from sea,
Gilding the mountains, lighting stream and lawn,
She prays the comfort of the boundless skies
That hold the miracle of the morning beam,
And feels a chrism immortal touch her eyes.
Higher she floats in rapture of a dream
That draws the curtains of all time to be.

Before a leaguered city far to South
She catches glint of Lord Cornwallis' sword
Surrendered to our Washington,
And loud thereafter from the cannon's mouth
Salvos of victory for freedom won,
And songs of peace that silence war's alarms,
A people's joyance from the heart outpoured.

She sees the forests shrinking from the hills,
The tall trees toppling to the woodman's axe,
Valleys and plains a-blossoming in farms.
A hum of industry the tense air fills.
The rutted trails give place to shining tracks,
Whereon strange engines lined-out wagons draw,
And towns and cities turreted and spired
Spring as by magic over all the land,
Elmira rising there below
Where Sullivan drove out the foe;
And in the cities, order; on the border, law.

Then sadly through a cloud of rifle smoke
She sees her people torn apart in strife,
And reunited rise to grander life,
Never in God's great mercy to invoke
The battle-gods but on a foreign foe.

Hears free democracy its gospel give:
The right to prosper and a way to live,
Where all estates make common cause,
And stand alike before the equal laws,

Nor poor nor rich a vantage know.
And sees in time still hidden to our ken—
Times of wide welfare and of vision clear—
Columbia, god-like with extended hands,
Speeding goodwill to nations and to men,
Ranged with her strong archangels forty-seven,
To bring her grace and strength at need from Heaven,
O'er all the world-peace that the ages sought for,
That Sullivan and his soldiers fought for,
The peace America wept for here.

August 22, 1912.

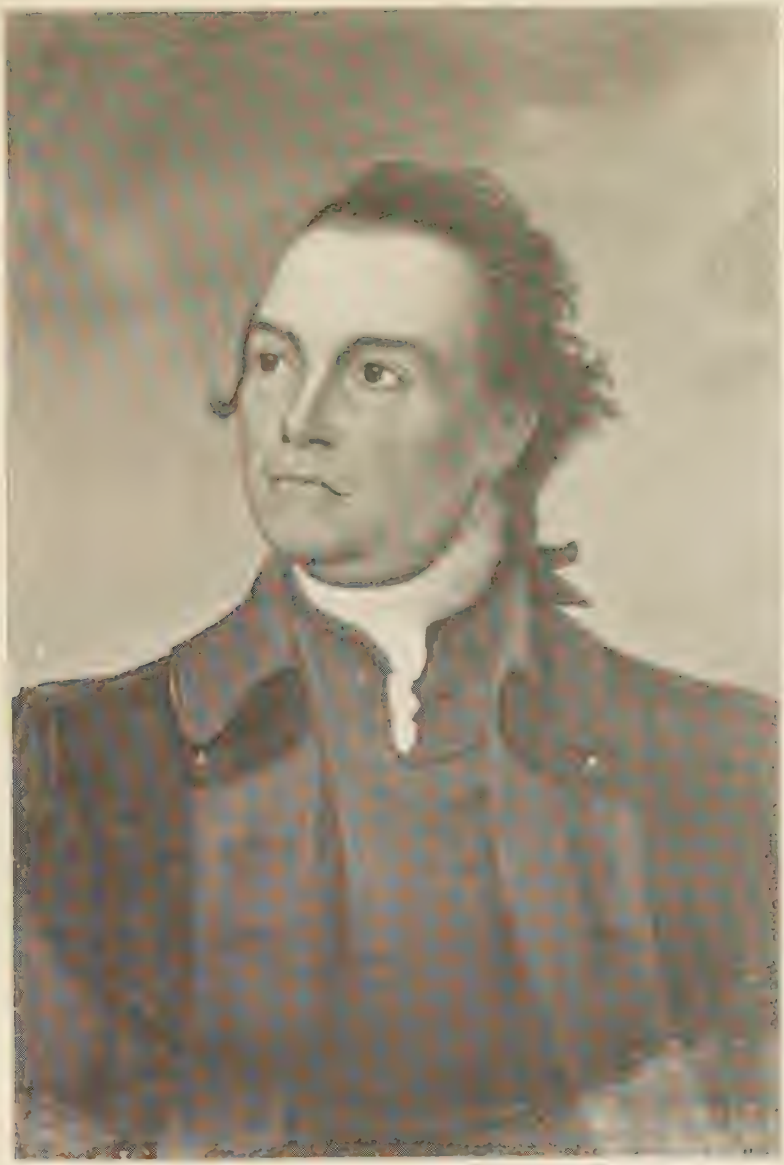
ADDRESS BY LYNDE SULLIVAN, ESQ., AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEWTOWN BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT.

Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman, and members of the committee, invited guests, friends and inheritors of this our common soil, I esteem highly the honor of addressing you on this glorious occasion.

At this time it is proper for me personally to speak of an illustrious and honorable soldier of our War of Independence. Ten minutes, however, is hardly time enough to do justice to one who was much maligned, to one who sacrificed his life and fortune for the principles he advocated.

This great state, an Empire in itself performs a highly honorable duty in erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of a man whose foresight and courage contributed to its very existence, performs, I am sure, a very pleasurable duty in honoring the "First rebel against the Crown."

John Sullivan was the descendant of an illustrious Irish and equally illustrious Norman race; their blood had been freely shed on many battlefields. He rightly inherited his fighting capacity. His grandfather, Major Phillip O'Sullivan of Arden in Ireland, fought at the siege of Limerick. That was the last place in Ireland to fall under the sceptre of William the Third. During this siege the general's father, now known as Master John of Berwick, Maine, was born. He is known to history principally because of two of his sons; one, John, the Major General and Governor of New Hampshire, the other, James, Governor of Massachusetts. He landed at York, Maine, in



MAJ. GEN. JOHN SULLIVAN

Photo by Kimball, from portrait in State House, Concord, N. H. Used by courtesy and permission of Durham, N. H. Town History Committee.

1723. About six weeks later he was appointed schoolmaster of Dover, and moved to that part of Dover now known as Somersworth. York, Dover, and Berwick, within ten miles of each other, were then fortified against the Indians, who were troublesome until about the outbreak of the Revolution. No white man resided between these places and Canada.

Master John lived to be one hundred and five years of age. Eighty-five years after his death, his body was reburied at Durham, New Hampshire. At this time the hair upon his skull, still in good state of preservation, was found to be brown, slightly sprinkled with gray. At one hundred and four he split wood, yoked and unyoked his oxen. He was, however, more a lover of books than outdoor life. He left the management of his farm to his wife. He was undoubtedly the best educated man of his time in New Hampshire, speaking seven different languages. From him the general received his early education and undoubtedly inherited physical and great mental vigor.

His mother, Marjorie Brown, gave to the general his black hair, red cheeks and his loyal, quick temperament and capacity for hard physical work. The mother was a lover of outdoor life and work. Little is known of her or her family. She landed at York, Maine, at about nine years of age. She became a woman of extraordinary character. She was more talked of on account of her extraordinary ability than was her husband. At fifty years of age she rode from her farm in Berwick, Maine, to Boston to see her son, Governor James Sullivan, who, at the time of her arrival was in session with his council. When Governor James Sullivan sent out word he would see her as soon as he was through, she was so indignant that her son would not see her immediately, she mounted her horse again and rode back without waiting to see him.

The general was born in Somersworth in 1740. He studied law in the office of Judge Livermore, of Portsmouth. At about twenty, he began to practice. At twenty-three, in 1763, he was considered one of the two leading lawyers in New Hampshire. In this year he purchased on the banks of the Oyster River his home at Durham, New Hampshire, then a thriving town. No lawyer resided there. The people wanted none. They gathered

in front of the general's home to frighten him away. He told them to pick out the biggest man in the crowd and he would fight him to be allowed to remain peaceably. Some one replied, "You are too small, but your brother will do." His brother, James, whipped the man, and the lawyer remained in Durham.

In June, of 1777, Peter Livius, former chief justice of the Province of New Hampshire and then chief justice of the Province of Quebec wrote to General John Sullivan in reference to his position. This letter was captured in transit. It was an attempt to bribe him to betray his country. Referring to the capture of Fort William and Mary, which capture was four months before the battle of Lexington, Livius wrote, 'You were, the first man in active rebellion, and drew with you the Province you live in. You will be one of the first sacrifices to the resentment and justice of Government. Your family will be ruined and you must die with ignominy." One statement alone of Livius proved true. John Sullivan was practically ruined by the war.

Estimated worth in 1775, 40,000 pounds, a large fortune at this time, John Sullivan had lost it all in 1777. At this date he wrote, "I have not clothes sufficient for another campaign nor will my pay enable me to purchase the same."

At Washington's request he left the siege of Boston and in ten days, with the aid of Weare Thompson and other patriots, raised in New Hampshire 2,000 additional troops and brought them to Cambridge. He undoubtedly supported the families of many of these men. It is known he wrote his agents not to press for moneys due him.

The capture of Fort William and Mary in December of 1774, embittered the King of England and his Council, and all thought of conciliating the American Provinces was given up. Sir John Wentworth, then governor, immediately issued a proclamation declaring all persons participating in the event guilty of treason, and offered a reward for the apprehension of the parties. The general did not hesitate in an open publication in the New Hampshire Gazette to defend the seizure of the Fort. In this publication, foreseeing war must arise, he wrote, " I am far from wishing hostilities to commence on the part of America, and still hope no person will at this important crisis be unpre-

pared to act in his own defense should he by necessity be driven thereto." He and his associates immediately organized a militia company in the town of Durham, and articles of organization were published. The ostensible reason for the formation of the company was to "acquaint ourselves with the military art." The true reason undoubtedly was the defense of the individuals and of the powder and arms taken at the fort. It was a fortunate thing that this powder was captured because it replenished the supply which had fallen very low at the siege of Boston. Had John Wentworth attempted the capture of the parties involved in the taking of this powder, war would undoubtedly have begun months earlier.

The speaker then at some length reviewed the military career of General Sullivan. Of his independent campaign in this valley he said:

A campaign absolutely necessitated by the strategetical exigencies of the situation, and which because of its effect on the outcome of the war, is now considered one of the three great events of our successful campaign for independence. In ruthlessly laying this country waste, the ripening corn, beans and fruit trees, he prevented Great Britain from attacking New York in the rear and from severing the states in two. He was carrying out Congress's and Washington's orders.

Shortly after this campaign he resigned, as he states, on account of ill health, but one cannot help feeling that the constant bickering of Congress brought on this determination. He was a successful soldier; yet many of his efforts were disparaged by Congress. On a man of the general's character, the constant irritation of men who judged battles and campaigns from the safety of their firesides, finally had its effect. Congress passed a vote of thanks for his services. A large minority desired to substitute leave of absence, but this was prevented by Pennsylvania and Virginia.

John Sullivan, by his impulsive freedom of speech, natural to his temperament, undoubtedly made violent enemies in Congress. Soldiers do not like civilian management of their campaigns. This dislike is not to his discredit. Many of these same men tried to drive out brilliant General Greene from the army, many even after Saratoga tried to substitute Gates for

Washington. Even John Adams disparaged Washington's military ability.

During this siege on December 21, 1775, he wrote to John Adams, urging a declaration of independence. He said: "Let us ask if we have anything to hope from the mercy of his majesty or his ministers. Have we any encouragement from the people of Great Britain? Could they exert themselves more if we had thrown off the yoke and declared ourselves independent? Why then, in God's name, is it not done? Do the members of your respectable body think that the enemy will throw their shot and shells with more force than at present? Could they have treated our prisoners worse if we were in open and avowed rebellion, than they do now?"

In the spring of 1780 the general court of New Hampshire congratulated him upon his safe return and voted him thanks for his good services. On June 21 he was a delegate to Congress, to which he was reappointed in January, 1781. In consultation with Washington, he succeeded in carrying through a reorganization of army departments, a system of promotions for officers. He was on the committee to discuss the question of clothing for soldiers, chairman of the committee of 1781 which settled the difficulties with the Pennsylvania Line.

In 1783 he was the first president of the New Hampshire branch of the Cincinnati, of which General Washington was president general. He was the first grand master of the New Hampshire grand lodge of Free Masons, having been raised a Master Mason March 19, 1767. In 1784 he was appointed major general in command of the New Hampshire state militia, which position he retained until he became governor. In 1785 he was speaker of the assembly and member of the governor's council. In 1786 he was again speaker, but served only two days, when he was elected president of the state, as the governor was then called.

In the first year of his administration, an insurrection arose in New Hampshire similar to Shay's rebellion, in Massachusetts. President Sullivan explained the situation in calm language stating however no action should be taken by the assembly under coercion. The next morning several companies of militia, a squadron of cavalry and light artillery were drawn up prepared

for battle. The light horses dispersed the mob, the ring leaders were arrested, but all of them were eventually discharged without punishment. In 1788 he was again chosen governor. In this year by his efforts, by those of Chief Justice Livermore and his political rival John Langdon, New Hampshire voted to ratify the proposed constitution of the United States. It required nine states to make the constitution operative, New Hampshire was the ninth state. By this act the United States came into being. Had this failed we would have been thrown back into the old confederacy. What this would have meant can easily be surmised when you remember in 1781–82 New Hampshire raised one thousand troops to enforce its jurisdiction over certain towns on or near the border of Connecticut.

In 1789 he was again chosen speaker of the state. He was one of the electors of New Hampshire, at Washington's first election. In 1789 Washington appointed him the first judge of the United States district court of New Hampshire.

He died in this office on January 23, 1795, fifty-five years of age, mentally incapacitated three years prior to his death. Such was Washington's regard for him, so great was the reward and honor he was entitled to Washington would not remove him from office.

At the conclusion of Mr. Sullivan's address the assembled audience with uncovered head, joined in that most patriotic of all national airs, "America," and the hills around echoed back the strains which emanated from the hearts of an appreciative people.

The Rev. Father Winters of Horseheads then delivered the benediction, which, with the firing of the national salute of twenty-one guns, marked the ending of the dedication exercises.

—*Elmira Star-Gazette.*

THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, September 10th, 1912.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Our Society, through the President-General, has received the following invitation from the American Antiquarian Society:

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Celebration of the
One Hundredth Anniversary
of its foundation.
1812–1912

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, June 1, 1912.

Sir:

By the direction of the Council of the AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, I have the honor to inform you and the other members of the

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

that the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Foundation of the Society will be celebrated at Worcester on Tuesday and Wednesday, October fifteenth and sixteenth, nineteen hundred and twelve, and, in behalf of the Society, to invite your coöperation by the appointment of a Delegate to represent your body on that occasion, and by the presence of yourself and your fellow members at the public exercises incident to the event.

It is requested that a reply be sent before October first to the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts, giving the name and post-office address of the Delegate.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

WALDO LINCOLN, *President.*

To the President.

The President-General has appointed Reverend John J. McCoy, LL.D. of St. Ann's Church, Worcester, Mass., delegate to represent our Society.

The American Antiquarian Society has published the following order of exercises at the centennial celebration:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Tuesday (October 15th)

A Reception at Antiquarian Hall to all invited Guests at 8 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday (October 16th)

A Business Meeting of the Society at Antiquarian Hall, for Members only, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Historical Address at Antiquarian Hall by Charles Grenfell Washburn at 11 o'clock a. m., open to the public.

Reception and Luncheon at the President's House, 49 Elm

Street, for invited Guests, Delegates and Members, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

A Public Meeting at Association Hall, 10 Elm Street, at 3.30 o'clock p. m., to be addressed by Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin and Henry Cabot Lodge.

A Dinner for invited Guests, Delegates and Members at the Worcester Club at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

The attention of all our members who are interested in the long and valuable services of the American Antiquarian Society is called to this occasion of their celebration.

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL,
EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary-General.

"The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester with great ceremony and dignity celebrated its Centennial Wednesday, October 16th, 1912.

"It is the oldest society of its kind in the United States, and had for its founder the celebrated Isaiah Thomas of Revolutionary fame, who was also founder and editor of the *Massachusetts Spy*. Isaiah Thomas had large public spirit, and being both publisher and seller of books and unusual opportunities for the gathering up of all kinds of literature, particularly of the newspapers and public or semi-public documents of his day, and 'these collections,' as the *Worcester Gazette* of October 16th, 1912 said editorially, 'form the most distinctive and valuable feature of the Society's library.' And 'while the Library of Congress' goes on the Gazette, 'may have more volumes of papers no other collection in the world possesses so extensive and valuable a lot of material bearing on the early history of the nation as does that of the Antiquarian Society.' 'Few books have been printed in the last 75 years bearing on the beginnings of this Republic, whose writers have not turned the leaves of the priceless material, so long resting on the shelves of the library, and the most of the authors have had the generosity to pay passing tribute to the assistance rendered them by the excellent librarians, conspicuous among whom were the late Samuel Foster Haven and Edmund M. Barton, now librarian emeritus. Worcester people take not a little pleasure in the thought that such eminent historians as George Bancroft, Francis Parkman, Justin Winsor

and John B. McMaster came to this city for much of the matter incorporated by them in their great productions.'

"The exercise of the Centennial brought to Worcester the President of the United States, Mr. Taft, and the senior Senator of Massachusetts, Mr. Lodge, together with many men notable in the public or scholar life of the different states and even of the different nations. At the great banquet to the delegates in the evening, the speakers were:

"The President of the United States;
"His Excellency Rt. Hon. James Bryce,
Ambassador Plenipotentiary of Great Britain;
"His Excellency Senor Federico Alfonso Pezet,
Minister Plenipotentiary of Peru;
"Charles Francis Adams,
Pres. of the Mass. Historical Society;
"Hon. Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker,
Pres. of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania;
"William Archibald Dunning,
Vice-Pres. of the Am. Historical Association.

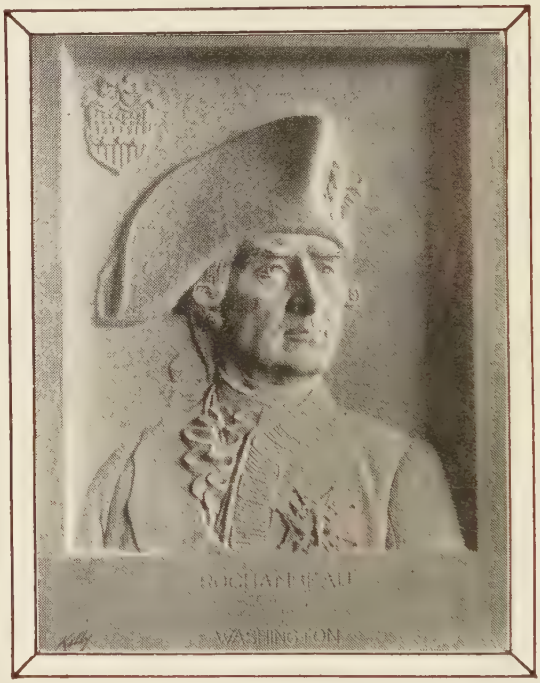
"On Tuesday evening, October 15th, there was tendered the delegates and especially invited guests, a grand reception at the Antiquarian Hall, in the splendid new building of the Society. City and state people of prominence from civic and educational life were present, and the gathering proved a very auspicious opening for the work of the next day.

"On Wednesday morning at ten o'clock there was a business meeting of the Society at which members only were present; then at eleven o'clock Ex-Congressman Charles G. Washburn addressed the public in a masterful oration, wherein he, aptly quoting the poet, said that the living company met

"'To celebrate a century's flight
And gather ere it disappears
The harvest of a hundred years.'

"At one-thirty P. M. there was a reception and luncheon at the president's house, 49 Elm Street, to which delegates, members, and chosen guests were invited.

"At three-thirty there was a public meeting in the Meeting-house of the Second Parish, 90 Main Street, addressed by Andrew Cunningham McLoughlin of Chicago, and United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and all closed with a dinner for



BUST ON ROCHAMBEAU MONUMENT AT SOUTHINGTON, CONN.

invited guests, delegates and members at the Worcester Club at seven o'clock P. M.

"Just before Ex-Congressman Washburn's address there was an hour of congratulation and praise for the Society's work, and spoken hopes for more and better work in the future. I brought to the oldest Society the good wishes of one of her younger sisters, told of the object of The American Irish Historical Society's life, asked for sympathy of the American Antiquarian Society and kindred organizations, and finished my friendly word by saying that I carried to them and the old Society particularly, the wish from a thousand hearts warmed by Irish blood, our 'Ad Multos Annos.'

"Respectfully submitted,
JNO. J. MCCOY,
"Worcester, Massachusetts."

THE ROCHAMBEAU MONUMENT AT SOUTHINGTON, CONN.

The monument erected by Captain Laurence O'Brien of this Society was dedicated on June 30th, 1912, with impressive ceremonies, in the presence of Governor Baldwin and a representative of the French Ambassador. The *Waterbury Evening Democrat* of July 1st said:

Yesterday was a big day in the old village of Marion, in the town of Southington, the occasion being the unveiling of a monument to Count Rochambeau on French Hill, the spot where the French and Irish troops encamped during their march from Newport to Yorktown where they aided materially in driving out the British and putting this country on the high-road to independence. At the suggestion of The American Irish Historical Society the different camping grounds of these friendly allies are being marked and in time every one of them will attract the attention of the public and will serve as an object lesson in American history for the benefit of the rising generation, many of whom would never hear of Rochambeau in that connection were his name not thrust before them in this way. The monument was erected by Captain Laurence O'Brien of New Haven. A committee from Waterbury consisting of D. H. Tierney, John Moriarty and J. E. Smith assisted in making arrangements for the event in Waterbury, and accompanied Viscount Dejean of New York and representatives of French societies to the grounds in automobiles. It is estimated that over five thousand persons were in attendance, including about a hundred members of the French societies of Waterbury. They came from different parts of the State, making an army almost equal in numbers to the 6,000 soldiers who camped there over a hundred years ago.

Captain Laurence O'Brien presided, and introduced Governor Baldwin who spoke as follows:

"We meet to-day to set up a memorial on Connecticut soil in honor of a great man and a great general. It was the army brought across the sea by him to New England that turned the scale in the Revolutionary struggle. To the aid of the country from which they came, by her early recognition of our independence, and by the supplies of men and money with which it was followed up, we owe eternal gratitude.

"It is the pride of Connecticut that one of her sons was the first envoy sent across the ocean by the United States to negotiate an alliance with France,—Silas Deane of Wethersfield, a graduate of Yale College of the class of 1758. He had been a delegate from this State to the first and second Continental Congress, and was commissioned by the congressional committee of correspondence with friends in Great Britain, Ireland and other parts of the world. His instructions were dated March 3, 1776, and contemplated his sounding the French Minister of Foreign Affairs as to the probability of the recognition of the United States by France should they declare themselves independent of Great Britain.

"Louis XVIII, in his autobiography, observes that Deane's visit to Paris lightened up a vivid sympathy with the cause of liberty in the hearts of Frenchmen. The negotiations begun by Deane resulted in Lafayette's coming to America in 1777, and finally in the treaties of alliance made with France in 1778. Deane was one of the commissioners who signed these, and it was the young enthusiast whose sympathies he had enlisted in our cause—Lafayette—also who, more than any one else, a year or two later induced the king to send over Rochambeau and the splendid forces under his command.

"They were landed at Newport in July, 1780, a considerable part made their way, the next year, to the neighborhood of New York State, across our State, accompanied by some of our own militia, and in their course spent a couple of days in the last of June, 1781, in Southington, which had been set off from Farmington as a separate township, only two years before. The left wing of the expedition was guarded by the mounted lancers of the Duke de Lauzun, and an equal number on foot, 600 in all, which on June 26th encamped in New Haven on or near what is now Wooster Square. The duke was entertained by Madame Wooster, the widow of the general who fell at Danbury in 1777.

"Washington, during the previous month, with two of his generals had met Rochambeau at Wethersfield, May 21st, 1781, to determine on the plan of campaign. It was then decided to unite the French troops with such of the continental militia as could be secured in a march to the Hudson at Peekskill. From there they were to endeavor to drive the British forces from New York.

"Part of the command had spent the previous winter in eastern Connecticut. The main army had remained in Rhode Island, but for want of a supply of forage there, a detachment was sent, in the fall of 1780, under the Duke de Lauzun, to Lebanon.

"The duke was an observant man and spoke English with some facility. An entertaining set of memoirs which he left shows that he found the change from the gay society of Newport little to his taste. 'Siberia alone,' he writes,

'can be compared to Lebanon which is composed only of some cabins scattered in immense forests.'

"A contemporary picture of Rochambeau is given in the same work. He is described as one who 'talked of nothing but feats of war, and was planning maneuvers and military movements in the field, in his bed room, on the table, on your tobacco box, if you should take it out of your pocket. Exclusively occupied by his profession he understood it wonderfully well.'

"This frank tribute is the more significant because De Lauzun, himself, was more of a courtier than a soldier.

"Rochambeau lived, while in the country, in considerable state, setting a table at Newport for thirty or more and exercising a generous hospitality. His government allowed him $30,000 a year besides supporting his table, and a considerable additional sum for secret expenses. He did not speak English but could converse in Latin, on occasions, with those who understood that language.

"In the dark wave of anarchy which was to sweep over France towards the close of the century, De Lauzun perished by the guillotine. The two brothers, Count Arthur Dillon and the Chevalier Theobald Dillon, who had commanded the Irish or "Dillon' regiment in the French army during its military operations in Georgia in 1779, soon followed him there. Rochambeau was doomed to the same fate, but escaped through the sudden fall of Robespierre.

"Connecticut looks back to the days of the Revolution with honest satisfaction at the part she played in it. She was the great source of supply for provisioning the northern armies. She was, next to Massachusetts, the greatest source of supply for recruiting them. Massachusetts sent the most troops to the continental armies, but Connecticut, in proportion to her population, sent more than did Massachusetts, or any other state in the American union. She was glad to welcome and to join the French troops on their way to New York in 1781. They carried with them a splendor, a prestige, a precision of dicipline, with which her sons had nothing to compare. She felt profoundly the greatness of the aid which France had furnished to America, in sending her fleets and armies across the sea. She felt, also, that one of her own children had opened the door which brought them over.

"To the efforts of Silas Deane of Connecticut we owe the coming of Lafayette. To the efforts of Lafayette we owe the coming of Rochambeau.

"The march of his army across the State is commemorated by a monument in Middlebury, on a hill now named Rochambeau Heights. Here, from henceforth, stands another like memorial. Let us hope that others, in future years, may arise in long succession, from town to town, to remind our people of the magnanimity of France in the dark days of the contest for independence."

At the close of the Governor's speech Viscount DeJean, Secretary of the French embassy at Washington, spoke as follows:

"His Excellency, Mr. Jusserand, has been unable, to his very great regret, to come to-day to French Hill to take part in the inauguration of the monument erected through the efforts of The American Irish Historical Society to the memory of Rochambeau's army. He expressly charged me to convey to you his feelings of regret at his inability to come. Only particularly imperious

reasons prevented him from being with you, for this is indeed a commemoration calculated to charm a French Ambassador, and especially the present representative of our country.

"This stone evokes indeed the memory of a march to victory, to a glorious victory for the Americans and the French; but of all the monuments erected in the United States to perpetuate the great deeds of the war of independence, this one arouses in us Frenchmen the most touching memories. It honors the whole army, officers and soldiers, the men who, by their endurance, and their courage, enabled General Rochambeau so effectually to support the splendid operations of General Washington.

"We are, therefore, here, on one of the first stages of that march which was destined to end in the capture of Yorktown.

"What a charming scene is evoked by the thought of the camp established on this very spot, where the various French regiments with their brilliant uniforms came to rest over night, after the hard march.

"We can, with the mind's eye, see the distinguished commander-in-chief attended by his brilliant staff, inspecting every point, with that prudence and care which characterized him; he is indeed the figure of duty personified; he is familiar with the men who have been under his command for almost a full year, and he knows he can depend upon them. Discipline and order are perfect, for that is a point on which General Rochambeau never admitted a compromise. The bearing of his troops, the respect they showed for the person and property of the people along their march, his own rectitude and honesty attracted the esteem and regard of the populations among whom he operated. In his memoirs he exhibits considerable pride in telling of an incident. At the end of the campaign, some Quakers from Philadelphia came to greet him in these terms: 'General, it is not for thy military qualities that we come to pay thee this visit; we care nothing about talents for war, but thou art the friend of the men; thy army lives in perfect order and discipline; this is what has brought us to pay thee our respects.'

"This was after the victory. Military talent might indeed appear less important, but united with those of General Washington they had made independence secure. This was because, back of the leader, were valiant and heroic men. The officers had imbibed from their general his anxious care for the men under their command, and his firm kindness.

"In the march to Yorktown, says Rochambeau in his memoirs, they tramped afoot at the heads of their companies to give the soldiers in the ranks, an example of endurance. As to their valor, I need recall but one incident of the Marquis de Deux-Ponts, colonel in the regiment of the same name. At Yorktown, he was the first to go forward to the assault, the first to reach the breach. He reaches back his hand to help up a grenadier who followed him. The soldier was instantly killed. Without moving a step, cool and collected under the fire of a hundred muskets levelled at him by the enemy, the colonel reaches his hand down to help up the next grenadier; the act is worthy of ranking with the glories of ancient Rome; it probably was carried out by a gloved hand protruding from a lace cuff, and was carried out with all that grace of action which distinguished the eighteenth century.

"Such were the leaders.

"The men were just as brave. They came, as the names of their regiments indicate, from all parts of France,—Gatinois, Saint Onge, Bourbonnais, Foix, Aussone, Metz. Some came from the border: Tournai, Hainaut. Pious research has enabled the names of all to become known. I have not yet named —and I keep a separate place for—the two Irish regiments of Dillon and Walsh, for, from all time and still today, foreigners have marched to glorious victory under the banners of France.

"Among the French regiments, that of the Gatinois was formed of continents largely drafted from the celebrated old regiment of Auvergne. These men regretted the loss of their old regiment's name; at Yorktown they promised to distinguish themselves particularly if they were allowed to resume the old title of their beloved regiment; the General agreed. These men fought like lions; one third fell in the trenches; the remnant—and what a glorious remnant—received the name of Royal Auvergne.

"Those were the soldiers, who, one June day like this, came to this spot to rest between two marches. It was the contribution of the French people to the most disinterested war that has ever been fought; many of those who slept here never saw France again; they deserve the glorification which you are giving them here today; for most of them were of small and humble ones, whose names are not heard when, one by one, they die as heroes; there must be thousands and thousands of them killed, for posterity to recall their deeds, for glory to attach herself to their memories. They are referred to, anonymously, *en bloc* by the name of a whole army or of a regiment; these are the men whom we, in France, honor, when we decorate the standard of a regiment.

"But, gentlemen, I have spoken long enough about my own people; you also have said many kindly things about them; I would like to say something to you of my admiration, my gratitude and that of my country, for the veneration you have conserved for the Frenchmen who took part in the War of Independence.

"The sentiment of gratitude is rather rare among individuals taken separately; I did not believe it existed at all between nations; for the political history of the world is but one sequence of alliances and wars, between the same countries, alternately. We have had with you but one really effective treaty of alliance; but it cannot be said that this alliance or this friendship has ever ceased to exist; though there was not, as in so many treaties, a clause providing for tacit renewal. No, the tie that binds us is stronger than a treaty, it is eternal—it consists of memories. What you are doing here to-day is a further proof of this. Frenchmen passed over these roads to go to battle and win with and for your fathers that independence which has brought about the existence of the great republic of the United States of America. You have remembered—you, the younger generations, who did not yourselves see these things, but who heard them from your fathers—and you want your children to know them, too. The fine monument by Mr. Kelly here speaks splendidly to the eye and to the heart.

"It honors a country to remember; for great things only impress them-

selves on memory, and if a nation remembers, it is that its past has been great and glorious.

"In the name of the Ambassador of France, in the name of the officers and soldiers who passed over these roads to go to death or to victory, in the name of those who have taken their places in the ranks to-day, in the name of the French army, I thank you for having raised this monument to the memory of Rochambeau's army!"

Judge John Walsh of New Britain was next introduced. He spoke in part as follows:

"The erection of this monument was advocated, planned and designed by patriotic American citizens of Irish birth or descent, to commemorate one of the most important incidents in the history of the state and nation, when the great army of France, which had sailed over 3,000 miles across the sea, to assist the colonies in achieving their independence, traversed our little State on its way from Providence to Yorktown, when it played such an important part in the defeat and capture of the English army, which, with the valuable aid then given by the French fleet, was the knell which sounded the doom of English rule on American soil.

Some of those who fail to recognize the unquenchable love of liberty, patriotism, generosity, and gratitude of the Irish people in whatever land they may reside, may ask why it is that such an important event, which was left for 131 years unrecognized in a public way, should now be taken in hand by them. Why has not some organization which has been especially formed for such purposes, engaged in the work ere this? To all such inquiries it can be said that no more patriotic citizens ever can be found, and no other people did so much in the establishment and maintenance of the United States than the people of Irish birth or descent, and when they see the years go by, and other generations are coming upon the scene, they want to write upon the imperishable monuments of bronze and granite their eternal remembrance of the untold benefits conferred by the French people upon this nation in assisting in establishing a republic on American soil.

"Count De Rochambeau was of an illustrious family, and by his capacity, ability and energy had a rapid succession of military honors conferred upon him. His name was connected with many prominent battlefields in France for his valor and skill. He was brigadier-general after he had been fifteen years in the service. He was chosen to command the French allies because of his utter absence of jealousy and self-assertion, which had been the bane of the former French fleet, and as a military official felt himself bound to obey implicitly every order from Washington, and to maintain within his own army the strictest discipline."

A feature of the programme was the unveiling of the monument by about 200 children of the neighborhood. American, French and Irish flags were very much in evidence, and many in the crowd learned then for the first time why that spot bore the name French Hill.

IRISH IN THE WAR OF 1812.*

"After a cartel of exchange had been agreed upon, Colonel Scott and the other regulars, prisoners, were embarked on a vessel for Boston. As they were about to sail, Colonel Scott's attention was attracted by an unusual noise on deck. Proceeding from the cabin to the scene of the disturbance, he found a party of British officers in the act of separating from the other prisoners such as by confusion or brogue they judged to be Irishmen. The object was to refuse to parole them, and send them to England to be tried for high treason. Twenty-three had been selected and set apart for this purpose.

Colonel Scott learned with indignation that this proceeding was under the direct orders of Sir George Prevost, the Governor General. He at once protested, and commanded the remaining men to be silent and answer no questions. This order was obeyed despite the threats of the British officers, and none others than the twenty-three were separated from their comrades. He then addressed the party selected, explaining the laws of allegiance, and assuring them that the United States Government would protect them by immediate retaliation, and, if necessary, by an order to give no quarter hereafter in battle. He was frequently interrupted by the British officers, but they failed to silence him. The Irishmen were put in irons, placed on board a frigate, and sent to England. After Colonel Scott landed in Boston he proceeded to Washington, and was duly exchanged. He at once addressed a letter to the Secretary of War as follows:

Sir: I think it my duty to lay before the Department that on the arrival at Quebec of the American prisoners of war surrendered at Queenstown they were mustered and examined by British officers appointed to that duty, and every native-born of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland sequestered and sent on board a ship of war then in the harbor. The vessel in a few days thereafter sailed for England with these persons on board. Between fifteen and twenty persons were thus taken from us, natives of Ireland, several of whom were known by their platoon officers to be naturalized citizens of the United States, and others to have been long residents within the same. One in particular, whose name has escaped me, besides having complied with all the conditions of our naturalization laws, was represented by

*From General Marcus J. Wright's "Life of General Scott," pp. 19–22 in the "Great Commanders," series by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

his officers to have left a wife and five children, all of them born within the State of New York.

I distinctly understood, as well from the officers who came on board the prison ship for the above purposes as from others with whom I remonstrated on this subject, that it was the determination of the British Government, as expressed through Sir George Prevost, to punish every man whom it might subject to its power found in arms against the British king contrary to his native allegiance. I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT,
Lieutenant Colonel, Second U. S. Artillery.

This report was forwarded by the Secretary of War to both houses of Congress, and the immediate result was that Congress, on March 3, 1813, passed an act of retaliation. In May, 1813, at the battle of Fort George, a number of prisoners were captured. Colonel Scott, being then chief of staff, selected twenty-three to be confined and held as hostages. He was careful, however, to entirely exclude Irishmen from the number. Eventually the twenty-three men sent to England were released, and Scott took great interest in securing their arrearages of pay and patents for their land bounties.

The doctrine of perpetual allegiance had always been maintained by the British Government, and examples were numerous of the arrest or detention of prisoners claimed as British subjects. After this act of Colonel Scott no other prisoners were set apart by the British to be tried for treason.

These transactions gave rise to discussion of the question throughout the country and in both houses of Congress. President Madison, and Mr. Monroe as Secretary of State, took strong ground against the British claim. While subsequent treaties were silent on the question, the right is no longer asserted by Great Britain, and has been recognized by treaty. Colonel Scott then returned to Washington.

PROPOSED COLLECTION OF AMERICAN IRISH BOOKS AND DOCUMENTS IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, April 30th, 1913.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of The American Irish Historical Society held in New York City on February 15th, 1913, the following resolutions were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That this Society deposit a collection of books and other material dealing with American Irish biography and history, as well as a collection of works by American Irish authors, in the New York Public Library to carry into effect the resolution of this Society, heretofore adopted, to establish such a collection.

"*Resolved*, That appropriate exercises, including a dinner, be arranged to celebrate the beginning of such a collection, notice of which exercises shall be sent to the members of the Society.

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary-General send to the members of the Society an abstract of the minutes of this meeting, embodying an appeal to donate books or other material so that such collection may be deposited by the Society in the New York Public Library not later than the fall of 1913.

"*Resolved*, That every member of the Society be furnished with application blanks and be requested to propose ten new members to the Society.

The object of this Society, declared in its constitution, "To make better known the Irish chapter in American history," comprises the recovery of information of the past achievements of the Irish in America as well as the preservation of records of the present. Letters, diaries, and other documents which the historian might wish to cite, may be in the possession of many of our members and these are to be preserved and catalogued by the Society and rendered accessible to the inquirer by the co-operation of the New York Public Library whose authorities have agreed to place certain space at our disposal.

The beginning of a collection worthy of this Society should be made by the fall of 1913, and the active interest of each member to that end is urgently besought.

Any material, which a member may consider the Society would desire to preserve, should be sent to Edward H. Daly, Secretary-General, 52 Wall Street, New York City, who will acknowledge the receipt thereof immediately and in his annual report to the Society.

The Society wishes to collect notices and articles of a personal nature or otherwise in current newspapers and magazines relating to our members and has engaged the services of a press-clipping bureau in this connection. You are asked to aid in its purpose by sending to the Secretary any published material referring to yourself, or obituary or biographical articles concerning Irish-born or descended personages in your State or neighborhood.

All requests for further information should be addressed to the Secretary-General or to any other member of the Executive Council, which is as follows:

Joseph I. C. Clarke, 159 West 95th St., N. Y. City.
R. C. O'Connor, 1835 Scott St., San Francisco, Cal.
Edward H. Daly, 52 Wall St., N. Y. City.
John J. Lenehan, 71 Nassau St., N. Y. City.
Thomas B. Lawler, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.
James F. Brennan, Peterborough, N. H.
John D. Crimmins, 624 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.
Francis J. Quinlan, 66 West 52d St., N. Y. City.
Patrick F. Magrath, 244 Front St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Thomas Addis Emmet, 87 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.
James L. O'Neill, 220 Franklin St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Stephen Farrelly, 9–15 Park Place, N. Y. City.
D. J. McGillicuddy, Lewiston, Maine.
Patrick Cassidy, Norwich, Conn.
Thomas S. O'Brien, 13 Walter St., Albany, N. Y.
Patrick Carter, 32 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
Thomas Z. Lee, 49 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
Patrick T. Barry, 87–97 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, 104 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.
Frank R. Clune, 185 Dundaff St., Carbondale, Pa.
Samuel Adams, 129 W. 85th St., N. Y. City.
Roger G. Sullivan, 803 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.

J. Lawton Hiers, 8 Liberty St. E., Savannah, Ga.

Alfred B. Cruikshank, 43 Cedar St., N. Y. City.

Thomas A. Fahy, 607 Betz Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Michael F. Sullivan, Oak St., Lawrence, Mass.

Pursuant to authority of the Executive Council, the Society has purchased the following at the auction sale of the library of S. J. Richardson, Esq., of New York City:

BOOKS.

Adventures of a Tourist in Ireland. By J. L. Joynes, B. A., London, 1882.

A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and other Poems. By P. J. Coleman, Messenger Press, New York.

America, The Discovery of, by the Northmen in the 10th Century. By North Ludlow Beamish, London, 1841.

American Irish Historical Society, The Journal of. Vols. I., II., IV., VI.

Belinda's Cousins, A Tale of Town and Country. By Maurice Francis Egan, Philadelphia.

Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Marylanders. Boyle, Baltimore, 1877.

Bunker Hill, or the Death of General Warren. An American historical play in five acts. By John Burke, Baltimore, 1803.

Deirdre. (No Name Series.) By Robert D. Joyce, Boston, 1876.

Deirdre. By Robert D. Joyce, Boston, 1889.

Early, A History of the Family of, in America. By Samuel Stockwell Early, Albany, 1896.

English Renaissance, The. By Oscar Wilde, Boston and London, 1906.

French Invasion of Ireland in '98, The. By Valerian Gribayedoff, N. Y.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, The. Year books, 1899, 1905. 4 vols.; Anniversary dinners, 1874, 1899, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1905, 1907. 7 vols.

Gill's Irish Reciter. Edited by J. J. O'Kelly, Dublin, 1905.

Halpine, Charles G. Poetical Works of, (Miles O'Reilly), New York, 1869.

Irish American Almanac, The. 1875 to 1891. 4 vols., New York.

Ireland, Historical Ballad Poetry of. Arranged by M. J. Brown, Dublin and Belfast, 1912.

Ireland, Historic and Picturesque. Containing autograph letter from author to S. J. Richardson. By Charles Johnston, Philadelphia, 1902.

Ireland, The History of from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time. Compiled by John Mitchel, New York, 1868.

Ireland's Case Stated, in Reply to Mr. Froude. By Very Rev T N. Burke, O. P., New York, 1873.

Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament. Justin McCarthy, Boston, 1888.

Ireland Under Coercion. By William Hurlbert, Boston and New York, 1888.

Irish Emigration to the United States; What it has been and What it is. By Rev. Stephen Byrne, O. S. D., New York, 1874.

Irish Garland, An. By Sarah M. B. Piatt, Boston, 1885.
Irish Lyrical Poems. By Mrs. O'Donovan (Rossa), New York, 1868.
Irish in Boston, The Story of the. James Bernard Cullen, Boston, 1889.
Irish Industrial Exhibition, World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. Handbook and Catalogue of Exhibits.
Irish Literature. 10 vols. Justin McCarthy, M. P., Editor in Chief. Edition de Luxe.
Irishman in Canada, The. Nicholas Flood Davin, London & Toronto.
Irishman's Story, An. Justin McCarthy, New York, 1904.
Irish Ninth in Bivouac and Battle. By M. H. MacNamara, Boston, 1867.
Irish People and Catholic Civilization, The Religious Mission of the. By J. L. Spaulding, D. D., New York, 1880.
Irish Rhode Islanders in the American Revolution. Murray, Providence, 1903.
Irish Washingtons, The. Washington and Murray, Boston, 1898.
Lay of an Irish Harp. By Miss Owenson.
Leaves from a Prison Diary. By Michael Davitt, New York, 1886.
Little Classics. 13th volume. Poems Narrative.
Love and Land. Poems. 1 Vol. By Michael Scanlan, Boston, 1869.
Lovers' St. Ruth's and three other Tales. By Louise Imogen Guiney, Boston, 1895.
Meagher, Gen. Thomas Francis, Memoirs of, Cavanagh, Worcester, Mass. 1892.
Mickey Finn Idylls. By Ernest Jarrold, New York, 1899.
Neale, Samuel, Some account of the Life and Religious Labors of. Philadelphia, 1806.
O'Meaghers of Ikerrin. Some Historical Notices of the, By Joseph Casimir O'Meagher, New York, 1890.
Parnell, Charles Stewart. Life of, By J. H. Mahoney, New York.
Poems. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, New York, 1869.
Recitations, Epics, Epistles, Lyrics and Poems, Humorous and Pathetic. Published by the author Patrick Fennell (Shandy Maguire), Oswego, New York, 1886.
Roadside Harp, A. Louise Imogen Guiney, Boston and New York. 1893.
Matches from America. John White, London, 1870.
Under Three Flags. Rev. George W. Pepper, Cincinnati, 1899.
Vase, and other Bric-a-Brac, The. James Jeffrey Roche, Boston, 1900.

Pamphlets.

American Flag, The Desecration of the; our Nation's Disgrace.
American Flag, Desecration of the, and Prohibitive Legislation.
American Manuscripts in European Archives.
Appeal of the American Committee for the Relief of Famine in Ireland.
Art Autograph, The. The Art Interchange; published for the benefit of Famine Stricken Ireland.
Colchesters Teares. Reprint; Endinburgh, 1884.

COLONEL DAVID M. FLYNN,
Vice-President of the Society for New Jersey.

RT. REV. PHILIP J. GARRIGAN, D.D.,
Vice-President of the Society for Iowa.

HON. JOHN B. O'MEARA,
Vice-President of the Society for Missouri.

CAPTAIN PATRICK H. CONEY,
Vice-President of the Society for Kansas.

Reproductions by Anna Frances Levins

Documents in Europe bearing on the Early History of the United States. Letter from the Secretary of State Relative to transmitting Memorials.

Ferguson, Sir Samuel; the Poetry of. By Mr. Justice O'Hagan, Dublin, 1887.

Historical Enquiry Concerning Henry Hudson. Abridged from the Work of John Meredith Read, Jr., Clarendon Historical Society, 1883.

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Ireland, The Crisis in. By the Earl of Dunraven, London and Dublin, 1905.

Irish in America, The. Lecture by William R. Grace, February 21, 1886.

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Johnston Governor. Speech on American Affairs, Biblioteca curiosa.

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Mickey Finn's New Irish Yarns. New York.

One Hundred Years Ago; How the War Began. By Edward E. Hale, Boston, 1875.

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Richmond, The Closing Days about. General H. E. Tremain, Edinburgh, 1884.

Scotch Irish in New England. Reverend A. L. Perry, Boston, 1891.

Scotch Irish, A Letter from Sydney G. Fisher. Philadelphia, 1898.

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Williamsburg Church, History of. Reverend James A. Wallace, Salisbury, N. C., 1856.

The Society is acquiring other books by purchase and gift in accordance with the foregoing circular.

COLONEL DAVID M. FLYNN TAKES PART IN TRIBUTE TO HON. WOODROW WILSON.

Colonel Flynn, Vice-President of this Society for the State of New Jersey, was the spokesman for the citizens of Princeton who presented a loving cup on March 1st, 1913, to the then President-elect. The following account is taken from the Trenton *Times Advertiser*:

The goodby demonstration was entirely non-partisan. It was organized by the Woodrow Wilson Club of the borough, but all citizens, without regard to party, were invited to participate. Headed by the Wilkes Post Band of

Trenton, President Joseph S. Hoff of the Woodrow Wilson Club, Mayor P. Phillips and an honorary committee of citizens, between 3,000 and 4,000 townspeople, practically all the inhabitants of the borough outside of the University, formed a line on Nassau street and marched the long half mile to the Wilson cottage on the outskirts of town, through muddy streets, rain having fallen all day. Most of them carried Japanese lanterns or red fire torches. They clustered about the little Wilson home and were so numerous that most of them had to stand in the mud in the street, but no one was heard to complain.

As the band was heard in the distance and the glow of red lights became visible, the windows of the Wilson home were thrown open. At a second story window Mrs. Wilson and her daughter, Miss Jessie, leaned forward smiling happily, their evening gowns shimmering in the lantern glare. In other windows servants' heads appeared, and both they and the mother and daughter showed the liveliest interest throughout the ceremonies.

A cordon of boy scouts had been thrown about the front edge of the lawn, but they fell back as the crowd surged forward and the front ranks of men, women and children were thrust squarely against the porch. President-elect Wilson appeared just as the crowd pressed forward, and was greeted by cheers and applause. A small space was cleared in front of the porch and a plain, rough board box was dragged into it. As the President-to-be stepped onto it, cheering broke out again and lasted several minutes.

Mrs. Wilson's interest overcame her at this point and she hurried downstairs and came out on the porch and stood behind her husband, her face beaming with pleasure. Colonel Flynn, a Princeton banker and an old personal friend of the Wilsons, made the speech presenting the loving cup, and the cup itself was handed to the President-elect by A. S. Leigh, one of the leading Democrats of the town, and C. S. Robinson, postmaster and one of the leading Republicans.

After "Citizen" Wilson responded, the band played "America," in which the crowd and the President-elect joined. Then it swung into "Auld Lang Syne." President-elect Wilson was deeply moved. He stood on the edge of the porch, his hat in his hand and his head thrown slightly back as he sang in a deep, vibrating voice that was clearly distinguished above the chorus. For an hour he then stood at the steps and shook hands with his neighbors, saying goodbye, and exchanging greeting to those particularly well known to him. Mrs. Wilson watched this ceremony from the doorway and frequently smiled and bowed to friends, many of whom waved their hands to her and called goodby.

Col. Flynn in his address said:

"Mr. Wilson—The towsnpeople of Princeton have gathered tonight to wish you and your family good luck and God speed. For a brief few hours you are just one of us again, a plain untitled citizen.

"We want you to know that we are proud of your successful career, and of your many splendid victories. You have brought to this place great distinction, and we want the rest of the world to know that your old neighbors here esteem and admire you and your work.

"Twenty-seven of your fifty-six years have been passed here, and it is but natural that we should feel that we had a greater interest than any other community in your welfare. Like the rest of the toilers and plain people of the country, we trust you and have an abiding faith in your capacity and unusual ability to lead in the Nation's service.

"Your association with the town has been an inspiring influence for good that will be cherished and remembered. You have been instrumental in the advancement of the liberties and happiness of mankind; kindling in their breasts flames of patriotism tempered by service and common sense. You will always remain near and dear to the hearts of all Princetonians, for you represent the noblest traditions of all that is best in town and gown.

"We have only loaned you to the nation and when the great work you have before you at Washington is accomplished, it is our earnest hope that you will come back to old Princeton and spend your days with us.

"As a mark of our affectionate regard we present to you this loving cup, which has engraved upon it, in brief form, the story of Princeton's place in history. Be assured of the interest and best wishes of the home folks, who pray God's choicest blessings may always accompany you and yours."

The President-elect responded in kind, telling his neighbors how sorry he was to break the ties of twenty-seven years of residence in Princeton. His speech in full follows:

"Colonel Flynn and my fellow citizens: I feel very deeply complimented that you should have gathered here tonight to say goodby and to bid me God speed. I have felt a very intimate identification with this town. I suppose that some of you think that there is a sort of disconnection between the University and the town, and perhaps some of you suppose that it is only since I became Governor of this State that I have been keenly aware of things which have come out of the ranks of citizens of this place to touch me and inspire me. But that is not true. I think you will bear me witness that I have had many friends in this town ever since I came here, and that one of the happiest experiences I have had day by day has been the grasp of the hand and the familiar salutation which I have met at every hand.

"I have experienced only one mortification in this town. I went into a shop one day after I became president of the University and purchased a small article and said: 'Won't you be kind enough to send that up?' I had purchased it from a man with whose face I had been familiar for years, and he said: 'What is your name, sir?' That was my single mortification, and that is the keenest kind of mortification, because if there is one thing a man loves better than another it is being known by his fellow citizens.

"Now, my friends, I said the other day, and I said it most unaffectedly, that I was going keenly to enjoy these three days as a plain and untitled citizen. I have admitted my plainness many times. I said that I was going to enjoy these days, and I am enjoying them. Not because they are days when I am not particularly responsible for anything but because they are days that remind me of the many years I have spent in this place going in and out as one of your own number, and I want you to believe me when I say that I shall never lose that consciousness. I would be a very poor Pres-

ident if I did lose it. I have always believed that the real rootage of patriotism was local, that it resided in one conscious of an intimate touch with persons who were watching him with a knowledge of his character.

"You cannot love a country abstractly, you have got to love it concretely. You have got to know people in order to love them. You have got to feel as they do in order to have sympathy with them. And any man would be a very poor public servant who did not regard himself as a part of the public himself.

"No man can imagine how the people are thinking. He can know only by what is going on in his own head, and if that head is not connected by every thread of suggestion with the heads of people about him, he cannot think as they think.

"I am turning away from this place in body, but not in spirit, and I am doing it with genuine sadness. The real trials of life are the connections you break, and when a man has lived in one place as long as I have lived in Princeton, and had as many experiences as I have had here—first as an undergraduate and then as a resident—he knows what it means to change his residence and go into strange environments and surroundings. I have never been inside the White House, and I shall feel very strange when I get inside it. I shall think of this little house behind me and remember how much more familiar it is to me than that is likely to be, and how much more intimate a sense of possession there must be in the one case than in the other. One cannot be neighbor to the whole United States. I shall miss my neighbors. I shall miss the daily contact with the men I know and by whom I am known, and one of the happiest things in my thought will be that your good wishes go with me. I shall always look at this beautiful cup with the greater pleasure because it reminds me of this occasion and of all that you have meant to me.

"You have said very kind things about me, but no kinder than I could say about you. With your confidence and the confidence of men like you, the task that lies before me will be gracious and agreeable. It will be a thing to be proud of, because I am trying to represent those who have so graciously trusted me."

DESIGN FOR BADGE OF THE SOCIETY.

The design for a badge of this Society, described in Volume XI. of the Journal by Dennis H. Tierney Esq., of Waterbury, former Vice-President of the Society for Connecticut, is pictured below:

Mr. Tierney, in sending the design for publication, asks for other suggestions and expresses the desire that a badge may be adopted by the Society.

MAILING LIST OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Public Libraries.

Augusta, Me.
Baltimore, Md., City Library of.
Baltimore, Md., Enoch Pratt Free Library.
Bangor, Me.
Binghamton, N. Y.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Brookline, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y., 26 Brevoort Place.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cambridge, Mass.
Charleston, S. C.
Chelsea, Mass.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, O.
Cleveland, O.
Columbus, O.
Concord, N. H.
Cork, Ireland, Carnegie Free Library.
Dedham, Mass.
Denver, Col.
Detroit, Mich.
Dover, N. H.
Elizabeth, N. J.
Elmira, N. Y.
Fall River, Mass.
Fitchburg, Mass.
Hartford, Conn.
Havana, Cuba.
Haverhill, Mass.
Holyoke, Mass.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Jersey City, N. J.
Lawrence, Mass.
Leavenworth, Kan.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Lowell, Mass.
Lynn, Mass.
Malden, Mass.
Manchester, N. H.
Manila, Philippine Islands.
Medford, Mass.
Melbourne, Australia.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Montreal, Canada, Fraser Institute Free Public Library.
Nahant, Mass.
Nashua, N. H.
New Bedford, Mass.
Newburg, N. Y.
Newburyport, Mass.
New Haven, Conn.
New London, Conn.
Newton, Mass.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Northampton, Mass.
Norwich, Conn.
Oswego, N. Y.
Peace Dale, R. I.
Peoria, Ill.
Peterborough, N. H.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Carnegie Library, Order Dept., Schenley Park.
Pittsfield, Mass.
Plymouth, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Portsmouth, N. H.
Providence, R. I.
Quincy, Mass., Thomas Crane Public Library.
Rochester, N. Y.
Sacramento, Cal.
Salem, Mass.

San Francisco, Cal.
Saratoga, N. Y.
Savannah, Ga.
Sidney, Australia.
Somerville, Mass.
Springfield, Mass.
Stamford, Conn.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Taunton, Mass.
Troy, N. Y.
Toledo, O.
Utica, N. Y.
Waltham, Mass.
Waterford, Ireland.
Watertown, Mass.
Worcester, Mass.
Yonkers, N. Y.

COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY AND OTHER LIBRARIES, SOCIETIES, &C.

Albany Institute & Historical & Art Society, 125 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y. (Cuyler Reynolds, Esq., Curator).
American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.
American Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia, Pa.
Association for International Conciliation, Sub-station 84, New York City. F. P. Keppel, Esq., Secretary.
Bar Association, 42 West 44th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Berkshire Athenaeum, Pittsfield, Mass.
Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticano, Rome, Italia.
Biblioteca Nacional, 20 paseo de Recoletos, Madrid, Spain.
Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, France.
Boston Athenaeum, Boston, Mass.
Boston University, Boston, Mass.
Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Cambridge Historical Society, Cambridge, Mass.
Cathedral Library, 123 East 50th St., New York City, N. Y.
Catholic Club, 120 Central Park, South, New York City, N. Y.
Catholic Club, 59 Jackson St., Providence, R. I.
Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.
Chase Library, West Harwich, Mass.
Clark University, Worcester, Mass.
College of the City of New York, New York City, N. Y.
Columbia University, New York City, N. Y.
Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford, Conn.
Cooper Union, New York City, N. Y.
Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Dasaro Memorial Library, 251 East 109th St., New York City, N. Y.
Dublin University (Trinity College), Dublin, Ireland.
Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.
Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Harris Institute Library, Woonsocket, R. I.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, La.
Irish College, Rome, Italy.
Irish Dominicans, St. Clement's Church, Rome, Italy.
Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas.
Leland Stanford, Jr. University, Stanford University, Cal.
Library of the British Museum, London, England.
Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
Manhattan College, 130th St. & 10th Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Md.
Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Mass.
Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minn.
Newberry Library, Clark & Walton Pl., Chicago, Ill.
New England Historic Genealogical Society, 18 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.
New Hampshire State Library, Concord, N. H.
Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.
New York Genealogical & Biographical Soc., 226 West 58th St., New York City, N. Y.
New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park, West, New York City, N. Y.
New York State Library, Albany, N. Y.
New York University, New York City, N. Y.
Peabody Institute Library, Peabody, Mass.
Pennsylvania State Library, Harrisburg, Pa.
Prepara Oficejo de la Fondajo por Internacieco, 6 Van Lennepweg, 'sGravenhage (Holland).
Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Providence Athenaeum, cor. Benefit St. & College Hill, Providence, R. I.
Redwood Library, Newport, R. I.
Rhode Island Citizens' Historical Association, Providence, R. I.
Rhode Island Historical Society, Providence, R. I.
Robbins Library, Arlington, Mass.
Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.
Simmons College, Boston, Mass.
Society of the Cincinnati, Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner, Pres., 12 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Society of Colonial Wars, Providence, R. I.
State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
St. Francis Xavier College Library, 32 West 16th St., New York City, N. Y.
St. Isidore's College, Via Degli Artisti, Rome, Italy.
St. John's College, Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.
St. Laurent College, St. Laurent dr. Montreal, Canada.
St. Paul's Library, East 117th St. nr. Lexington Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
Tufts College, Medford, Mass.
United States Naval Academy, Librarian of, Annapolis, Md.
United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
University College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, Ireland.
University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
University of Laval, Quebec, Canada.
University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Virginia State Library, Richmond, Va.
Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Wellesley College Library, Wellesley, Mass. (Professor Emily G. Balch.)
Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

NECROLOGY.

MICHAEL E. BANNIN.

Michael Eugene Bannin, dry goods merchant and a member of this Society since 1899, died at his home, 55 Montgomery Place, Brooklyn, on August 7th, 1912, at the age of sixty-four. He was born at Glens Falls, N. Y., on February 19th, 1846, and was educated at the Glens Falls Academy. He took up the study of law in 1872 in the office of ex-Judge Stephen Brown, but soon after entered the employ of Moors, Tingue & Co., importers of dress goods in New York.

Mr. Bannin became a member of the dry goods firm of Converse, Stanton & Cullen in 1895. The original firm was started in Boston in 1858. He was also a member of the firm of Lindon & Bannin of New York. Mr. Bannin took an active part in the organization of the New York Credit Men's Association, serving as its first vice-president. He was also the first vice-president of the National Credit Men's Association.

In 1899 he was chairman of the committee on water supply of the Merchants' Association of New York. A proposition was made to the city authorities by the Ramapo Water Company, to supply the city with additional water at the rate of $70 a million gallons. Mr. Bannin fought the proposal. Remembering his activities against the "Ramapo grab," Col. Roosevelt appointed him member of the Indian commission in June, 1906.

Mr. Bannin was second vice-president and trustee of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, a director of the Citizens Trust Company, the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, and the American Investment Securities Company. He was a member of the Merchants Club, the Catholic Club, the Champlain Club, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Montauk Club of Brooklyn. He served as vice-president of the Catholic Summer School of America and as director of the Catholic Protective Association,

the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of Brooklyn, the Catholic Protectory of New York and the Brooklyn Benevolent Society.

Mr. Bannin was married on June 5th, 1878, to Ellie M. Mulry of New York and is survived by ten children.—*New York Sun.*

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR WILLIAM BYRNE.

Right Reverend Monsignor William Byrne, prothonotary apostolic rector of St. Cecilia's Church, Back Bay, and formerly Vicar-General of the Boston Archdiocese, died at Boston on January 9th, 1912. He had been a member of The American Irish Historical Society almost since its foundation.

He was born in 1832 in Kilmessan, County Meath, Ireland, not far from the birthplace of John Boyle O'Reilly. He came to this country at the age of nineteen and taught school near Baltimore, when, urged by a feeling that his true calling was the priesthood, he began to prepare for that. His theological studies were made at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, and he was ordained priest for Boston, on December 31st, 1864. For some time before his ordination and after it he was professor of mathematics and Greek in the college. He was called to Boston late in 1865. In the following year he was appointed Chancellor of the diocese. He was assigned to the pastorate in charge of St. Mary's parish, Charlestown, in 1874, and in this capacity it fell to his lot in June, 1875, to be the first Catholic priest permitted to hold divine service in the Charlestown State Prison.

Upon the death of Father Lyndon in 1878, Father Byrne was made Vicar-General. Appealed to in behalf of Mount St. Mary's College, whose affairs had fallen into disorder, he accepted the presidency of that institution in 1880, and in three years succeeded in placing it upon a strong footing, which it has since maintained.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1880 from Georgetown College.

On returning to Boston he went to the Cathedral where he was administrator of the archdiocese, during the absence of Archbishop Williams, until February 1st, 1884, when he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church in the West End, filling the double

position of rector and vicar-general. During the absence of the Archbishop in Rome and elsewhere he had jurisdiction of archdiocesan ecclesiastical affairs. In 1888 he represented Archbishop Williams in Rome at the jubilee celebration of Pope Leo XIII., and on that account was admitted to the privilege of a special audience.

Father Byrne was selected for the position of pastor of St. Cecilia's Church in February, 1902. The following year, when he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment as vicar-general, more than one hundred priests of the archdiocese attended a reception quietly arranged to do him honor. He was made prothonotary apostolic, August 23rd, 1903. His name was more than once brought forward as that of a possible successor to the office of archbishop.

Monsignor Byrne was a clear and forcible writer and a frequent contributor to periodicals, principally on Catholic subjects. He wrote annotations for the Baltimore Catechism, a book on Christian doctrine, the chapter on The Catholic Church in Boston in Justin Winsor's Memorial History of Boston, and many articles and addresses on civic, historical and religious subjects.

He had served as president of the New England Catholic Historical Society since its foundation.

He was known as one of the most thorough Greek scholars in New England, and could converse in Latin, modern Greek, French, Spanish and Italian, and was a constant reader of the literature of these languages.—*Boston Transcript.*

DAVID AMBROSE DOYLE.

David A. Doyle of Katonah, New York, a member of The American Irish Historical Society since 1908, died after nearly a year's illness, on June 4th, 1912.

"His wide circle of friends and acquaintances", says the *North Westchester Times*, "are glad to remember him as a young man just entering his forties, of splendid physique, strong and attractive face, with features radiating all the lovable qualities of heart and character he so richly possessed.

"David Ambrose Doyle was born in Bedford, February 22,

1872, the youngest son of a family of four boys and one girl, children of James and Catherine Doyle, deceased, old and highly respected residents of this town.

"When a young lad he attended the public schools and at the age of sixteen he commenced his business life with his brothers in the prominent and successful firm which bears their name. His unvarying kindness and courtesy and his genial personality won for him many loyal friends and an entrée into public and social position.

"Appointed postmaster of Katonah under the Roosevelt administration, he was re-appointed by President Taft, each for terms of four years. Through his influence the home office was made a Postal Savings Bank last November. Mr. Doyle, or 'David,' as all liked to call him, was Vice-president of the New York State Postmasters' Association and a member of the National Association of Postmasters and attended a number of its annual meetings, where he met many distinguished officers and made many lasting friends.

"A member of the Katonah Board of Trade, the Katonah Fire Department and Village Improvement Society, he had local interests at heart and gave of his time and means to their welfare. In politics a staunch Republican, his confrères will deplore his loss from the Board of Inspectors where he has long served.

"As a member of St. Mary's R. C. Church his zeal and loyalty will be missed, for he was wise in counsel and liberal in support. He was also a Fourth Degree member of the Knights of Columbus.

"In the home which he has left, and where love and devotion through the weary months ministered to his every want, remain the afflicted and bereaved wife and little daughter Genevieve, aged four. Three brothers, William J., Sheriff of Westchester county, Thomas F. and Francis survive to mourn the untimely death of one of whom it may be said,—

"'None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but to praise.'"

ALEXANDER C. EUSTACE.

Hon. Alexander C. Eustace, a leader of the Chemung County bar and Vice-President of this Society for the State of New York, died at Elmira, New York, January 29th, 1913.

At a meeting of the Chemung County Bar Association held on January 31, 1913, the following memorial upon Hon. A. C. Eustace was presented by John Moore, Esq.:

"Soon after the shades of night shut out the light of the earth on Wednesday evening, January 29th, 1913, the shades of the Valley of Death fell upon Alexander C. Eustace, and his spirit passed to the realms of light—and to the life eternal. His death cast a heavy shadow of gloom in our community, and elsewhere; it brought a personal grief to the members of the Chemung County Bar Association.

"In his lifetime Mr. Eustace had three homes. He was born in Troy, N. Y., on May 12th, 1854, and that was his first home; his parents later took him to Lowville, Lewis County, N. Y., his second home, where he lived a few years, and then he came to Elmira, his third home, coming here when about sixteen years of age. He graduated from the Elmira Free Academy in 1873, and at once began life's activities. He was first a book-keeper in Elmira, later an accountant, tax clerk, and chief of the Tax Department, in the office of the State Comptroller in Albany when Lucius Robinson was comptroller.

"While holding these posts Mr. Eustace studied law in the offices of Smith, Bancroft, Moak & Buchanan, and became the intimate of the late Nathaniel C. Moak, a great lover of books, and one of the most noted of the world's book collectors.

"In 1878, Lucius Robinson who had been elected Governor, upon the death of C. Hamilton Baker, clerk of Chemung County, appointed Mr. Eustace in his place, and he served the balance of the term, and thereafter, in 1879, was admitted to the bar. That year he was defeated at the polls in his candidacy for County Clerk, but in 1882 he won an election. He served the public in the County Clerk's office about four years.

In 1889, Governor David B. Hill appointed Mr. Eustace a member of the State Civil Service Commission, and by that body he was made its chairman, serving a total of four years

under the administrations of Governor Hill and of Governor Roswell P. Flower. He was the Democratic state committeeman for this district during many years, and thereby was the leader of his party in this section.

"In the public offices to which he was called, Mr. Eustace discharged every duty with marked ability. His political career was high and clean; his spirit was one of the elevating influences in politics hereabouts; Governors Robinson, Hill and Flower were his friends.

"And now there has come a close to the life of a man who entered politics, later to discard it; a man who in the best years of his manhood pursued two distinct careers—one professional, the other political, and both careers distinguished and honorable. It is to Mr. Eustace's credit that it was to the law he gave the longer service. A true manhood he gave to the state; a fine mind he gave to his profession!

"It is as a lawyer that he will be best remembered, for the members of the profession he adorned, and the public, know well of his efforts at the bar in insurance and negligence actions, as a defender of labor union men in this and other states, and, most conspicuous of all, of his long and persistent battle, extending over many years, in behalf of the late Colonel David C. Robinson, against whom powerful interests had been arrayed. In these instances his legal abilities were splendidly displayed, and he was recognized as one of the foremost men in the legal profession of the state, conspicuous for ability, fidelity and high ideals.

"In his activities he did great good in behalf of education, philanthropy and charity. Behind a stern exterior he was a kindly, generous and charitable man, and no worthy call upon his time or resources was made in vain. Few men had a larger circle of loyal friends.

"The painstaking care with which Mr. Eustace practiced his profession is known somewhat to his brothers of the bar here, but not to all. The diaries kept in his offices were perfect in detail, and day by day they show a record of his labors in the business or litigations engaging his attention. If he made a trip to the Metropolis the hour and day of his departure were recorded; likewise the hour and day of his return. These diaries, carefully and scrupulously kept, were typical of his exactness in

everything pertaining to affairs, whether engaged as friend, citizen or lawyer.

"The one quality for which Mr. Eustace was most distinguished was integrity. Another quality was the general fairness and modesty of his charges for legal services. He served rich and poor alike, and his charges for services were never complained of as excessive, and it is known to all that when he was the attorney of poor, humble or lowly people he was moderate—indeed generously considerate.

"The records of our courts will show that his fellow lawyers implicitly trusted in him, had confidence in his fairness, his sturdy honesty, and his reasonable charges for services rendered. It is a most significant and weighty tribute that is now paid to Alexander C. Eustace when the statement is made that he has nursed, administered and cared for the estates of more members of the bar than any other lawyer here, and that in every instance he was the ante-mortem choice of the testator to administer such sacred trusts. The legal profession knew the strong and the weak points of the Eustace character; they knew his virtues in part, and his faults were as an open book, and every lawyer trusted him.

"Alexander Eustace might in one hour be genial, witty and kindly to his associates, at another he might frown, grumble, censure and be crusty—but over and above all these very natural humanities, over and above all else that he did, he was conspicuous for integrity—absolute and undeviating honesty. He was honest in his convictions and in the expression of them; he had opinions and clung to them. He was honest in court, never seeking to hide or pervert the truth. Judges and juries trusted him. He was honest with his clients, never deceiving them or taking advantage of their weakness or ignorance.

"It is not our purpose to utter a fulsome eulogy of one to whom in life it would be distasteful; but we do believe that Alexander Eustace has fallen asleep in the consciousness that in this life he made his mark by his manly, upright course as a lawyer; by his love for the young wife whom he married less than three years ago, and whom he truly adored; by his filial duty to his parents; by his loyalty and devotion to a gifted sister and sturdy brothers; by his charity and sympathy for the weak

and oppressed. The loyalty of the Eustace family to each other was as marked as it was admirable.

"Mr. Eustace was a man of the people and with the people. He was the uncompromising foe of professional or political sham and deceit, and the sturdy, unswerving champion of the best things in mankind, in his profession, in art, in drama, in literature—in short in every domain of human intellectual activity.

"That he has been taken from us the history of to-day, of yesterday, and of the dark evening hours of the day before tells us, and, as we meditate over the loss sustained, our thoughts may well turn to a verse by James Whitcomb Riley who was his friend:

> "I cannot say, and will not say
> That he is dead; he is just away,
> With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
> He passed from us to an unknown land,
> Leaving us to think how very fair
> It needs must be, since he lingers there."

"In seconding the resolution," says *The Elmira Telegram*, "the following members of the bar made brief remarks, bringing out many incidents drawn from their personal experiences with the deceased that illustrated his unusual qualities: Attorneys Hosea H. Rockwell, John Deneen, Burton S. Chamberlin, John J. Crowley, Senator John F. Murtaugh, Herbert N. Babcock, George G. Bogart, Edgar Denton, Thomas F. Fennell, Charles H. Knipp, Herbert M. Lovell, Samuel D. Aulls, H. C. Mandeville, Richard H. Thurston and E. J. Baldwin.

Mr. Eustace was a member of the Democratic Club of New York, the Brooklyn Yacht Club, the Catholic Club of New York City, the Elmira City Club, Elmira Country Club, and the Century Club of Elmira."

ALEXANDER CHRISTOPHER EUSTACE.

Born May 12, 1854. Died January 29, 1913.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of The American Irish Historical Society held in New York City February 15, 1913, the death of Hon. Alexander Christopher Eustace, State Vice-

President of the Society, for the State of New York, was announced. The President-General appointed Patrick F. Magrath, Franklin M. Danaher and John J. Lenehan a Committee to prepare a memorial on his death, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Council:

Alexander Christopher Eustace was born in Troy, New York. After graduating from the Albany Law School he began the practice of his profession in Elmira in 1879 and continued there until his death. His great ability and unerring judgment, combined with unswerving fidelity to the interests of his clients, soon commanded for him a successful practice which increased until his fame was spread throughout the State. As a good citizen Mr. Eustace devoted a part of his life to public duties, serving as President of the State Civil Service Commission under Governors Hill and Flower, as Democratic State Committeeman for his District for eight years, and as County Clerk of Chemung for four years.

His sterling character and firm resolution brought him many true friends and won the admiration even of those who differed with him. At the time of his death he had just been elected State Vice-President of this Society, of which he had been a member for many years and which he had served in the capacity of member of the Executive Council for four consecutive years, an honor for which his intense pride in his Irish descent, and unremitting interest in the welfare of his race peculiarly fitted him. As a lawyer, as a man of business, as a friend and in his home life Mr. Eustace showed unfaltering integrity to his ideals, a heart full of love and affection, and a genuine manhood which none can contemplate without feeling a glowing desire to be considered worthy of comparison with him.

This Society deeply regrets the death of its State Vice-President Alexander Christopher Eustace, and the members express their deep sorrow at his loss.

EDWARD H. DALY,
Secretary.

PATRICK GARVAN.

Mr. Garvan, a member of this Society since its beginning, died on September 22d, 1912.

He was born in Ireland, March 8th, 1836, and came to this country in May, 1851.

He had resided in Hartford, Connecticut, since 1852. At the age of twenty-one Mr. Garvan began his business career as a contractor and builder. Many of the public buildings and churches east of the Connecticut River were built by him during this time. He was also a partner in a paper and paper stock business carried on in Hartford under the name of E. J. Carroll & Company. From 1877 to 1906, having purchased the interest of Mr. Carroll, he conducted under his own name a paper and paper stock business exclusively. In 1906 the business was incorporated under the name of P. Garvan, Inc., and is at the present time carried on under that name.

Mr. Garvan was also identified with several mills, being president of the Eastern Straw Board Company at Versailles, Conn., Hartford Board Company, Hartford, Conn., and the Newington Paper Company of Newington, Conn.

Mr. Garvan was a staunch Republican. During his residence in East Hartford he held many positions of honor and trust having been chairman of the School Board of that town for twelve years, president of both Village Improvement and Street Lighting Associations, trustee and treasurer of the Raymond Library, and for several years chairman of the Republican Town Committee. In 1884 he represented the town in the House of Representatives and was re-elected as its first representative in 1885, serving as chairman of the School Fund Committee of that year and as a member of the Finance Committee in 1884. In 1890 he was elected State Senator from the the Second Senatorial District by the largest Republican majority given any candidate in this district up to that time. For some years previous to 1894 he was a member of the Republican State Central Committee from the Second District, but resigned that office upon his removal to Hartford. He was selected by the Connecticut Convention as a delegate to the Republican Convention at Chicago which nominated President Taft. When

the Park Department of that city was reorganized the Legislature provided for the appointment of a commission to have sole charge of this important work. Mr. Garvan was named as one of the commissioners for the term of ten years. The Board of Park Commissioners particularly entrusted to Commissioner Garvan the purchase of lands for and the development of Riverside Park. In 1898, as president of this board, he delivered the dedicatory address at the services attending the opening of Riverside Park to the public.

Mr. Garvan took a great interest in educational matters. He enjoyed the respect and esteem of a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, not only throughout the State of Connecticut, but wherever his large business interests extended.

He was a director of St. Francis Hospital, director of the State Bank and the Riverside Trust Company, a trustee of the Society for Savings at Hartford and of the Cathedral parish at Hartford.

In January, 1861, Mr. Garvan married Miss Mary A. Carroll of East Hartford, and ten children were born to them.

JAMES HANLEY.

BY THOMAS ZANSLAUR LEE.

James Hanley, a life member of The American Irish Historical Society, died in Providence, August 31st, 1912.

He was born in the County Roscommon, Ireland, September 7th, 1841, and came from there to Providence, where, at an early age, he entered an active business life which he followed to the time of his death. His early boyhood knew the hardships of toil and little of the school, but he had the gift of clear thinking and an ambition to know, and as he grew in years, knowledge of men and things and books came, and with it a broadness of character and a business ability of wide and successful range. His experience as an investor and his familiarity with values were quickly recognized by his business associates, and his judgment was considered of rare value to the banks and large corporations with which he was associated.

In manner Mr. Hanley was reserved but cordial, and his re-

lations with his fellow members in this Society and the public in general were always marked by a quiet dignity and courtesy. His purse was ever open for charity and his heart true to his friends who will long remember him.

Mr. Hanley, at the time of his death, was President of the old established corporation of Hanley-Hoye Company, President and Treasurer of the James Hanley Brewing Company, President of the Providence Brewing Company, director in the National Exchange Bank and in other corporations.

He was a large owner of real estate in his home city, and in all his enterprises he depended almost entirely upon his own judgment and financial accumulations. The secret of his success was a combination of industry, clear business judgment and fairness toward those with whom he dealt.

He was reluctant to attract notice, and, although frequently importuned to accept official positions in financial institutions, persistently refused until he became a member of the reorganization committee of the Union Trust Company, and later when that company sold to the National Exchange Bank, he became a director in the latter institution.

Mr. Hanley had a love for horses, and during his career was the owner of the finest and fastest driving horses in the State, and of very notable horses of the American turf.

He will be sadly missed among a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

REV: JOHN C. HARRINGTON.

The Rev. John Charles Harrington, first pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Lynn, Mass., died on February 15th, 1913. Born in Fordham, N. Y., on September 18th, 1841, he went to Fall River with his family in 1843, and to Wareham in 1847. He was educated in the public schools, in Nott's Academy and St. Charles College at Elicott City, Md., from which he was graduated in 1867. In September of that year he entered St. Joseph's seminary at Troy, N. Y.

He was ordained a priest on June 3rd, 1871, by the late Bishop McQuaid. Although ordained in New York, he was attached

to the archdiocese of Massachusetts, and he was immediately appointed assistant to the late Monsignor Patrick Strain, then rector of Lynn's only Catholic church, St. Mary's.

It was on June 14th, 1874, after just three years of service at St. Mary's, that Father Harrington was appointed pastor of the eastern section of the city; and it was on July 4th, 1875 that the cornerstone of the church of St. Joseph's on Union Street was laid. The edifice was dedicated on June 21st, 1876.

During the year or two that passed between the erection of the new parish and the dedication of St. Joseph's Church, Father Harrington conducted services in the old Silsbee Street Christian church, which has just been torn down. The building was rented to the Catholics of the eastern section by the minister of that time, a Rev. Mr. Williams. It stood on Silsbee Street, beside the railroad tracks, and has been razed to make way for a hotel.

Father Harrington, despite his arduous duties, found time to devote considerable attention to the public schools, and for four years following the dedication of his church he was elected to the school committee. While a member of that board he introduced changes and suggested improvements which brought the Lynn schools up to such a high standard that it was claimed they were not surpassed in the United States.

He resigned from the committee in order to devote himself to his church work. In 1879 he purchased and laid out in Wyoma a large tract of land which has been known as St. Joseph's cemetery. Since that time he has added to the original purchase. The same year he bought land on Green Street, where he erected a handsome parochial residence.

In 1905 Father Harrington was appointed to the board of archdiocesan examiners, and in May of the same year he was honored by appointment as one of the diocesan consultors and was the first Essex County priest to be so honored. In 1906 he was made permanent rector of St. Joseph's. He erected in 1898 St. Joseph's parochial school and provided a handsome home for the sisters.

Father Harrington had been a member of this Society since its beginning, and his magnificent library bore witness to his scholarship.

On the day before his funeral, the *Lynn News* said:—

"In the death of the Rev. Fr. John Charles Harrington, pastor of St. Joseph's parish, the city of Lynn loses one of its foremost citizens, the community, a leader in thought, the church of which he was an ornament, a distinguished scholar and theologian, and a priest, unassuming, and of such modesty that most of what he has accomplished has been lost to publicity.

"Father Harrington, in every essential, appealed in a most particular manner to every one acquainted with him, and there were but few here, who, in some measure, were not familiar with his high ideals, his noble character, and his earnest desire to accomplish everything that made for the best kind of citizenship.

"His people will mourn his loss particularly, but the loss of such a man to the community can never be repaired, and it is with regret that we are compelled to chronicle his departure from this world, where it seems it might be possible he could be spared to continue the good work he accomplished during the many years he was with us.

"It is notable that among the best friends he had in Lynn were men from every walk of life, and of every religious belief. He was held in high esteem by all, and together with this community we mourn his loss."

RIGHT REVEREND JOHN J. HOGAN, D. D.

Bishop John Joseph Hogan of the diocese of Western Missouri, who joined this Society in 1910, was the oldest Catholic prelate in this country, both in years and point of service. He died on February 21st, 1913, aged eighty-four years.

Bishop Hogan was born in Bruff, County Limerick, Ireland, on May 10th, 1829. At an early age he was sent to the Holy Cross school near his birthplace, where he remained until he was twelve. Then he was under the care of a private tutor until 1848, when the native Irish love for adventure led him to a cattle boat on which he engaged passage from Liverpool to New Orleans.

His journey to the New World ended at St. Louis, where he spent a few years in the diocesan seminary in Carondelet. There he was accounted a good student, though at other schools the venerable bishop used to say he never was a very good stu-

dent and frequently stood in need of discipline. Once while at Holy Cross he ran away and received some severe punishment.

The tonsure was bestowed upon him on March 25th, 1852, and the next day he was raised to a sub-deacon, and to a deacon on the day following. His ordination to the priesthood took place a month later in the cathedral at St. Louis. The Sacred Order was conferred by Archbishop Kenrick, and of the twelve ordained at that time Bishop Hogan was the last.

It was not, however, until five years later that the young priest's real career started. Father Hogan, tired of his peaceful labors as assistant at the parish of St. Michaels in St. Louis, prevailed upon the Archbishop to send him to northern Missouri as a missionary, where he became Missouri's first Catholic circuit rider.

There were few Catholics in that section of the state then, and no priest. It wasn't exactly a wilderness, but it was the nearest to a frontier section in the state. For a number of years Father Hogan labored, most of the time in the saddle, organizing parishes and spreading the faith.

It was Bishop Hogan's fate at one time in those days as circuit rider to be indicted by a grand jury for preaching the gospel without taking the "test oath" required by the Missouri constitution. A member of his own choir was compelled to arrest him. A friendly mob followed the priest to the sheriff's office where he gave bond, and only his apparent friendliness with his captor prevented disorder. Father Hogan was freed of the indictment by a decision of the United States Supreme Court, which declared void that section of the state constitution.

Later Father Hogan was transferred to southwest Missouri, where he became a pioneer Ozark missionary. In 1868 he was appointed and consecrated Bishop of St. Joseph, where he labored until 1880, when he was transferred to the See of Kansas City.

The Bishop used to like to tell of his first church, which was built in Chillicothe. The windows were of stained glass, shipped from St. Louis by boat to Hannibal, thence by rail to Shelbina and from there by wagon.

"Those beautiful windows were not suffered to shower their rainbow tints very long over the secluded little sanctuary," the bishop said. "I preached a rather too warm sermon against

secret societies and that night the gentlemen of grips and signs visited my chapel and beat out all the windows. After that, in Ripley County, a man waylaid me on a lonely country road and tried to kill me. I would have been murdered, too, had not another traveler come along and rescued me."

The death of Bishop Hogan leaves Cardinal Gibbons the only survivor in the American hierarchy of the Council held at the Vatican in Rome in 1869.—*Catholic Register*, Kansas City.

MICHAEL KERWIN.

General Kerwin, a member of The American Irish Historical Society since 1909, died on June 20th, 1912.

The *National Hibernian* published the following:

"Among the long roll of Irish soldiers who distinguished themselves in the Civil War, there was no braver man or more astute commander than Michael Kerwin.

"When we say that he joined the army as a private in 1861 and came out of it four years later as a brigadier-general, we tell the story of his bravery and skill in a few words. He had no powerful friends behind him to aid his advancement, and every promotion and recognition he received was the result of sheer merit on the field of battle.

"General Kerwin was born in Wexford, Ireland, in 1837, and came to Philadelphia with his parents when he was ten years of age, and there he went to school and grew to manhood and learned the lithographer's trade.

"In his twenty-fourth year he joined the 24th Pennsylvania Infantry, but was afterward transferred as captain to the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry under General Kilpatrick, who later gave him credit for saving a large part of the Federal army by a brilliant charge.

"He was selected by General Grant to open communications with General Sherman while the latter was on his march to the sea, and accomplished his mission so successfully that he earned the confidence and esteem of both these famous commanders.

"Early in the conflict, ever mindful of his duty to Ireland, he joined one of the circles of the Fenian Brotherhood which were

organized among the Irish soldiers, and when the war was over he tendered his sword to Gen. John O'Mahoney in the struggle then pending for the freedom of his native land.

"In Ireland he proved himself as true to his motherland as he did to the Stars and Stripes. He was put in prison by the British government before any outbreak occurred, and willingly remained behind the bars as long as any hope remained for fighting for Ireland.

"On his return to the United States he found the once powerful Fenian organization in the throes of dissolution, but even then he did not abandon hope. Believing firmly in the complete and absolute independence of Ireland, he remained an active and ardent nationalist until the day of his death.

"Spending only a short time in Philadelphia, he made his future home in New York and there won his way to high and honorable position by the exercise of the same noble qualities which distinguished him in the army, being police commissioner, collector of internal revenue and pension agent.

"His requiem Mass was sung in the Church of St. Agnes, where his old friend, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Brann, paid an eloquent tribute to his memory as soldier and citizen and especially as an Irish patriot.

"'But for the sacrifices and devotion of men like General Kerwin,' he said, 'the English government would grant no concessions to Ireland. All the concessions, from Gladstone's first land act to the present Home Rule bill, were due to England's fear of the men whom Kerwin represented.'"

JAMES W. McCARRICK.

Captain James W. McCarrick, one of Norfolk's oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, and Vice-President of The American Irish Historical Society for the State of Virginia since 1905, died in that city on October 10th, 1912, after an illness of several months' duration.

The *Virginian Pilot and the Norfolk Landmark* says:

"While not unexpected, Captain McCarrick's death was a

severe shock to his family and hosts of friends, and was the occasion of sincere regret to all who heard of it last night.

"Although he had been in ill health for a long time, Captain McCarrick did not take to his bed until September 18th, when he returned from a sojourn at Saratoga, N. Y. Since that time he had gradually grown weaker, and his condition became more critical day by day until the end came.

"Captain McCarrick was born in Norfolk June 22d, 1843. His father, Patrick McCarrick, who came to America from Ireland when a boy, had a notable record in the service of the Confederate States. His active business career after the war, was spent in the service of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, in command of several of its vessels. During the war he first served as master in the North Carolina navy, and was later commissioned a lieutenant in the Confederate States navy. He commanded the steamer 'Sea Bird,' the flagship of Commodore Lynch, when that vessel was sunk in Elizabeth City, N. C., and with the entire crew was captured by Admiral Rowan, United States Navy. After being exchanged, he was detailed as one of the officers of the Canadian expedition for the relief of prisoners at Johnson's Island, and upon the failure of that enterprise through betrayal, he ran the blockade with the celebrated Captain John Wilkinson. He also commanded the steamer 'Winslow,' when she rescued the crew of the French corvette 'Prony,' for which he was officially thanked by the French government. The 'Winslow' was lost in making this rescue.

"Captain James W. McCarrick was educated at Mount Saint Mary's College and at Georgetown College, leaving the latter institution early in 1861 to enlist with the Norfolk Juniors of the Twelfth Virginia Regiment commanded by General William Mahone. He was one of the twenty-five volunteers from that company that manned one of the guns which repelled the attack of the Federal steamer 'Monticello,' upon the Confederate batteries at Sewalls Point.

"Soon after this he received an appointment as master's mate in the North Carolina navy, and was assigned to the steamer 'Winslow' at Hatteras Inlet. He participated in the capture of many merchant vessels along the coast of North Carolina. After being transferred to the Confederate navy

his first action was on the 'Sea Bird,' under Commodore Lynch, in cutting out a Federal schooner from under the guns of the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads, and successfully bringing her into Norfolk, although pursued by four Federal gunboats. He participated in the action at Roanoke Island, where improvised gunboats held Burnside's fleet in check all day.

"Later, in the engagement at Elizabeth City, he was wounded and captured on the sinking steamer 'Sea Bird,' by Captain Flusser of the Federal fleet. Being paroled under the 'Wool cartel,' he returned to Norfolk, and from the Naval Hospital witnessed the 'Virginia' going down the river to attack the 'Cumberland' and 'Congress,' attended by a number of small gunboats.

"Upon one of these was his friend, Midshipman Charles K. Mallory, whom Captain McCarrick hailed and begged that he bring back a Federal officer for whom he might be exchanged. It happened that Midshipman Mallory was one of the officers detailed to bring back an officer in safety, for whom McCarrick was exchanged. He was then promoted to be master, and was assigned to the navy yard at Selma, Ala. Subsequently he was attached to the ironclad 'Tuscaloosa,' in Mobile Bay. From there he was sent by Admiral Buchanan to Jackson, Miss., to receive some guns that had been captured by General Wirt Adams on the Big Black River.

"After returning from this expedition he was sent with orders from the Secretary of War to select men for the Mobile fleet from the commands of General Loring and Pope at Demopolis, Ala. During the naval operations in Mobile Bay, he was on the steamer 'Baltic,' in charge of the forward division and was subsequently ordered to the flagship 'Tennessee,' but being taken sick was sent on shore to the hospital, just in time to escape the capture of the 'Tennessee' by Farragut. After his recovery he served upon the gunboat 'Macon,' guarding the ferries of the Savannah River against Sherman's advance.

"In his service he participated in several encounters with troops and light batteries. He was afterward detailed to command a battery at Shell Bluff, where he remained until the close of the war.

"After the close of the war he became agent for the Atlantic

Coast Mail Steamship Company at Portsmouth, and continued as the Portsmouth agent after the company was absorbed by what is now the Old Dominion Steamship Company, and until he was tendered and accepted a position as general claim agent of the Seaboard Air Line, Atlantic Coast Line and Piedmont Air Line, with headquarters in Portsmouth. This Captain McCarrick resigned in 1875 to accept the general southern agency of the Clyde Steamship Company, a position he retained up to the time of his death.

"A native of this city, Captain McCarrick had devoted a great deal of his time, talents and energy to advancing the interests of the community, in which he was deservedly popular among people in all walks of life. Of genial and companionable nature, he made friends of all with whom he came into contact, and his death will be a source of sorrow to hundreds of Norfolkians.

"Prominently identified with transportation interests here for many years, Captain McCarrick also took an active part in the affairs of the city generally, and never missed an opportunity to do whatever lay in his power for the welfare of Norfolk. He was until recently most active in the affairs of the Board of Trade, of which he was a charter member. He also was a past commander of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, to which organization he rendered valuable service, and was a member of Norfolk Lodge No. 38, B. P. O. Elks, and the Virginia Club.

"Captain McCarrick is survived by two sisters, Miss Madge McCarrick, of Norfolk, and Mrs. Carpentier, of Washington, D. C.; two sons, Messrs. Joseph D. and James A. McCarrick, and three daughters, Mrs. Bourdon Cary, Mrs. Irvin Martin and Miss Mary McCarrick, of this city."

DAVID McCLURE.

Mr. McClure was born at Dobb's Ferry on November 4th, 1848, and after being graduated from St. John's College, Fordham, began the practice of law in this City, being admitted to the bar in 1869. He was successively a member of the firms of Kirkland & McClure, Turner, Lee & McClure, Turner, Mc-

Clure & Rolston and, at the time of his death on April 30th, 1912, practiced with his son under the firm name of McClure & McClure.

The New York Law Journal said of Mr. McClure:

"In his 43 years as an attorney Mr. McClure was engaged in many notable cases. As counsel for the executors he engaged in the settlement of the estate of Cardinal McCloskey, with success. Other cases of this kind were the Merrill will case, the Schuyler Skatts will case and the settlement of the estate of A. T. Stewart. In 1884 he defended successfully the De Meli divorce suit, and was connected with the Livingston and General Burnside litigations. He represented the bondholders in the suit brought to foreclose the mortgages of the New York and Northern Railroad.

"He was receiver for the National Bank of Deposit, represented the depositors in the receivership of the Oriental Bank and appeared for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. He had acted as counsel for the Consolidated Gas Co., the Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., was trustee and counsel for the West Side Savings Bank, and director of the Title Insurance Co., and a trustee of The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum.

"Mr. McClure declined appointments to the Bench of the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals, offered to him by Governor David B. Hill. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1894.

"He was a member of the Manhattan Club, the Catholic Club, the New York County Lawyers' Association, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Society for the Protection of the Adirondacks, and of The American Irish Historical Society since 1906."

JOHN JAMES McDONOUGH.

John James McDonough was born in Fall River, Mass., on March 15th, 1857. He was a son of Michael and Ellen Hayes McDonough. After getting a preliminary education in the local schools, he attended Holy Cross College at Worcester and was graduated in the class of 1880 with a degree of A. B. The same college conferred the degree of L.L. D. upon him in 1908

from the same platform upon which Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, received a similar degree and addressed the graduating class and friends.

Leaving Holy Cross, Mr. McDonough took a post-graduate course in philosophy at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal. Returning to his native city he entered the law office of Nicholas Hatheway, Sr., and graduated in 1884 with a degree of LL. B. from Boston University Law School.

He became active in politics in the ranks of the Democratic party, and was elected to the House of Representatives in 1889–1890. In the latter year he was also chosen a member of the Democratic state committee. In 1893 he was appointed justice of the second district court to succeed the late Judge Blaisdell and held that position until his death on April 4th, 1912.

Judge McDonough, who had been a member of this Society since 1898, was a prominent factor in the United Irish League and in all matters pertaining to the Irish movement. He was a member of the Catholic Knights of America, attended the Chicago national convention as a delegate in 1887, and was president of the Massachusetts jurisdiction for two years. He had been a member of the board of trustees at the public library since 1900.

"The death of Judge John J. McDonough," says the Fall River *Daily Globe*, "comes as a shock to all classes of people in Fall River, and will be received with profound and universal regret.

"A just and upright judge, a ripe scholar richly endowed with intellectual attainments, a man of lofty ideals in public and private life, an ever ready and always well-armed champion of the right, fearless and loyal in expressing and maintaining his convictions, and, withal, a high type of the useful and patriotic citizen, his loss to this city, in the life of which he played so prominent a part and of which he was so distinguished and respected a son, is a grievous one.

"In his departure from this sphere of activity, the profound sympathy of the community will be offered to the surviving family.

"A special meeting of the trustees of the Public Library will be held Friday evening to take appropriate action on the death of Judge McDonough."

At a meeting of the Fall River Bar Association held on April

4th, 1912, the following resolutions were offered by the president and unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

IN MEMORIAM.

Our Fall River Bar gathers to-day to express its sense of loss in the death of John J. McDonough, Judge of our District Court, and to extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

He was a fearless and upright judge. No one, lawyer or layman, ever ventured to deny the honesty and integrity of his purposes. As a judge he was faithful to his duties and incorruptible in his decisions. In his court, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, were all dealt with impartially, without fear or favor.

He was deeply interested in the welfare of the community and ever ready to assist in its good works. He was a lover of books; and in his many speeches often stirred the hearts and minds of his hearers with unexpected bursts of eloquence.

A lover of his race, his pen and voice were ever ready in its defense and praise.

Peace to his ashes.

It was voted that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the local papers, and that they be inscribed upon the records of the Bar Association.

DANIEL J. McGINNIS.

Daniel J. McGinnis, designer for Brokaw Brothers, died on October 11th, 1912, at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, where he had been removed from his Port Washington home.

"Mr. McGinnis," says the *Clothing Designer*, "was born in Philadelphia, March 24th, 1870. At the age of fourteen he began his business career. His first position was in the press-room of a local printing establishment; he soon realized that his future was not in this particular line, and determined to try a new field which would afford greater opportunities for advancement. His next venture was in the clothing business, in which he was destined to rise to a place of prominence. He first went with Browning, King & Co. and subsequently with John Wana-

maker, Wanamaker & Brown and later with the custom tailoring firms of Wm. H. Dickson and "Bob" Stewart, of Philadelpha. It was with the latter that he developed into a custom cutter of recognized ability. In 1899 he left Stewart to accept a position with Wetzel, on Fifth Avenue, New York, where he remained about two years and on November 2d, 1901, Mr. McGinnis left Wetzel's to supervise the designing for Brokaw Brothers."

Mr. McGinnis had been a member of this Society since 1908.

PATRICK FRANCIS McGOWAN.

President-General of The American Irish Historical Society.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

It is not easy to write calmly of the life-work of those near and dear to us, in the first moments of their taking off. The void in the place where they were has not filled up. You can scarce believe that the sturdy man will never be seen of mortal eye again. All his virtues burn with an intense flame before your vision but you cannot see them clearly through the haze of tears. His faults, if he had them, are in such merciful shadow that they seem a mere background for the brilliance of him, as the night sky looms only as it reveals its stars.

Here but yesterday was a man of fresh clear mind, of delightful demeanor, who reveled in the joy of living, whose rapid crossing of the gloomy stream seemed but a pace or two in his brisk ordinary walk of life. Yet we know now that under his gayest manner, behind his brightest smile, through the toil of mental task and difficult achievement, he suffered the keenest bodily pain for years. What elasticity of spirit it bespeaks; what curious and notably Celtic triumph over disaster it makes known. That elastic spirit indeed runs all throught the life-story of Patrick Francis McGowan, who was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, on May 27th, 1852, and after sixty-one years of vivid existence died in New York, on April 6th, 1913.

Once more it is the drama of the migration of the Gael. To begin it we must travel back eighty years and to Ireland to see a

PATRICK FRANCIS McGOWAN,
Born May 27th, 1852. Died April 6th, 1913.

sturdy farmer in the County Leitrim sending a son to France to study for the priesthood. Before the French Revolution of 1793, all the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland were educated in France or Spain. The "Terror," however, made a sanguinary end of the French religious seminaries, and the College of Maynooth for home-training of the clergy was consequently founded in Ireland in 1795. Notwithstanding this, when under the Empire of Napoleon I. some of the seminaries were allowed to reopen, many Irish youths were sent to France to study and take orders. Two uncles of young McGowan were of these who had been ordained in France and had remained there, probably as professors. It was early in the reign of Louis Philippe—about 1832—that the young McGowan arrived in France. It was a troublous time of occasional bloody revolts against the monarchy and still more bloody suppression. At any rate the youth arrived at the college during one of these outbreaks in time to see his two uncles bayonetted by French soldiers. Details of precisely when or where the *emeute* took place are wanting in the family tradition. Probably a little more research than the writer could make would reveal the particulars. There had been no wholesale slaughter of priests in France for forty years before the time in question. Young McGowan remained in France for some time, but did not seek to enter the priesthood. At length he migrated to America, about 1840. In Boston he settled and became a printer. He married young but his first wife died, and then after a space he married again. His second wife was Miss Eunice Mitchell, whose family came from Sligo. The young couple moved to Connecticut and there four children were born. Patrick Francis McGowan, the second son, had two brothers and a sister. His father's affairs did not uniformly prosper. He farmed as well as worked at his printery. Patrick Francis had little schooling, two years in all, before he struck out for himself in the world. He first went to work in the Willimantic cotton mills like the lads around him. Before he was twenty-two he took to wife the sweetheart of his youth, Miss Mary Canfield. It was a deep love with him, and the sweet girl's death in childbirth two years later nearly broke his heart. To the end of his days he cherished her memory, kept her portrait, her wedding ring, her trinkets, sacred to the last. It was "Love's Young

Dream." In 1876 he went to Newport, Rhode Island, and worked there at blacksmithing in the boiler works of the Old Colony Steamboat Co. A couple of years later he had drifted to Brooklyn still wielding the blacksmith's sledge, when a great gleam came to him. In its blaze he felt ashamed that he was unlearned and resolved to mend that condition. So we find him now toiling all day in the Brooklyn factory and after dark hurrying by ferry to Manhattan and attending night school. It was the critical moment of his life when he thus undertook his own education. A man of twenty-six, of skilled trade, who has been married and widowed, who in order to rise in the world, sacrifices his hard-won leisure, is rare indeed. It marks the birth of the McGowan we knew. With knowledge drawn from books, new wants tormented, new desires possessed him. He saw that learning was mightier than the sledge. For three years he worked on tirelessly.

How he loved to look back to those days of eager climb and of opening vistas; his eyes would dilate when telling of the change in him. In a sudden slackening of work at the factory he found himself idle, and resolved in the pride of his heart never to go back to the anvil again. It was not so easy to start out in a new occupation. He tried one thing and another, but finally effected a lodgement in the Old Colony Company's Fall River steamers. This was in 1880. In the intervals of work he still studied. He became a voracious reader. After nearly three years with the steamboats, in various positions, a change of management threw him out of work, and a new place proved difficult to get. At last a friend introduced him to the owner of a house of entertainment in John Street. For six months of 1883 he worked there in ordinary capacity, and then was made cashier and later assistant manager. It is well to relate these ups and downs and struggles just as they happened. They are the labors of a modern young Hercules whom nothing daunted, and all the details are part of a great life story, and none are trivial. He was frugal, abstemious, cheerful, industrious and more than ever bent on taking honorable place in the community. Whatever good fortune had come to him his strong arms or his quick brains had wrought, but now it was to come to him through his heart. He had met Mary Frances Lenihan at the church of St. Ann in Twelfth Street,

and a mutual affection sprang up. On January 7th, 1885, they were quietly married, and Stewart's knew him no more. Miss Lenihan, able and ambitious like himself, was carrying on in a modest way the manufacture of fine underwear, employing half a score of hands. To the furtherance of this business he devoted his savings and all his time, and had the satisfaction to see it grow and prosper until it needed a hundred and fifty hands at times to fill its orders. Never were pair better mated. Shrewd and capable, Mrs. McGowan supplied the technical skill and artistic taste while her alert husband pursued the commercial side. The business outgrew its quarters, and the spacious house at 224 East Twelfth Street was purchased in 1892 to carry it on. He became a real estate owner, and in time president of the Lincoln Realty Company, a trustee of the West Side Savings bank, a trustee of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church and vice-president of the Polyclinic Hospital.

Mentally he had grown even more than he flourished financially. He indulged his passion for books. He loved good editions and fine bindings and his choice inclined to serious historical and biographical works rather than to books in the lighter vein. His growing popularity in his neighborhood battened on his affability, his manly address, his wise counsel and an easy eloquence that captivated his listeners. He found a welcome everywhere. Anything more engaging than his manner it would be hard to find. Societies, brotherhoods, organizations for all manner of benevolent, social, industrial, patriotic objects reached out for him, and he joined many. Wherever he joined he became prominent, and the offices that go to brilliancy and efficiency fell easily to him. Thus after holding many offices he became Grand Supreme Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1898, Grand Councillor of the Loyal Association in 1901, Supreme Orator of the Royal Arcanum in 1911.

He entered slowly, by gravitation almost, into politics. He was a Democrat and acted with his party, always responding to its calls. At length under the mayoralty of Robert Van Wyck, on January 1st, 1900, he was appointed School Commissioner for three years and took his place in the Board of Education. This was a great triumph for the young blacksmith of 1878 who crossed the ferry to night school; truly he had hammered his way ahead.

From the first he was a notable figure at the sessions of the Board—a man for progress, for more schools, for better schools, better teachers and better school books. On July 12th, 1904, he was reappointed by Mayor McClellan. Thus he served until the close of 1904. The four years had done much for him. He broadened visibly. He was never a man for mere display, and the public at large knew nothing of him, but the political leaders did. Seldom has the town been more surprised than when Patrick F. McGowan was put before the electors as the Democratic candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen, who under the charter is Vice-mayor of the city. Soon good words were found for him. His virtues were widely recited, but some of the malignants of politics went back twenty-one years in his life to his short service at Stewart's, and one of them managed to make it almost an issue of the campaign. Success, however, was in the air, and he was elected with George B. McClellan, who ran for mayor for the second time, his plurality being twice that of McClellan. As presiding officer he proved able, but the way his fame as speaker and thinker spread was remarkable. The people resent smallness, and there is a manliness that confesses a mistake, and tries hard to make up for it. So McGowan found. Scores of those who had opposed him made haste to tell him how they had been misled. In short, with press and public he became a favorite. One thing curiously contributed to this. The Mayor, although a man of parts, was not a ready speaker. He disliked the trouble of preparing an address as much as he did the act of speaking in public. Hence he was fain to turn over to McGowan all the banquets, corner-stone layings and the functions in general that call for a set speech. To McGowan it was a delight to go among his books and get his material in hand. His delivery charmed his listeners. When the Mayor went away for vacations, McGowan, as acting mayor, filled the chair, once for a stretch of two months—from June 30 to September 10, 1906. In that period he showed wisdom and firmness, and sustained several assaults regarding current political matters on which he had to pass. He was a steady, clear-headed fighter when a fight was forced upon him, but he preferred the ways of peace.

When McClellan's term was drawing to a close, it was believed by many that McGowan would be the logical Democratic can-

didate for the mayoralty. It was not to be. In the chess game of politics it is not easy to predict the moves. Circumstances forced another to the front, and at the close of the term Mr. McGowan laid down the gavel forever.

It is scarcely to be doubted that he was better off out of the sweep and rush of local politics. Among the last acts of Mayor McClellan had been the reappointment of Mr. McGowan to the Board of Education for a term of five years beginning January 1st, 1910. His usefulness in this post was extreme. To his initiative and unflagging support were due the erection of the Washington Irving High School—the largest and finest in the city—and more than anything else in the city it stands as his monument. Its 5,000 girls were all in love with him. Once when he went to St. Louis to a national convention, they sent him a telegram:

Dear Mr. McGowan: Don't let those St. Louis school people find out how nice you are or they will try to steal you from us.

THE GIRLS OF THE SCHOOL

And wasn't he proud of it? Did they not subscribe to have his portrait painted in oil? There it hangs in the place of honor to-day. When he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen did not the teachers of the city unite to give him a complimentary dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria? An album containing autographs of the 400 donors was presented to him by one of them, saying, "we just love you, Mr. McGowan." He was appointed by Governor Hughes on the "Ivins" charter commission with fourteen others. It was when he acted as Chairman of the combined Committee of the Board of Estimate and Rapid Transit Commission that the connecting rapid transit roads from Bay Ridge to Harlem were put through—and those who recall its sessions can tell what a task he had, apart from the mass of work he performed in relation to the project. In 1909 the residents of his part of the city resolved to attack the vice problem as it was manifested there. They formed the Gramercy Neighborhood Association, and elected McGowan president. Working continually and skilfully under his leadership they succeeded in cleaning up the district and clearing out the vicious. On July 13th, 1911, he lost his second wife who adored him and to whom he was passionately devoted. It saddened him visibly for the

rest of his days. He was a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York, an honorary member of the 69th Regiment, and a life member of the N. Y. Historical Society. He belonged to the Manhattan, National Democratic, Hardware, Aldine and Press clubs.

It was during his presidency of the Board of Aldermen that Mr. McGowan became a member of The American Irish Historical Society. His interest was at once aroused. In 1910–11 he acted as chairman of the Dinner Committee. In 1911 he was elected Secretary-General and was reëlected in 1912. He was painstaking and enterprising, and his election as President-General last January was hailed with pleasure by the whole society. He had planned a vigorous year of work for the society.

For years he had been, as intimated above, a sufferer from an internal malady. No one gazing in his dark eyes flashing with mirth or enthusiasm would have dreamed of the brave effort he was making to hide almost constant pain. In the beginning of April it became so acute that an operation of the greatest gravity in the Polyclinic Hospital was decided on. Never went a braver man to his death than he. To his funeral at St. Ann's Church gathered the men of mark of the city. The Board of Education attended in a body. The aisles were thronged with men and women in grief, for the friend, the comrade, the counsellor, the benefactor. The American Irish Historical Society, mourning its President-General who had taken office in January last, attended in numbers wearing badges of green and purple among them, Public Service Commissioner Edward E. McCall, John D. Crimmins, Edward H. Daly, Joseph I. C. Clarke, Thomas M. Mulry, William O'Connor, John O'Sullivan, Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, Warren Leslie, Colonel Flynn, Stephen Farrelly, Patrick F. Magrath, John J. Lenehan, Joseph McLaughlin, Alfred Cruikshank, John O'Brien, Thomas Sullivan and Captain Laurence O'Brien. The address by the celebrant of the mass moved many to tears and affected all.

The Board of Education a week later devoted a session to honoring his memory. An eloquent tribute to his character was presented by a special committee through its chairman, Vice-President Greene. Addresses in eulogy of Mr. McGowan were made by President Thomas W. Churchill, former President Eger-

ton L. Winthrop, Jr., Abraham Stern, Chairman of the Committee on Elementary Schools; Arthur S. Somers, Chairman of the Committee on High and Trade Schools; Frank D. Wilsey, Chairman of the Committee on Buildings; Rupert B. Thomas, Chairman of the Committee on Sites, and Commissioner Joseph Barondess.

At the meeting of the Executive Council of The American Irish Historical Society that followed Mr. McGowan's demise, a committee was appointed to set forth the Society's praise of their lost Commander, but in the informal addresses made about the council table were phrases that went to the heart. His tomb will rise in the garden of good men, and the wreaths on it will be kept green for many a year. He loved largely. He was honest, staunch and true. He loved Ireland.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY UPON THE DEATH OF HON. PATRICK FRANCIS MCGOWAN, PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of The American Irish Historical Society held on April 16th, 1913, Hon. John D. Crimmins, Dr. Francis J. Quinlan and Mr. Thomas S. Lonergan were appointed a committee to draw resolutions upon the death of Hon. Patrick Francis McGowan; and, upon their report, the following were adopted by the Executive Council:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to call to Himself Patrick Francis McGowan, born in Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1852; and,

WHEREAS, he loyally served our Society as a member of the Executive Council, Secretary-General, and, at the time of his decease, as President-General; eminent as a citizen, faithful as a public official; a father, as he was known, to the children and teachers in our public schools; devoted and true to the duties of citizenship; alert in correcting false history that the true and correct should be written as to the relative part the Irish race occupied in the beginnings of the American nation and the sustaining of its integrity in peace or war, so that the children of the race from which he sprang may refer with pride to the devotion and patriotism of their forefathers in our land; and,

WHEREAS, in his public career as President of the Board of Aldermen, Acting Mayor of New York and member of the Board of Education, he reflected credit on himself and honor on his City;

Now therefore be it Resolved that, while we humbly bow to the Will of Divine Providence, yet we desire to record our full realization that, in the death of Patrick Francis McGowan on April 6th, 1913, our Society lost an efficient and devoted President, a valued member who served its interests in and out of office with undeviating loyalty, giving of his time, his labor and his efforts to make better known and appreciated its objects and purposes.

Resolved that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and recorded in our Year Book.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE, *President-General.*
EDWARD H. DALY, *Secretary-General.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CALIFORNIA CHAPTER AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, UPON THE DEATH OF HON. PATRICK F. MCGOWAN.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call to his eternal reward the Hon. Patrick F. McGowan, President-General of the American Irish Historical Society; and

WHEREAS, The California Chapter of the Society received from Mr. McGowan as Secretary and President-General of the Society unfailing courtesy, and to his advice and encouragement much of the success which has attended our Society may be attributed; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Hon. Patrick F. McGowan the American Irish Historical Society loses a President wise in council, zealous in the cause for which the Society was founded, and that the City of his adoption loses an eminent citizen, filled with high ideals, for the betterment of civic conditions; and

Resolved, That the California Chapter of the Society unites with the parent Society in paying this tribute of respect to his memory, and in expressing our sincere sorrow for his death in the midst of a useful and an honored career; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Secretary-General of the Society in New York.

ROBERT P. TROY, *President.*
JOHN MULHERN, *Secretary.*

SERMON BY THE REV. THOMAS F. MYHAN, AT THE FUNERAL MASS OF PATRICK F. McGOWAN, ST. ANN'S CHURCH, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1913.

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

It has not been my custom to say anything by way of eulogy or exhortation when the children of my flock, whom the hand of death has touched, lie before the Altar awaiting the parting blessing of our holy Mother, the Church. For I have felt that there was no need of words in the presence of that great preacher whose message is so terrifying, yet so salutary, for, says Holy Scripture, "Son, think of thy last end and thou shalt never sin." While there are sorrows too deep for words, and times when more is said in the look of the eye and the grasp of the hand than could be conveyed by expressions of love for the one who has gone or sympathy for those who remain, yet I think I would be wanting in gratitude to our dear departed friend if I did not raise my voice to-day to express, even in a slight manner, the feelings of myself and fellow priests, as well as of the members of my flock of St. Ann's, at the departure from our midst of one we all knew and loved. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," declares St. John in the Apocalypse, and while we bow our heads in sorrow to the will of God, yet we know his gain is our loss. We read in Holy Scripture that when Herod had put to death John the Baptist, "his disciples came and took the body and buried it, and came and told Jesus." We can see Him receiving the forlorn little band. I am sure, brethren dear, He soothed them with words of comfort and tender pity; no fault-finding with their grief; no minimizing of his worth; no hiding of the labors of him to whose teaching and training He owed His first disciples. In like manner, Mother Church buries her dead and tells her grief to Jesus. In sorrow she clothes her priests in mourning, as she brings her dear departed before the Altar. Tenderly she lays the body cold in death at the entrance of the sanctuary. Blessed candles gleam around it, for it has been the temple of the Holy Ghost, and slowly and lovingly she sprinkles with holy water and embalms it with incense, before she lays it away to rest in God's acre, until the great day when the Angel

of the Lord will arouse it with the cry "Awake ye dead, and come to judgment." Her grief finds vent in prayers for mercy, peace and rest for her child who has fought a good fight, it is true, but has reached home weary and travel-stained to seek a place in our Father's Kingdom, where nothing defiled may enter. But even in her sorrow, her tones of grief are mingled with strange chords of triumph, for she concludes her service with the exultant words of Holy Zachary, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people." Yes, my brethren, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works follow them.

Such is our hope for him, not founded on human sympathy or natural affection, but on the surer foundation of our holy Faith. To those of you who had the privilege of knowing our departed friend, no words of mine can fitly describe him, and to those of you who knew him not, it is not within my power of language to adequately picture him to you. But, after all is said, there is an emptiness to human praise, for with the message of death, comes the summons to await the only praise worth having, the "well done" of the Master of us all.

But I may be permitted in the presence of this vast congregation gathered here this morning to honor his memory and pay a parting token of respect to his worth, to recall a trait of his character which distinguished him and made him dear to those who came in contact with him—for it is well to remember that we are not isolated beings, destined to come and go, but, rather, members of the one great family, intended by an All-loving Father to edify and aid one another to reach our eternal home—loyalty to God, to his country and to his fellow-man. It is now twelve years since I came among you. On the night of my arrival he welcomed me with a heartiness born of true faith. He had been the adviser and friend of my predecessors, he would be the adviser and friend of the one sent by lawful authority, for to him, as well as to all other true children of the Church, I was the representative, in the parish, of his Lord and his God. True to the teachings of his Church, in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil, he lived according to her Commandments, a blessed example both in word and deed to the members of this flock. Yet,

with all his influence and prominence in the world around him, in his dealings with his ecclesiastical superiors he was a simple man of faith. Of much business ability, he gave his advice when asked, and never took it amiss if my judgment differed from his, and counted himself happy if possessed of the approval and the friendship of those who were his superiors in the Church of God. Less than a week ago, he knelt in his familiar place in this Church, seeking his strength and his comfort in Holy Communion, for what he knew was a crisis in his life. "God's holy will be done," was his verdict as he passed out from us for the last time. Nevertheless, his intense loyalty to his Faith was no barrier to his equally strong loyalty to his country. To him there was no difficulty in carrying out the command of our Divine Redeemer, "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." Called to fill many places of importance as well as of high honor in this great city of ours, he gave his time and talents to these offices without stint, and, although in the judgment of some he may have made mistakes from a political point of view, no man could point his finger at him or question the purity of his motives, for in all his actions he did his duty as he saw it before God and man. It was this same devoted loyalty that marked his deeds in the many fraternal organizations of which he was an honored member, and those of you who have been associated with him can bear testimony to his unselfish devotion to those whose interests were entrusted to him. Blest with this world's goods, he was generous to those less fortunate than himself, and he spent himself gladly in his efforts to advance the intellectual opportunities of multitudes of our City. He has passed out from us, and has gone to Him who, in His infinite mercy, rewards even a cup of cold water given in His name. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors. Gone home, after years of toil and sorrow, for his has not been an idle life. For, mark well, God speaks in the Gospel of "my talents," "my time," "my money," for all these are gifts of God, not to be used for selfish aims or idle pastimes, but devoted to God's service in the battle of life for ourselves and our neighbors "until the night comes in which no man can labor." So we trust our dearly beloved dead to His keeping, until His angels, as they gather the elect before

the Throne, will sign him with the sign of salvation. We were proud of him for his manly virtues; proud of the honors that came to him; proud of his devotion to his God, and while our hearts go out in sympathy to those who grieve for the taking away of a dear one, all of us, relatives, friends and well-wishers join in the parting prayer of Mother Church for her child who has gone home: "May the Angels conduct him into Paradise, and may the glorious band of martyrs introduce him into the holy city of Jerusalem, and may the holy Spirits welcome him to the home of eternal rest and peace."

MICHAEL THOMAS O'BRIEN.

Hon. Michael T. O'Brien, a member of The American Irish Historical Society since 1911, died at Portland, Me., on January 10th, 1913.

"Mr. O'Brien," says the Portland *Daily Press*, "was born in Lewiston 40 years ago. His father was one of the many Irish patriots who, oppressed and denied opportunity at home, had come to America to find a new home. He lacked education, but was possessed of qualities which are far better than learning. Honest, hard working and ambitious, Mr. O'Brien's father began his career in this country as a day laborer, and by frugality and industry he slowly climbed the ladder. Working from early morning until late at night, the father accumulated enough money to buy a farm which was then on the outskirts of Lewiston. To this home he took the well educated and pretty girl from the old country whom he had met in Lewiston, and in this farmhouse they laid the foundation for an ideal home.

"Michael T. O'Brien loved nothing better than to tell about the struggles of his parents, the sacrifices of his mother and the precepts and teachings of his father. To give to the sons an education, everything possible was done by Mr. O'Brien's parents. Two of his brothers became priests of the Catholic Church. Rev. Maurice O'Brien, who died very suddenly some years ago, was a young man of great brilliancy and promise, whose memory is now cherished by many people in this diocese where he served the Church. Rev. Dennis O'Brien, formerly a priest connected

with the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Portland, and now in charge of the parish at South Berwick, is another brother who is held in high esteem in the diocese of Maine. Michael T. O'Brien followed the footsteps of these brothers through the common schools of Lewiston and the Holy Cross College in Worcester. While going to school these brothers helped their parents by working at odd jobs and endeavoring to lighten one another's burdens. They knew few of the pleasures which other boys enjoyed, finding their time too well occupied in the accomplishment of the serious task which confronted them. The whole family worked for a common purpose, and their devotion to this purpose is spoken of in Lewiston as among the remarkable things which the sons of the family have accomplished.

"Michael T. O'Brien graduated from Holy Cross College in three years after his admittance. He accomplished this by hard study and close application. In his college course he attained high honors and recognition as a fine student. Soon after his graduation Mr. O'Brien became master of the John K. Tarbox School at Lawrence, Mass. While teaching he studied law with Bradley & Sherman of that city, devoting all of his spare time to this pursuit and permitting himself no vacations and wasting no time. If there was anything Mr. O'Brien lacked it was a knowledge of how to play. He had worked so hard and was so ambitious that he did not realize how to find enjoyment in mere play.

"With a desire to help his brothers and his parents Mr. O'Brien gave up his position in Lawrence and was appointed sub-master of the Lewiston High School. There he taught all the branches, excepting the French language. He is now spoken of and remembered as a fine teacher, possessed of untiring energy and magnetism which kindled ambition in those who were his pupils. While teaching he continued to study law and to perfect himself in physics and chemistry at the Harvard Summer School and at Clarke University. He was in line for promotion as master of the Lewiston High School, a position which his fellow townsmen hoped he would fill, when he abandoned teaching to devote himself to the study of law.

"With this purpose in view he entered the law office of Judge

W. H. Newell and W. B. Skelton and was admitted to the bar of Androscoggin County. He hung out a shingle for himself and, in partnership with Mathew McCarthy, built up an extensive practice in Lewiston. Mr. O'Brien was a natural orator and was possessed of remarkable political acumen. He made his political debut as a Democratic candidate for nomination of mayor in opposition to the "ring" candidate in 1903. Mr. O'Brien, opposed to the Democratic ring in Lewiston, was obliged to fight for what he obtained. Three times he came within a few votes of being elected mayor of Lewiston, being defeated each time by his opponents in his own party. He was elected as a representative to the Legislature in 1905–06 and found a new field for his abilities.

"The Democratic membership of the House was not large at that time but Mr. O'Brien made it formidable. He was the floor leader of his party and proved to be a hard fighter whose eloquence was shown to be effective in more than one disputed point. He fought the Sturgis law and for the re-submission of the prohibitory law. In the Legislature he won a state-wide reputation and sprang into prominence among the Democratic leaders. But in Lewiston he was still opposed to the Democratic "ring" and maintained relentless warfare against the men who sought to control the city. It was a hard fought and bitter contest between this young man who had no machine to back him and the men who had been building up a machine in Lewiston for years. In the end Mr. O'Brien gave up the contest and moved to Portland.

"He had in the meantime married Miss Annie Shanahan, the daughter of the late Thomas Shanahan of this city, the well known contractor. He had many family interests here to look after and so came to Portland. Almost at once he became interested in the political affairs of Portland. Under his directions the Democrats of Portland were well organized and won a closely contested municipal election. Mr. O'Brien was elected city solicitor, a position he filled ably and well.

"Last April he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination as congressman from this district in the direct primaries. He was opposed by William M. Ingraham, but was successful in securing the nomination. Untiringly he fought for election.

Opposed by Congressman Asher C. Hinds, Mr. O'Brien made a good fight and came very near being elected. During this campaign he spoke in every city and town in the district and in some of them several times. He was a powerful speaker, witty and eloquent, with a fine presence and a rich, sonorous voice. Had he lived Mr. O'Brien would undoubtedly have been again a candidate for Congress from this district.

"Many of the addresses which Mr. O'Brien delivered aside from political speeches, will be long remembered.

"On the occasion of the silver jubilee of the Rev. Father Wallace of Lewiston in 1896, Mr. O'Brien presented a testimonial to Father Wallace, in a speech of rare eloquence. What is considered his masterpiece in the way of platform oratory was the address he delivered in this city on St. Patrick's day, 1900.

"In all of the campaigns in Portland and Cumberland County within the past few years Mr. O'Brien took an active part, and the success achieved by the Democrats at the polls has been due in no small measure to his work on the stump. Men would listen to 'Mike,' as he was familiarly known, when no other speaker could hold them, and they were always impressed with what he had to say to them.

"Mr. O'Brien was prominent in the Knights of Columbus and was a past grand knight of Portland Council. Frequently he was called to different parts of New England to address the members of this order. He was a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and of the Maine Catholic Historical Society. He was a member of the Sacred Heart parish of this city and always had a prominent part in the affairs of the Catholic church here and elsewhere.

"It is hard to realize that this man so full of vigor and life, a man of exemplary habits, with unbounded energy and vitality, will be seen no more in the city which knew him so well. It is no exaggeration to say that Michael T. O'Brien will be mourned by hundreds of people in this City and State. He had been active in politics, was a hard fighter and a dangerous political opponent, but even those who were opposed to him politically held him in high esteem and his staunchest opponents were numbered among his warmest friends. Not only in his own family circle, in the Catholic church, to which he was loyal and devoted, and in his

own political party will he be missed. His heart was big enough and his sympathies broad enough to admit of his taking an interest in the affairs of many people and he came into close personal contact with hundreds who, in the years he has resided in Portland, came to look upon him as a man of generous impulses with a bright future and the prospect of winning national distinction and filling a much larger place in the affairs of the country than he had been able to win at the time of his death."

JOHN S. WHALEN.

John Sibley Whalen was born in Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1868. He was a son of Richard Whalen of Rochester who was one of the oldest tobacconists in the United States.

Mr. Whalen was educated in Rochester and attended in turn St. Patrick's Parochial School, Rochester High School and Rochester Business Institute, graduating from all three institutions. Soon after completing his business education, he went to Norwich, N. Y., and engaged in the cigar and tobacco business. Later on he conducted a similar business in Oneonta, N. Y., and also in New York City. In 1890 he returned to Rochester to enter the employ of R. Whalen & Co., tobacco manufacturers, his father, Richard Whalen, being president of the company. This firm is well-known all over this state.

Mr. Whalen, soon after returning to Rochester, became a charter member of Tobacco Workers' Union, No. 23, and ever since he had been a conspicuous worker in the field of Trade Unionism, speaking in nearly all of the cities in the State. His high standing in labor circles resulted in his selection by Governor Dix as First Deputy State Labor Commissioner two years ago.

In September, 1906, Mr. Whalen was nominated by a unanimous vote for Secretary of State by the Independence League which held its first state convention in Carnegie Hall, New York City. When the regular Democratic state convention was held in Buffalo in the same month, Mr. Whalen's name was presented for the nomination of Secretary of State and he was unanimously accorded an endorsement and was elected in November, 1906.

Mr. Whalen was a charter member and first grand knight of Norwich Council, Knights of Columbus, and was also a fourth degree member of the order. He was a member of the Volunteer Firemen's Association, having served for five years as a member of the Alert Hose Company of Norwich. He was also a member of Rochester Lodge of Elks. He had been a member of the C. M. B. A. for the past seventeen years and of the American Irish Historical Society since 1907.

To the Secretary-General of The American Irish Historical Society.

Dear Sir:

I hereby apply for membership in The American Irish Historical Society and enclose check (or P. O. Money Order) for $5.00 for Initiation Fee and Dues for current year.

Occupation .....

Address .....

Date of Application .....

Proposed by .....

Date of Admission .....

Name .....

Initiation fee and dues for current year $5.00.
Annual dues $5.00. Life membership fee $50.00.

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Name .....

Initiation fee and dues for current year $5.00.
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Life Members	103
Annual Members	1,064
Total	1,171

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